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HISTORY
OF THE
ELEVENTH REGIMENT,
RHODE ISLAND VOLUNTEERS.
IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY R. W. ROCK.

PUBLISHED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE
ELEVENTH REGIMENT VETERAN ASSOCIATION.



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PREFACE.

THE history in the following pages has been prepared by the undersigned, under the direction of a committee appointed by the Eleventh Rhode Island Veteran Association, consisting of Comrades William A. Mowry, Robert Fessenden, Ansel D. Nickerson, Hopkins B. Cady and John C. Thompson.

It aims to give a simple and succinct narrative of the rise and progress of the regiment from the first beginnings of recruiting to the time of mustering out from the service of the United States.

The writer has drawn freely from the following sources of information, viz.:

The letters of Chaplain J. B. Gould to the *Providence Journal*, of A. D. Nickerson to the *Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle*, of "Equipment" to the *Providence Journal*, and the private diaries and accounts of Comrades Mowry, Parkhurst, Fessenden, Stone, Gay, Bartlett, W. E. Simmons, Bowen, Westcott, and others, beside the letters of R. W. Rock to the *Providence Evening Press*.

It would not be surprising if, after this history appears in print, many interesting facts should be forthcoming. It is to be hoped that any information hereafter brought to light may be carefully collected and preserved in manuscript, if not in print.

J. C. THOMPSON.

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THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT.



PART I.

MINER'S HILL.

IN that dark period of the war of the rebellion, between the seven days' battles before Richmond and the battle of Antietam, the temper and patience of the loyal north were tried to the utmost. The practical change of commanders from McClellan to Pope, who was placed in command of the Army of Virginia, which at first raised the hopes of the naturally hopeful, brought only bitter disappointment and dissatisfaction in the final result. The government saw the need of a far larger army, and, rising to the emergency, called for three hundred thousand three years' troops. In obedience also to a popular theory which suddenly sprung up and rapidly gained ground, that a large force of nine months' men could readily be obtained, and if put into the field at once would probably bring the war to a close, three hundred thousand nine months' volunteers were called for, and a proclamation was made that if by the 15th of August, 1862, the necessary quota from each State was not forthcoming, a draft would be resorted to.

As the condition of affairs grew more threatening, and the prospect of a speedy triumph over the rebels seemed more unlikely, the people at home began to look matters squarely in the face. The public journals presented the

exigencies of the situation in the plainest language, and urged the people of all classes to prompt and continuous effort.

The single act of the government in calling out an additional force of six hundred thousand troops astonished and measurably shook the faith of the enemy in their final triumph, while at the same time the spirit of the Northern people gave token that, although the Union army had been foiled in its most important movements, they were by no means disposed to give up the contest.

In this juncture the whole population of Rhode Island awakened to a clearer sense of the magnitude of the work, and began to stir each other up, until, as war meeting after war meeting was held and an almost universal disposition on the part of many to make sacrifices was manifested, the excitement rose to fever heat.

Rhode Island's quota of the six hundred thousand volunteers called for, was twenty-four hundred men, and the Eleventh and Twelfth regiments of nine months' men, raised and equipped in a very brief period, formed a large part of that quota.

It may as well be noted here that though in the language of the government, the Eleventh and Twelfth nine months' regiments were accepted "in lieu of drafted men," and, in the distribution of bounties after the war closed, were so treated, every man was a volunteer. In fact, most, if not all of them, would have scorned to have entered the service in any other way. The class of men that composed the Eleventh regiment could not have been obtained by draft, and the authorities at Washington were only too ready to accept them, though Congress, notwithstanding the efforts of our Senators and Representatives to prevent it, discounted their more valuable services on the technical plea that they were accepted in the place of drafted men.

In an account of the services of the Eleventh regiment of Rhode Island volunteers in the "Great American Conflict," we shall tell the story of an arduous service but not of a regiment celebrated for its many battles with the enemy, for they were not permitted by the controlling powers to enter into any general engagement. A strong desire was manifested, however, on the part of each of its commanders to be ordered to the front. An earnest and special endeavor was made by its second colonel to induce the War Department in Washington to execute this order, that the laurels of war might be obtained by a regiment whose morale has been rarely excelled. But, as evidence will be given in these pages, the Eleventh was retained by the government for three months for a service which no other regiment alone could have performed, and the fighting honors, which both officers and men were anxious to win, were denied them. They were sent to the front in the last three months of their service, when, in April, 1863, Longstreet with an estimated force of thirty thousand men attempted the capture of Suffolk. They rendered efficient service in that siege and in the pursuit of the retreating enemy to the Blackwater river. Subsequently they were employed at Yorktown and Williamsburg. For all this they received the hearty approval of the generals commanding.

ENTHUSIASM IN RECRUITING.

On the day that President Lincoln issued his call for three hundred thousand three years' men, and three hundred thousand nine months' men, August 4th, 1862, a very large and enthusiastic war meeting was held in Market Square, Providence, presided over by the Mayor of the city, Hon. Jabez C. Knight, supported by a large number of Vice-Presidents

from the most prominent men of the city and State. Addresses were made by the following distinguished citizens of Rhode Island and eminent speakers from abroad: Gov. Sprague, Bishop Clark, President Sears, of Brown University; Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston, Mass.; John L. Swift, Esq., of Boston, Mass.; Gen. Isaac Rodman, Rev. Harris Howard, Gen. C. C. Van Zandt, Rev. Augustus Woodbury, Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, Hon. Abraham Payne, ex-Mayor Rodman, and Col. Nicholas Van Slyck.

Thus began a new spirit of recruiting in behalf of old and new regiments, which did not abate until Rhode Island had contributed more than her share of soldiers ready to fight the battles of the Union. This grand mass meeting was followed in a few weeks by a succession of meetings in the Academy of Music in Providence, supplemented by meetings in the various wards of the city and by still other meetings held in Roger Williams Hall with special reference to raising companies by the Young Men's Christian Association. In conjunction with these efforts large numbers of citizens gave themselves up to the business of encouraging enlistments; places of business were closed for a period at three o'clock in the afternoon, recruiting officers with drummers and fifers paraded the streets, and there was one grand patriotic revival. The spirit to enter the country's service in her hour of danger ran from heart to heart, and the good impulse rapidly filled the quota of the State.

The wealth of the city and towns was laid upon the altar of patriotism, in order that provision might be made for the families and friends of those who enlisted. The fact that the government was about to draft if volunteers were not immediately forthcoming, brought into prominence the thought of the hardships that many families must undergo if their chief support were taken away, and this raised the

question at once, what should be done by those who remained behind to aid the families of those who would either volunteer or else be compelled to enter the army? What should the State, the city, and what should individuals do?*

As a draft was greatly deprecated, bounties were offered by the towns and by the State to encourage men to enter the regiments whose ranks had been thinned by battle and disease, and when recruiting for nine months' men began, and it became apparent that many men who had families were willing to enlist from patriotic motives, the enthusiasm to make this provision was equal to the emergency, and took tangible form in a succession of war meetings, before alluded to, held in the Academy of Music.

WAR MEETINGS.

The first of these was held September 8th, 1862. A large audience assembled, eloquent addresses were made and a committee was appointed, with instructions to report at an adjourned meeting one week from date, what should be done. The second meeting was held September 15th, and the report of the committee recommended that four dollars per week should be provided for each family and that seventy thousand dollars should be raised by voluntary subscription. The enthusiasm of this meeting reached its height when one

* Bounties were offered by the different towns in the State, varying in amount from one hundred to five hundred dollars for each recruit. In some towns an additional sum per week was added for the families of enlisted men. This action of the towns produced dissatisfaction, and Governor Sprague convened the Legislature to consider this and other matters pertaining to the war. The Legislature at that session voted from the State, a bounty of one hundred and fifty dollars for each nine months' volunteer. The citizens of Providence by subscription provided eighty-five dollars for each recruit. The City Council voted four dollars per week for the families of the men, all of which, with the government pay for nine months, amounted, for the men enlisted from Providence, to \$508.

of the speakers* began with the remark, "I am in favor of the marriage of muscle and money," and, at the conclusion of his address, which called forth the wildest applause, a well-known wealthy citizen† stepped to the front of the platform and offered one thousand dollars. This was followed by another offer of like amount, and still another, until twenty-four or twenty-five thousand dollars had been pledged. A committee was then appointed to solicit further contributions, and the meeting was adjourned for one week. At that meeting, September 22d, the committee reported that more than sixty-nine thousand dollars had been secured. With this assurance to the men who were ready to take their lives in their hands and do battle for their country, the ten companies of the Eleventh Rhode Island were almost immediately filled and the Twelfth regiment was well advanced. The war meetings in the various wards began September 10th, and were continued from week to week, enthusiasm being aroused by stirring speeches and lively martial music. Pawtucket and Central Falls held similar meetings and contributed two companies for this regiment.

FILLING THE COMPANIES.

As nearly as we can ascertain, recruiting for the Rhode Island Eleventh began in August, 1862, and the honor of enlisting the first recruits belongs to Lieut. William Stone and Lieut. M. O. Darling. Lieut. Stone's recruiting station was at Hoyle Tavern. These recruits were sent to Camp Stevens, on Dexter Training Ground, in Providence. Lieut. Stone having experience in drill, was assigned by Capt. A. C.

* Rev. Sidney Dean.

† Hon. Henry Lippitt. The same gentleman also offered a thousand dollars to the ward that would raise the first company.

Eddy, who was in command of this camp, to the duty of organizing and drilling the different companies as they arrived on the ground.

Companies A, C, D, E, G, and H were recruited in the third, fourth, fifth, seventh, sixth, second, and first wards of the city of Providence, under the stimulus of meetings held in the different ward-rooms, and in a number of instances, in the open air, addressed by prominent officials, business, professional and military men,—some just from the fire of conflict and at home to recruit their regiments. Street parades were made and bands of music added their inspiration.

The headquarters of Company A, of the third ward, was in their ward-room on South Main street. War meetings were constantly held in the ward-room, and in the open air at the junction of South Main and Wickenden streets. Shepard's Cornet Band furnished music on several of these occasions.

The war meetings of the fourth ward were held in their ward-room, then located where the City Hall now stands. The recruits of the fourth and fifth wards formed Company C, Capt. Charles H. Parkhurst, and prominent in the efforts for recruiting were Messrs. Parkhurst, Davidson and C. F. Phillips.

The fifth ward pitched a recruiting tent on the old training ground adjoining the Beneficent Church, now called Abbott Park. Open-air war meetings were held there and in the ward-room, addressed by speakers aglow with enthusiasm.

Company D, Capt. Gordon, was composed mainly of seventh-ward recruits, and we believe a portion of those recruited for the sixth ward. Lively and enthusiastic war meetings were held in the ward-room.

Company E was formed of sixth ward recruits. Messrs. William E. Stone and M. O. Darling recruited two hundred

and eight men for the Eleventh and Twelfth regiments. Their tents were at the Hoyle Tavern and at the junction of Broadway and High street, in Olneyville. James H. Hudson also recruited here. To encourage enlistments war meetings were held in the ward-room and in the open air at the junction of Broadway and High street. This company received the one thousand dollars offered by Hon. Henry Lippitt to the company that should first have its full complement of enlisted men. The full number was obtained on Wednesday, September 24th, 1862, at eleven o'clock. Company G filled their quota at twelve o'clock on the same day, but Mr. Lippitt decided that the award belonged to Company E.

Company G, Capt. Thomas, formed the second ward company. A recruiting tent was pitched on the east side of the Great Bridge. Enthusiastic war meetings were held to encourage recruiting. It was but an hour behind Company E in enlisting the requisite number of men.

The first ward company, H, was recruited by Capt. Joel Metcalf, whose office was in a building where the bell-tower now stands at the junction of Benefit and North Main streets. Open-air war meetings were held in that locality, and a succession of spirited meetings to stimulate enlistments were held in the ward-room. Martial music aided to increase the enthusiasm.

In the various wards, war meetings were held in the afternoon as well as in the evening. Street parades were made, as before stated, places of business were closed in the latter part of September after three o'clock in the afternoon, that the people might give themselves more fully to the work.

Companies B and F were recruited from Pawtucket, east side, and Smithfield or Central Falls, and from Pawtucket, west side, then in North Providence. Great exertions were

made by these towns to fill their quotas, and much enthusiasm was finally awakened in the effort.

Capt. C. W. Thrasher and Lieut. Thomas Moies were chiefly instrumental in recruiting Company B in Pawtucket and Central Falls. Charles H. Scott, afterwards sergeant-major of the Eleventh, was a recruiting officer and recruited for this company.

Capt. Taft and Lieut. Beatty had a recruiting rendezvous at Armory Hall, Pawtucket, and enlisted men for Company F, called then the North Providence Company.

Enthusiasm in raising men for the nine months' regiments grew somewhat slowly, but increased greatly in the month of September. A war meeting was held August 22d, addressed by C. B. Farnsworth, Rev. Dr. Blodgett, W. W. Blodgett, C. W. Thrasher, and others, but no great interest was awakened. This was followed early in September by a grand military display and parade, in which five companies participated. A succession of war meetings were held in Armory Hall, one of the largest meetings being addressed by Gov. Sprague, Francis W. Miner, Rev. Drs. Clapp and Swain, Revs. Lyman Whiting and Sidney Dean, Dr. G. S. Stevens, Chaplain Woodbury, William M. Rodman, Major Edwin Metcalf and Capt. William B. Weeden.

At this meeting it was voted to meet for drill on the common at three o'clock in the afternoon and to close stores and places of business at the same hour until the quotas of North Providence, Pawtucket and Smithfield were filled.

Companies B and F were full on or before the 19th of September, 1862, which was five days earlier than the first of the ward companies of Providence was reported full. A company fund of one thousand dollars was provided for Company B, by the patriotic citizens of Pawtucket and Central Falls. Provision was also made for the families of volunteers.

COMPANIES I AND K.

Messrs. Joseph H. Kendrick, William A. Mowry, Albert C. Howard and Edwin H. Burlingame were the first movers in the formation of Companies I and K. The plan of raising companies from the Young Men's Christian Association was suggested by Messrs. Kendrick and Mowry, after the former had been considering the question of enlisting in a company organized for the Twelfth regiment by Capt. C. Henry Alexander.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Young Men's Christian Association held September 2d, 1862, to consider this subject, J. H. Kendrick was appointed recruiting officer, and recruiting began in the lecture-room of the Association. For some days little progress was made, but when it became known that the city would make provision for the families of those who enlisted, and that the City Council and State made further provision, Companies I and K were filled in two or three days, and a part of Capt. Cheney's company for the Twelfth regiment.

This movement was stimulated by large and spirited war meetings in Roger Williams Hall, on the 11th of September, in the afternoon, and on the 15th of September, in the evening.

At the meeting on the 11th, addresses were made by ex-Mayor Rodman, Dr. Swain, Bishop Clark, Revs. Lyman Whiting and J. B. Gould, Rev. Mr. Keyser and Rev. Sidney Dean, and at the close of the meeting it was announced that at the next meeting the speakers would all be volunteers.

The second meeting was held September 15th, in the evening. John Kingsbury, Esq., presided. Addresses were made by W. A. Mowry, J. H. Kendrick, H. E. Simmons, Edward C. Coggeshall and F. P. Brown. The Orpheus

Club sang spirited patriotic songs, and "Joe Greene" added the charm of his bugle.

As an illustration of the character of the addresses made by volunteers in the Association companies, we add a brief account, not reported in the daily papers at the time :

At this meeting a gentleman* who had that day enlisted, was called out and spoke substantially as follows : "It is clearly the duty of some to enlist and devote themselves to their country. The unity of the nation must be preserved. One section of the country must not be permitted to conspire, in the interest of slavery, for the overthrow of this great republic, and carry their conspiracy to a successful issue. We are to-day making for future ages an important chapter in the history of the world's advancement. Who shall volunteer for the war? Many say, 'I can go, because I have no wife and children to leave at home.' Fellow citizens, I wish to say to you, to-day, that I shall go to the war because I *have* a wife and two boys to leave at home. I am unwilling that, in the years to come, when this chapter in our country's history has been closed up, when those boys of mine shall ask me, 'Father, what did you do in the war?' I shall be obliged to say, 'nothing; I staid at home.' No patriotic father who *can* go, should be obliged to tell his boys that."

As might be expected, this short speech "brought down the house." Many persons to-day remember that remark.

Rev. James C. White, pastor of the Free Congregational Church, Roger Williams Hall, delivered an address to the Young Men's Christian Association volunteers, Sunday, September 21st, taking for his text, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully," from Jeremiah 48th chapter, 10th verse.

*Capt. William A. Mowry.

On the 23d of September, these companies marched to Camp Stevens headed by the Mayor, Hon. Jabez C. Knight, Col. Metcalf and Chaplain Gould, all mounted, accompanied by Shepard's Cornet Band, citizens and friends.

CAMP STEVENS.

On the 10th day of September, 1862, a camp was formed by order of the Adjutant General of the Rhode Island militia, on Dexter Training Ground in Providence, and as fast as recruited, most of the enlisted men of the Eleventh regiment proceeded to that rendezvous. Capt. A. C. Eddy was commandant of this camp, which was named Camp Stevens, in honor of Gen. Isaac Ingalls Stevens, who had recently fallen in battle.

As the companies were filled they, in some instances, voted for their own commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and in most, if not all cases, these preferences were respected by the Governor and authorities in command. Numbers of the men who were enlisted in August or in the early part of September, were not required to go into camp at once, and therefore it was not until the close of September that all the men were on the ground.

LIFE AT CAMP STEVENS.

From the day of their arrival at Camp Stevens until their departure, the men were drilled in the duties and evolutions of the soldier; but the boys could always manage to mix some fun with the sober duties of every day. There was guard and police duty; squad, company and battalion drill, and drill in the manual of arms for beginners; for a large proportion could not readily handle a musket, but could far

more easily smoke a pipe. Then came the inevitable dress-parade, at which, in due time, the Eleventh became unusually expert. In all these exercises the improvement consequent upon continual practice was marked and satisfactory.

Many had their first experience in drawing and eating government rations, in wearing government clothes, in washing at the pump upon a cool morning, in running the guard at night and stealing back in the gray dawn, and in all the pranks incidental to such a life.

Every day brought a great influx of visitors, and the frequent greetings of friends when the men were off duty, and many a comfort and remembrance, cheered the boys on these occasions. There were ludicrous experiences, too, which might be related if space would permit. Who can forget a memorable rainy Sunday, when everything was afloat, when faces were long and sleep at night decidedly uncomfortable, with enough of hardship to give a hint of what might be expected in actual service. On this same day, the 28th of September, the regiment attended divine service in the Mathewson Street Methodist Church, and listened to a discourse from the Rev. Sidney Dean, whose text on that occasion was from Isaiah 41st chapter, 9th and 10th verses: "Thou art my servant; I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away. Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Topic: The mission of the loyal American soldier, and the qualifications necessary to ensure his success.

The regiment performed honorable duty on the 4th of October as escort at the funeral obsequies of Gen. Isaac Rodman, of South Kingstown, an unselfish patriot who began his career as a soldier by raising a company of volun-

teers for the Second Rhode Island regiment. He was chosen their captain and fought bravely at the first battle of Bull Run. He followed the fortunes of Burnside in his North Carolina campaign, and in ten months rose to the rank of brigadier general. At the battle of Antietam he fell, mortally wounded, while acting as commander of the Third Division of the Ninth Corps.

The last Sunday in Camp Stevens was passed in the reception of visitors and of friends generally. In the morning the Christian Association companies held religious services, to which all were invited.

Monday, October 6th, the day of departure, was a day of great preparation and confusion; of business transactions; of the reception of a few last comforts and mementos with which to overload knapsacks; of the mustering into the United States service, by Capt. Silvey, of the United States army; of the presentation of an elegant set of colors to the regiment, by the ladies of Providence; of receiving a portion of the bounty; of farewells and sad partings with those who were near and dear, and with whom some would meet no more on earth.

Nothing marred the history of the regiment up to this date but the failure to receive all the money that had been promised to the men before their departure. This failure to receive the promised bounty led Company G, parts of Companies H, A and E, to remain behind, rather than trust the promises of those authorities in which all the other companies were ready to put confidence. Those who remained behind until the next day ought not, however, to be greatly blamed for demanding an exact fulfillment of the contract.

THE DEPARTURE.

With knapsack and banner and drum, after a deal of preparation, we left Camp Stevens as the sun descended below the horizon, and marched to the cars at Olneyville. The men, in good spirits, went singing on their way, and multitudes of people, of both sexes, friends and citizens, thronged the line of march and waved and cheered them on. The short march over, after a tedious waiting for the cars, and a necessarily long time in getting places, all were seated; the signal was given, and a long train of twenty or more cars rolled out of sight of home and friends; the great back burdens, unwittingly overloaded by kind friends and the boys themselves, resting on the bottom of the cars.

The men went onward, in a jolly mood, till calming down as night advanced, wearied by the exertions and excitement of the day, they were constrained to sleep as best they might.

About midnight we reached Groton, and in due time marched on board the steamer Commonwealth. Up to the time of reaching New York, next morning, no trouble had been experienced on account of scarcity of rations, or of their inferior quality. In Camp Stevens we had been well supplied with good and substantial food. We could not tell of meat so lively that it crawled out of our haversacks and crawled overboard; nor of bread so hard that it must be broken with a hammer before it could be eaten. A history of the regiment that preceded us must suffice for tales of that sort. Our trip thus far was altogether too pleasant to lead us to complain very loudly about anything. We only mention the fact that Companies I and K, Capts. Kendrick and Mowry, and others, were unexpectedly treated to a deck passage through some lack of preparation, or misfortune, or

mismanagemment of some sort. This was not the way the boys were accustomed to go to New York. Owing to dirt and bad smells in some localities it was very disagreeable, and to some it seemed unbearable. Complaints about this were as abundant as leaves in autumn and as sharp as the crack of a rifle. It is pleasant to know, however, that our excellent and estimable Colonel and our gentlemanly Captain came in for no share of such maledictions. It seemed evident, however, that we were not considered second-class passengers, for the men were allowed all the privileges of other passengers, not the least of which were the fine accommodations for washing, which these splendid boats afforded, to which we did ample justice in the morning.

There was, however, enough to amuse as well as to complain of. As the time of retiring came, every man cast about for the best spot; the principal aim of some being to get good air. Hard beds were not feared, but desirable places for locating them were at a premium. Here was an Orderly wedged into the smallest possible space on the deck side of the ladies' cabin, while another gentleman, well known in educational circles, lay down in the most approved style on the other side. Two narrow passages on each side of this door, sufficient, if one took off all superfluous clothing, to accommodate two persons, were held above par, and the reverend gentleman who occupied *one bed*, declared it could not be parted with short of a "quarter." Friends at home would have laughed heartily if they could have seen this group of a dozen or more, and known who they were. But sleep soon overcame us, and all passed into the land of dreams to awake quite refreshed in the morning. The floor of the gentlemen's cabin and the saloon were filled with men who passed the night as comfortably, certainly, as in their tents on the camp ground.

We reached New York soon after nine o'clock. A bright morning sun made glorious the landscape as we passed up the Narrows. As we approached the city we had a fine view of the monster "Great Eastern." The men were in excellent humor and ready for another day's journey.

RECEPTION AT NEW YORK.

Immediately upon landing we proceeded to the steamer Joseph Belknap, which was to take us in due time to South Amboy. Here the regiment deposited their knapsacks and marched back to Castle Garden barracks. The sun was warm and grew still hotter as the day advanced. A detail of New York police watched over us while we waited as patiently as possible for our breakfast. A donation from somebody, consisting of bad ham, soup, bad coffee and bad bread, utterly unfit for a Rhode Island soldier or any one else, and wholly unworthy of, if not disgraceful to, the great and wealthy city of New York, was served to us on this occasion. Fruits, including peaches and other refreshments, were freely bought by the men to supply the place of these detestable rations. We gained a good reputation in this brief stay, for the New York police declared us the best behaved regiment that had passed through their city.

THE SAIL TO SOUTH AMBOY.

At one o'clock we were again on board the Joseph Belknap, and soon on our way to South Amboy. The sail was fine all the way, and proved one of the richest sweets among the bitter that must mingle on such a journey. Down New York bay we passed, and along the beautiful shore of Staten Island, lined with its delightful villas, while innumerable groups of ladies, gentlemen and children upon the shore, gave

us the heartiest of greetings and made the entire passage an ovation. We steamed through Newark bay with its attractive surroundings, and entered the Kill Von Kull opening by a deep and narrow passage into the South Bay, and at about half-past two o'clock landed at South Amboy.

BY RAIL TO BALTIMORE.

In due season we seated ourselves in the meanest string of cars that ever pretended to be passenger cars. They appeared to have been made in the time of the flood. They were dirty, without cushioned seats, no backs, and other features wholly indescribable. On we went through the afternoon and evening, arriving at Camden about ten o'clock. We were ferried across the river to Philadelphia and found ourselves, about eleven o'clock, marching for the Cooper's Shop Refreshment Saloon, where so many hundreds of Union regiments had been generously and nobly entertained. The opportunity to refresh ourselves with a copious application of clean water was not the least of our blessings at this time. The bill of fare consisted of boiled ham, Bologna sausages, excellent bread, butter, cheese, pickles, and invigorating hot coffee. When we had concluded our repast the rousing cheers of the men for everybody and everything connected with the establishment, told how fully the reception was appreciated. "God bless Philadelphia," was in the mouth of every man in the regiment, and words cannot tell how deeply we were impressed with so glorious a reception: for, though it was past midnight as we marched to the cars for Baltimore, flags in abundance were waved over our heads and hundreds of people were in the streets to cheer us on the way and bid us God-speed.

About one o'clock we took freight cars, having a seat

around the outside and one in the middle, for Baltimore. It was an enchanting moonlight night, revealing dimly the beauty of the country through which we passed. At day-dawn we reached Perryville, at the head of Chesapeake bay, Havre de Grace being on the opposite bank. About half of the train passed over quite early, and the remainder about half-past six o'clock. The hour or more of delay was a season of no little enjoyment. Here we met the Eighteenth Connecticut and exchanged friendly greetings. The scene up and down the river was charming, and we were treated to a sunrise beautiful beyond description. The ride to Baltimore, which city we reached about ten o'clock Wednesday, was full of pleasure tempered slightly by delays when other trains had the right of way.

AT BALTIMORE.

Leaving the cars about eleven o'clock, we were soon enveloped in clouds of dust, marching through long and muddy streets, under the rays of a burning sun, and, as it seemed to the men, an unnecessarily long route, to the cars for Washington. It tried the men to the utmost. We were halted at the depot and thence marched to the refreshment saloon provided for the volunteers of the Union, where we partook of an excellent and substantial repast from well-laid tables, and, as at Philadelphia, we were treated like men. A great many Union flags, some of them splendid affairs, were displayed on the line of march through the city, and the kind treatment we received at the hands of the citizens of the Monumental City was an agreeable disappointment. We started in box cars at three o'clock for Washington, passing through a fine country, ran for seventeen miles, and then, lest we should interfere with other trains, waited until eight

o'clock. The evening was fine, and the camp fires revealing several regiments which we passed on our route, lent additional beauty to the scenery. At eleven o'clock we were in Washington, at the Soldiers' Home. A not very palatable meal was provided, but rather better than we had been led to anticipate. An hour and a half later we retired to rest in the barracks near the Capitol. Few of the men, during this tedious journey, had eight hours' sleep, but they bore it with great good humor, officers and privates sharing very much alike. The men were allowed large liberty on the whole route, and proved themselves worthy of the confidence.

IN WASHINGTON.

Robin Hood and his merry men could hardly have been a merrier set of fellows than the thousand men from the homes of Little Rhody, that awoke on Thursday morning, October 9th, refreshed by a few hours' sleep, after a journey of nearly five hundred miles. At seven o'clock, the reveille aroused us from our slumbers and we made preparation for the day's duties. A soldier's toilet was quickly made, and breakfast was served to each man individually. The few hours before we fell into line were faithfully improved. Letter-writing was almost universal. Sight-seeing was enjoyed by many. Some fell into the hands of barbarians and returned to their fellows looking much like monkeys minus a caudal appendage. About twelve o'clock we took up our line of march over a hot and dusty road, Col. Metcalf ahead and on foot, and at about half-past one o'clock halted on East Capitol Hill.

CAMP AT EAST CAPITOL HILL.

It will not soon be forgotten that this hill was composed of a clayey material, like polishing-powder, hard beneath

the surface, very muddy when wet, and when dry, movable as the sands of the desert. We were near the east branch of the Potomac. The afternoon was idly spent, and towards night many enjoyed the privilege of bathing.

Here we had our first experience of sleeping without shelter, under the broad canopy of heaven. It was rather startling to some, but down we went, officers and men slept like tops, and awoke in the morning with blankets wet with dew on the outside, but bodies warm beneath. The tents arrived and were speedily pitched in the sun-dried soil, and, notwithstanding rain in the afternoon, and hard rain at night, on leafy or hay beds we slept warm and soundly.

In the morning the boys prepared to make the best of it. Some rations were cooked; the balance of bounty obtained from Paymaster-General Knight, of Providence; the certificates for four dollars per week for the soldiers' families were received, when the order came to "strike tents, pack knapsacks, and prepare to march." The line was rapidly formed, and at three o'clock the Eleventh was waiting for orders. This camp was nicknamed Camp Misery and Camp Desolation, and no tear was shed in taking leave. The regiment had been ordered, the night before, into Gen. Casey's Division and Col. Burnham's Brigade. The Twenty-second Connecticut were encamped to the north of us and formed on the right of the line.

MARCH TO CHAIN BRIDGE.

We moved at half-past three o'clock for an unknown destination. The Connecticut boys stepped quickly to the beat of the drum through Pennsylvania avenue, past the Capitol, past the "White House," through streets slippery with mud, and no word of halt. It was too much. The men

took the sidewalks despite the urgings of officers, who also aided some of the men in carrying their knapsacks; not till then came the word "halt," and the whole line at once sought door-steps, curb-stones and every available resting place.

Heavy maledictions fell upon the head of the Connecticut Colonel. The Rhode Island boys had this satisfaction, that on the whole route they did not come out second best. There was no more driving. In passing through Georgetown the roads grew rougher and muddier, till we were compelled to move in single file. Chain Bridge, which we were to cross, seemed like a butterfly which we should never catch, but it was reached and crossed at last, and we ascended the heights on the other side, much steeper than College street in Providence, with a brisk step and no lagging. A few steps farther and we wheeled round on to a side hill, halting near the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania; and with no tents within miles of us on a cold, damp night, about half-past eight o'clock, we gladly sought rest on the bosom of mother earth. So much for the first four hours, ten miles knapsack march. Older soldiers declared that the regiment had done well.

FIRST CAMP ON THE SACRED SOIL NEAR CHAIN BRIDGE.

Sunday morning, early, on account of the damp and cold, the men built large camp-fires of fuel from the trees that had been felled for military purposes, and made themselves comfortable. It was a fine, woody country, with many a gorge and brook and dell to make it romantic.

With the crackers and meat of the day before, some coffee was provided, with little or no sugar, and in spite of the unpleasant weather, the men were very cheerful.

CAMP NEAR FORT ETHAN ALLEN.

At ten o'clock we again fell into line, marched about two miles and encamped near Fort Ethan Allen, the great dome of the Capitol looming up to the east of us. The various companies pitched their tents, policed the streets of a former camp, made comfortable beds of juniper boughs, and between four and five o'clock prepared a meal cooked by the company cooks, consisting of salt beef, potatoes, French turnips and coffee. It being Sunday, by invitation of Capt. Kendrick, as many as could be accommodated, held a religious meeting in the early part of the evening, in his tent.

The next day, the 13th of October, the usual routine of drill, dress-parade, and regimental religious service was begun. There was a lack, however, of regular rations. For breakfast, coffee with sugar, and ham was provided; at noon, hard-tack and water; at night, a few crackers. Water was obtained at the springs near by. The scarcity of rations made the sutlers' patronage greater, and prices seemed to go up as rations got down. Ten cents were paid for common candles; twenty-one cents per pound for cheese; twenty cents each for pies, and other articles in proportion, and this was an advance of thirty-three to fifty per cent. on Washington prices a few days previous.

A SPEECH FROM THE COLONEL.

When the evening of October 13th came, several companies in good order, but without their officers, marched to the Quartermaster's tent, and our cool and collected Colonel, learning of the movement, marched there, too. What he said, the writer cannot certainly say, but he made them a speech and the boys cheered, and matters were by some magic rectified, and the storm subsided. The tide turned the next

day, and rations began to pour in, including the soap and candles of several days previous. In the few following days every one enjoyed the delightfulness of the climate and observed the splendor of the moonlight nights.

At four o'clock on the 15th, a surprise came, in an order to prepare for inspection. The boys were ready in twenty-five minutes, arms, knapsacks and tents were carefully looked into by our officers, and the raw recruits became aware that this exercise was to come once a week to keep us on the *qui vive*.

As the Colonel passed through the lines of knapsacks in one company, he remarked in his dry way: "I don't wonder you break down, if you carry such loads as these." On the previous evening, in response to an invitation by the Chaplain at dress-parade, a spirited prayer and conference meeting was held in and around his tent, by all who could participate. Many such meetings were held while the regiment was in the service.

FATIGUE DUTY.

Another surprise came to us on Thursday, the 16th, in an order at dress-parade for Companies F, D and I to report at seven o'clock next morning for fatigue duty. Any change seemed desirable, and the boys cheered lustily as they reached their company streets. Half-past five the next morning the order came to fall in. The men jumped from their beds and made ready for the unknown duty. They were in high spirits, and determined to have a good time if that was possible. They breakfasted on soft bread from Washington and fried bacon and coffee, and took a day's rations in their haversacks. Pursuant to orders, they took their rubber and woolen blankets and overcoats. The column

moved at seven o'clock. The morning was very fine. The sun rapidly dispelled the mist which lay in the valleys, winding among the hills, and looking, as you beheld it from some elevated point, like a mighty river, silent and smooth as glass. Every hill was crowned with sunbeams, and the woods seemed clothed in a fresh and polished green. The effect was further heightened by the many camps in view, as their tents, in shining whiteness, clustered on the hills and nestled in the valleys here and there, while "old glory" floated above each encampment, by the smile of Heaven an inspiration and defence. Fort Ethan Allen crowned a near, and Fort Marcy a more distant, summit. Forward was the word, and on they marched, over hill and through dell, through mud and mire, the result of the previous night's rain, until Fort Ethan Allen was reached. An hour passed before the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York and the Twenty-second Connecticut boys came up, but in the meantime the companies received their axes and learned of the work before them. It was nine o'clock, and in another hour they came to a long belt of woods, where they rested a few moments and prepared for labor.

The boys will remember a tall walnut tree that stood in the path, near the woods, full of ripe nuts waiting for the nipping of Jack Frost, but not proof against clubs and stones; the rest can easily be imagined.

The axes had been ground to peel an apple, and at the word of command the men walked into the woods and plied them with an energy that made the trees bow like grass before the mower's scythe. Captains, lieutenants and men, New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island, vied with each other in the work, and acre after acre was bared to the broad beams of the mid-day sun, and cleared for the range of the guns of Fort Ethan Allen, and to prevent the rebels

from building a battery unseen by the Union commander. We rested at noon. In about four hours, ten or more acres were laid low by six or seven hundred men. The ringing music of the axes was inspiring. The crash of falling trees, many of them one hundred, and acres of them fifty feet high and upwards, resounded for a long distance around, and cheer after cheer burst from the throats of the excited men. The return to camp, notwithstanding the fatigue of the men, was, by the same circuitous route of the morning, a march of several miles, from a point but a mile from the camp of the Eleventh.

A SABBATH IN CAMP.

A military life necessarily imposes upon the soldier many duties on the Sabbath which, in the quiet of our peaceful homes, would be an offence against the law of God. As well discard the night and day police in our cities when the Sabbath dawns, as to say that there shall not be due preparation in camp to keep the soldier in readiness to meet the foe. But notwithstanding military regulations, this Sabbath in camp was a demonstration that the day can be profitably kept when the soldier is not upon the move, and that he may "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," if there is a disposition to do so. Roll-call was at six o'clock,—the usual hour. Breakfast at seven. Inspection of arms, knapsacks and tents at half-past eight. At ten o'clock, preparation was made for morning religious services. In a little more than an hour the order passed through the streets for the men to appear in dress-coats, with arms and equipments, and be ready for church. Just before eleven o'clock, Company I moved to the north line of the encampment and sung a hymn from the soldiers' hymn books, given the boys before they

left Camp Stevens. Soon the other companies came up and formed a hollow square, the regimental officers taking position on the north side, while all who were accustomed to sing were asked to gather round the Chaplain. A large number responded, and the service began with the hymn,

“Welcome, sweet day of rest, that saw the Lord arise”;
prayer, by the Chaplain, followed, and a second hymn,

“My soul be on thy guard.”

Chaplain Gould then delivered a short, appropriate and pointed discourse, from 1st Timothy, 4th chapter and 7th verse, “Exercise thyself unto godliness.” The doxology,

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,”

was sung in conclusion. The whole service occupied but little more than half an hour, so that the most impatient and unwilling men, if such there were, could not complain of being wearied. Neither was there any compulsion of conscience, for previous to the commencement of the exercises the Colonel remarked in substance: “I am sorry that any of the companies, by their delay in getting into line, seem to be unwilling to join in this our first religious service. I should think you knew me well enough to believe that I wouldn’t compel any man to attend upon the ministrations of a religion where he cannot conscientiously worship. If, now, there is any Roman Catholic who cannot unite in this service, or any other man, who will say that he is conscientiously opposed to attending upon these exercises, let them step two paces forward and I will excuse them.” Only three men asked to be excused, and the service proceeded in the order given above. In the afternoon, by invitation, quite a number of men from different companies, attended the religious services of the Twenty-second Connecticut, our Colonel excusing

them for that purpose. The sermon, by Chaplain C. C. Adams, was from Ephesians, 4th chapter and 1st verse: "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." In the evening, fifty or sixty men from the various companies in the regiment attended a prayer and conference meeting, led by the Chaplain, in a tent loaned to us for the occasion. It was an excellent meeting. This description will suffice for many a Sunday passed in camp during the time of our enlistment, except as there were occasions of special interest.

It should be observed that at this period, and on Miner's Hill, daily religious services were held at dress-parade unless the weather was inclement, or unavoidable circumstances prevented. The selections of Scripture at such times were from the Psalms or Proverbs, and those portions of the word of God seemed to possess a beauty, impressiveness and power seldom experienced before. It was plain that Col. Metcalf was disposed to give the regiment every moral and religious advantage consistent with his position, and took pleasure in uniting with us on all proper public occasions. A camp expression in favor of the Colonel would be to the point just here, but would not look well upon paper. Enough, that he grew in favor with the men of the regiment while he remained its commander.

AN ESSAY ON ARMY MULES.

The transportation of government rations and stores from Washington was by mule teams. We have seen no better description of these ubiquitous affairs than that given by Chaplain Gould, in his letters to the *Providence Journal*, over the signature "J. B. G.": "A government team with a contraband to drive it is an institution. One sees them, thou-

sands of them, by day, and hears the animals emitting horrible yells by night. The roads are a perfect representation of the atheist's idea of creation. Everything is by chance; gullies and rocks, stumps and broken bridges are mingled together most promiscuously. The pavements of Washington and Georgetown, never perfectly even and comfortable, are now perfectly disarranged, and great carts go thundering and crashing into the pits, from which they are extricated by a wrench of the mule and a yell of the driver. On almost every open space in and around Washington these teams are seen covering scores of acres, while for miles on every road they are seen wending their way to different encampments. When one is far enough away to lose sight of the ribs of the poor beasts and can forget their sufferings, it is a pleasant sight to see the trains slowly winding their way up the hill-sides and through the valley. The poor mules are called ugly and obstinate, but any man, used as they are, who would not be ugly and obstinate would be a fool. They are said to kick in all directions, and it is asserted that a man in front of them has not more security from their heels than in any other position. They are frequently harnessed after a poor breakfast and drag a heavy load all day, and perhaps get stuck in some gully or hemmed in by a broken cart and do not get back to their forage till the next day at noon or night, and then, in all probability, start again for a similar trip the next morning.

“AND ARMY HORSES.

“To pass through a government stable where horses are kept, is only second to observing the mule teams. There they stand, black horses and white, red horses and gray, large horses and small, but mind you, all poor horses, waiting patiently for a requisition to be made to attach them to

some regiment. By some kind of accident it always happens that the poorest are selected, while their somewhat superior fellows are doomed to remain till they have passed through a process of starvation that renders them fit to enter active service.”

ORDERED INTO COWDEN'S BRIGADE—CHANGE OF CAMP.

We learned Monday, October 20th, that we were ordered into Brig.-Gen. Robert Cowden's brigade, and that we should at once leave camp for a location about two miles south or southwest. Reveille sounded at five o'clock the next morning; we were ordered to strike tents and be ready to march at seven. Rhode Island was ready promptly, and waited an hour and a half for the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, which had the right of the line, and for the Connecticut Twenty-second, which had the left. A march of about two hours along the tortuous roads of the country, brought us to an open field to the south of Miner's Hill, not far from Falls Church. Here we unslung knapsacks and encamped. To the east was a large farm-house, and its occupant manifested a kind and generous spirit of accommodation to the men. More houses were to be seen around us than in our former camp, and more of the colored race appeared, the deepest midnight showing itself in their countenances.

Tents were hardly pitched when three companies of the Eleventh were ordered on picket, and all necessary preparations were made for this new duty, and the boys were in high glee at the prospect, but it turned out to be a sell. A march round the field and return to the company streets, was all that it amounted to.

On the march to this camp, which we occupied for so brief a time, the boys observed a persimmon tree, the first that most of them had seen. The time of persimmons was

“not yet.” Jack Frost had not added his chemistry to the fair, round fruit, to make it palatable and to send it tumbling to the ground for the benefit and pleasure of mortals. But the boys could not wait, the fruit was too tempting. Clubs and stones soon brought some of it within reach, and a single bite sufficed to make the boys wise—the puckery quality predominated. A few of the persimmons, that were bruised and less inviting to the eye, were pleasant to the taste.

A Rhode Island man, connected with the United States chasseurs, having had a more delightful experience, thus describes the tree and its fruit :

THE OLD PERSIMMON TREE.

While autumn blasts go wailing by,
 And surly grows the air;
 While falling leaves in eddies fly,
 And woods grow lean and bare,
 Come wander forth o'er hill and dale,
 And search the woods with me,
 To find in some secluded vale
 The old persimmon tree.

Ho! see it tow'ring on the plain,
 With few companions near;
 While storms of sleet and frosty rain
 Beat on it through the year;
 But, like a sentry stout and brave,
 It stands the shock, you see,
 While high aloft its branches wave,
 Good old persimmon tree!

* * * * *

Now taste the fruit ere it be ripe
 By sunshine from the South,
 And ten to one you cannot wipe
 The pucker from your mouth;
 But time will give the mellow taste,
 And then you'll hail with glee,
 The queen of all the woody waste,
 The old persimmon tree.

* * * * *

God made the sea, the earth, the air,
And man, and bird and beast,
And bringeth forth all fruit so fair,
That all enjoy the feast.
Then let His praise resound abroad,
Who gives to thee and me
The mellow fruit around thy root,
Good old persimmon tree.

THE MAINE LAW.

A day or two before we left the camp near Fort Ethan Allen, there were some mysterious doings in the woods and among the brush, not far to the north. Canteens for water multiplied and formed in line in that direction, when suddenly there came an order that no more canteens should be allowed to fill themselves with water of any kind. It did seem cruel that soldiers should ever be deprived of this heaven-sent beverage. The next day, however, six intoxicated men were brought in and put in the guard house, and the "murder was out." Some one who was willing to live on the life blood of his fellow men, with accomplices equally guilty, had secreted himself at some distance from camp, set a watch, sent out runners and enticed lovers of whiskey, and sold it in bottles holding about three gills each, at one dollar a bottle. When this movement came to the knowledge of the Colonel the trade was stopped at once. The watchman on the hill telegraphed to his principal, and devil number one skedaddled to a more congenial clime.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

The most novel thing in this brief portion of our service occurred on the morning of October 22d. While the men were sleeping soundly, "not dreaming of the hour," the various Captains, at half-past three o'clock, came quietly to

the door of the tents, saying, "Get up and fall into line as quickly as possible. Strike no lights and make no noise." In twenty minutes the companies passed out of the streets and formed in line in front of the camp, awaiting the order to march. Our Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel were mounted to direct our movements, but we waited in vain. The whole division was under arms, and after waiting patiently two hours in the face of a northwest wind, the order came, "March off your companies." "Sold again," said the boys. That explained the matter to them; but the knowing ones were aware that the order was given to ascertain how promptly the division could get under arms and into line of battle.

ON THE MARCH TO A NEW CAMP.

The rest, after having our slumbers so rudely broken, was brief. The reveille soon sounded, and breakfast was hardly eaten when the order to strike tents and be ready to move at seven o'clock, was given. The Eleventh promptly responded, and waited until nine o'clock before the column was ready to move. The wind was high, the roads dusty, the grade ascending, and the tramp disagreeable. When we reached the summit of the hill we perceived a light-colored expanse with not a blade of grass in view. The word "halt" told us that this was to be our "Soldiers' Home" for an indefinite period. An involuntary exclamation revealed the impression upon the minds of the men. East Capitol Hill was quite cast in the shade. It seemed as if a portion of the Desert of Sahara had been taken from Africa and transported to this place in the midst of a basin of constant verdure; for a deep vale of woods and dells surrounded it. The Fortieth Massachusetts were encamped in the valley to

the west, through which ran a convenient brook, presenting, as viewed from our streets, a picturesque scene. On the first day in this encampment the dust swept in numerous miniature simoons over the whole ground, until the patience of the men was well nigh exhausted.

MINER'S HILL.

This was the first of the regiment's more permanent abodes. It is nearly a mile long, having only the width of the road at the summit, with a base of perhaps half a mile from east to west. It was undoubtedly reduced to the barren condition in which we found it, by the constant occupancy of troops from 1861 to that time. It is about three miles from Chain Bridge. Washington was beyond the hills to the east. Fairfax Seminary could be seen a little to the southeast. Falls Church was, perhaps, a mile and a half to the southwest. We could imagine it a fine camping-ground in the summer, when the trees were in their glory, and the hill was clothed with a carpet of green. Just north of the Eleventh was Battery D, of Uncle Sam's Regulars. The four regiments which composed our brigade were in close proximity.

As soon as the streets were laid out the Rhode Island boys didn't stop long to exclaim or complain, but merrily went to work with a will to make this unlovely spot as comfortable as possible. The streets were policed, the rubbish burned up, the tents pitched in spite of the high wind, which laid them flat many times, the woods were laid under tribute, pine boughs were brought to make comfortable beds, and at the hour of dress-parade most of the tents seemed homelike and cosy. After supper and roll-call, when the hour of sleep came, the men, well tired out, lay down under the roofs of

their canvas houses, and the beautiful stars of heaven, heralded by the most delicate new moon, looked smilingly down and seemed to bid them rest in peace.

LIFE AT MINER'S HILL.

This was the outermost post of the defences of Washington. The orders of Gen. Abercrombie, in whose division we were brigaded, required that we should rise at day-break, armed and equipped. Thus we appeared the next day, the 23d of October. The routine was as usual: company drill in the morning; battalion drill in the afternoon; dress-parade if the weather was pleasant at the close of the day. Brigade guard mounting was a new feature to many of the boys, in which each regiment was represented by a company. Unmilitary people might call it a kind of dress-parade in the morning. It was soon found that guard duty was not more unendurable than the other routine of the soldier's life, and that it had the compensation, if nothing unlooked for occurred, of relief from ordinary drill on the following day. In the language of Artemus Ward, "it may be highly respectable, it may be a privilege, but it is not an enticin' performance."

VISITORS—BRIGADE REVIEW.

Saturday, October 25th, was memorable for visitors to our camp. Beside Maj.-Gen. Abercrombie, there were Mr. Isaac H. Southwick, of Providence, at that time President of the Providence and Worcester Railroad Co., and daughters, and His Honor Mayor Knight, of Providence. Visitors from home were always gladly welcomed. Then came a brigade review. To participate in this, the regiment marched about a mile in heavy marching order to a level plain and were reviewed by Gen. Cowden and staff. This

was all the same as a regimental review multiplied by four. Gen. Cowden was frequently about our lines, and on the day previous he made an inspection of guns and knapsacks, making a very favorable impression upon the men. At this time it was hard to realize that we were so far from home, and every homelike feature possessed a wonderful charm. The boys will not forget a farm-house known as Birch's, which they visited to get their clothes washed, and not a few of them to enjoy a meal now and then, including an occasional rabbit pie. A pleasing reminder of home, at Birch's, were the flowers in bloom here and there.

The Rhode Islanders always did well what they were ordered to do, and it should be mentioned here, that on the day when a part of the regiment mowed the woods, four companies went over to Fort Ethan Allen constructed three hundred feet of breastworks, and did other work on a redoubt, and were commended by the Colonel and Engineer for doing twice as much as they expected, and doing it well.

The weather at that time was exceedingly fine; neither very hot nor very cold, though early in the morning, and we "rose with the lark," we were treated to several white frosts, which told us plainly that Jack Frost's dominions were extensive, and if we wished to escape him we must move far south of the redoubtable city of Richmond.

COMMON LIFE.

Three hours a day at that time were spent in drill, beside dress-parade and inspection of muskets, knapsacks and tents now and then. The streets were policed as soon as the day-break roll was called, and then away, half a mile to the brook, to wash. It took some time to eat; but this was not an irksome task to the men, who were hungry and not

especially lazy. There were lazy men, it was said, in all the companies, and this did not lighten the burdens of those who cheerfully performed their part.

The soldier had his clothes to mend. This arose in part from the poor sewing on the garments which our dear Uncle Samuel furnished the boys, and, to go a little farther back, to the poor prices which the poor women who made them got for their labor. If the ghost of one of Hood's shirts did not appear at some time to some of their employers and frighten them into an unwelcome eternity, they certainly deserved a just retribution in this life.

Everybody knows that the soldier was obliged to be his own washerwoman, and when this agreeable duty came round we were reminded of the helpfulness of the other sex, who, at that time, were as rarely to be seen as flowers in the desert. All this used up time. Then the musket and equipments were to be kept in a condition to pass inspection. There were other contingent duties, such as providing wood and water for the cook, attending to this and that, which stole away the soldier's leisure hours and shortened his time for penning those loving epistles which friends at home expected, and complained if they did not receive. These friends were advised to turn the tables when they felt thus, and write three letters to the soldier's one, for it would help him along wonderfully.

LETTER-WRITING SUNDAY.

On this day, the 26th, owing to the fatiguing duties of the previous days, the regiment was excused from all extra duties, including religious services. A northeast rain storm began at eight o'clock in the morning and continued through the night. Everybody, but those who went for rations or on some special service, stayed indoors. The regiment took

to letter-writing. In many tents there were singing, praising, praying, and reading the Bible. To many it was one of those quiet Sundays which, at times, are very enjoyable. The product for that day was at least one thousand letters.

DIVISION REVIEW.

Roll-call was omitted the next morning, and at half-past seven we were ordered in line and marched off in the storm a mile and a half to a grand review ; but the storm raged so furiously that the review was postponed, the regiment was ordered back to find, on arriving at camp, that several tents had been prostrated by the violence of the wind. The damage, however, was soon repaired and at noon the storm ceased.

An ambulance corps, composed of a detail of ten men from each regiment, in accordance with the then recent army regulations, was formed at that time. Rev. Philo Hawkes, believed to be eminently fitted for the position, was detailed from Company I.

The review did come off on the next day. It was not so grand an affair as we had hoped. Probably less than three brigades were present and passed in review before Gen. Abercrombie, whose headquarters were at Fort Ethan Allen. It was an imposing sight, however, to see even eight or ten thousand men march in review.

On the 31st, the men were paid off. To this end every man must fall in line with his knapsack strapped upon his back. The only answer to the men's wonder at this requirement was, Uncle Sam says so, and that must suffice.

THE DRUM BAND.

The music added much to the life of the regiment, and we gladly refer to it at this point in our narrative. Officers and men greatly enjoyed it, and at dress-parade on the even-

ing of October 30th, the drum band, under the direction of its Drum-Major, Mr. W. L. Dunbar, of Providence, introduced a new roll, which attracted not only the attention of the regiment but of the visitors, of whom there were more or less present each evening. The interest was maintained while the music sounded, and when the tune changed and the band, in tip-top time, played "Dixie" until they reached the right of the line, if the performance had been in some public hall in Providence there would have been tremendous applause. We have no doubt that the men, and the Colonel, too, would have felt better if they could have ventilated their throats upon the occasion. We are still of the opinion that our drum band was not excelled by that of any regiment about us.

Two weeks made such changes in the camp at Miner's Hill, that if our friends at home could have looked down upon the regiment from one of the war balloons of that time, they must have concluded that we meant to spend our nine months there; for the soldier soon learns to arrange his quarters as if his stay was to be permanent, though he knows full well that at any moment an order may issue to strike tents and move forward.

Hon. A. C. Barstow, of Providence, visited the regiment on the 1st of November. He was present at dress-parade, and spent a portion of the Sabbath in camp. He called upon all the men with whom he had any acquaintance. His visit was greatly appreciated, and so also were the visits of Messrs. Salisbury and Mason, two young gentlemen from Providence, who called upon their friends in camp next day.

CONTRASTS.

The contrast between Sunday, November 2d, and the Monday following was quite marked, and was a fair sample of what we became accustomed to. In order that the men

might have full rest, the Colonel deferred the religious services until towards night, and included dress-parade. These dress-parades received frequent compliments from visitors, but on this occasion the display was unusually fine. The line was formed on the narrow hill, facing the west. It was near sunset, and a curtain of clouds of a neutral tint hung above the horizon, causing every object to stand out in bold relief. This curtain grew thinner as the sun declined. The long line of men, as they stood at parade-rest, every musket aslant, every bayonet flashing back the sunbeams that had dispelled the clouds and lit up the western sky with glory indescribable, combined to render the scene exceedingly impressive. The parade over, regular religious services began, the Chaplain preaching from Matthew, 5th chapter and 16th verse, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The brilliant display of nature, which called forth exclamations from every one able to appreciate it, seemed to be a part of the closing exercises of this day of rest.

The middle of the night brought a storm, and after a shower of rain we awoke in the morning in the midst of a terrible gale, that beat great clouds of dust with the severest fury upon our tents and filled the streets for several hours. It poked its way into every opening and fairly sifted itself through the canvas, so that everything was covered with an impalpable powder and a yellow hue. The men appeared in the same uniform from the eyebrows to the toes. Thus we had grit with our food, and grit with our drink: grit for breakfast, grit for dinner, and grit for supper: and it was thought that, if these periodical visitations were combined with the efficient labors of our Colonel, there was a promise of grit enough to meet the rebels, and to spare.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Rhode Island boys were not to be baffled by the elements ; they not only met this event in a good spirit, but set to work at once to make the most of it.

The dust storm of Monday, combined with the increasing cold, inaugurated a new movement. The boys of the various companies began to erect houses of various styles of architecture, built with great rapidity and more or less fitted to protect us from the weather, in however "questionable shape" it might come. The quarters of some were stockaded two or three feet from the ground, with a double or single tent perched upon the top. Others dug down and built up also. Some were entirely of logs, with flat, or round, or peaked roofs, as taste and rivalry prompted. Cook-houses and officers' quarters were roomy, convenient and substantial. When it is remembered that these were, perhaps, but for a day, it shows the zeal of the men for their own comfort, or from a desire to exercise their ingenuity. Those least prone to work were the most energetic in this business.

Company E, at this time, began to fit up a gymnasium, a work in the right direction.

SICKNESS IN CAMP.

The number of men on the sick list now began to increase, though there were but few in the hospital and no one dangerously sick. There seemed to be no good reason for this. The location was healthy. Perched on a hill, we were free from bad vapors, and pure air was abundant. Imprudence, over-eating and drinking were doubtless the chief causes of disease in the Eleventh in that early part of the service, and experience taught us many good lessons.

PICKET DUTY AND THE FIRST SNOW STORM.

Capt. Taft, Thrasher, and Kendrick, Companies F, B, and I, were ordered to take their turn on picket, Friday, November 7th. The night before, the sun set partially clouded, and the cold rapidly increased. The morning brought a leaden sky, such as we had seen in Rhode Island on a Thanksgiving day, when lo! at eight o'clock it began to snow. It was no joke, and the men, singing merrily, though inwardly dreading the prospect, marched off to their posts, which extended for a mile and a half or two miles on the Lewinsville road. Huts of various kinds had been erected at these posts, and, having rations and blankets, the boys prepared to spend the twenty-four hours. The storm of the morning became a driving northern snow storm, which lasted till seven in the evening, making at least eight inches of snow on a level. It seemed a pretty good first lesson in picket duty. This in the sunny south, when a few days before the weather had been like July. But the men prepared to laugh at the storm. Rousing fires built in the daytime, making abundant coals at night, enabled the pickets to keep comfortable. Bread was toasted, sweet potatoes, from farm-houses near by, were roasted, coffee and good fare generally, completed the improved rations. In the hours of sleep the men slept, contrived to be comfortable, and returned to camp in the morning in fine spirits. One improvement was suggested, that Uncle Samuel ought to furnish all pickets with sweet potatoes and an umbrella. Perhaps the boys should have returned thanks to the rebels for letting them alone. Otherwise this duty might have been a different affair.

CHANGES OF OFFICERS AND PROMOTIONS.

Important changes of officers were made early in November. Capt. Moss, of Company H, was promoted to major; Second Lieut. Frank Dennis was attached to Gen. Cowden's staff; Lieut. Bacon was made brigade commissary; Private Samuel Thurber, of Company I, was promoted to second lieutenant. The impression prevailed also, that our Adjutant was to leave us, but that, much to the satisfaction of the men, did not happen. The change most deeply felt by the whole regiment was the removal of our Colonel. Officers and men were filled with sorrow at the prospect of this event. The men felt that they had lost a personal friend, and were deeply impressed that they had lost a leader in whom they had entire confidence, while at the same time they wished for him the attainment of his most ardent hopes and the most gratifying success. At the conclusion of the religious service, Sunday, November 9th, an earnest benediction upon the Colonel was invoked by the Chaplain.

COL. METCALF'S FAREWELL.

Before dismissing the regiment, the Colonel addressed us in appropriate and feeling language. He stated that he had been called to the command of the Third Rhode Island, then at Hilton Head, S. C. He added, that when, a few weeks previous, he was offered the colonelcy of the Eleventh, he would have declined the honor had not duty required its acceptance, and now he was surprised that, after the lapse of so brief a period, since his connection with the regiment, he felt so much regret in parting with its officers and men. Again, he felt that his personal preference would now prompt him to remain, and he only yielded to his sense of duty in accepting this new appointment.

His connection with this regiment had been from the outset an agreeable one ; its conduct, except in a few, rare individual cases, was deserving of praise ; its progress had much exceeded his anticipations ; he had been as pleased as a boy with the daily improvement. This he did not consider especially due to himself, but it belonged to the regiment, and he urged upon the men a continued determination to be nothing less than the best regiment in the service. None came out here, said he, without a greater or less personal sacrifice. He considered it the highest privilege of every soldier to fulfil his duty to his country, prompted by right motives.

The success which every man desired was best procured by a strict performance of every obligation, and promotion otherwise obtained was dishonorable. We could not always have what we deserved, and could not all be major generals ; he thanked God for it, for there were too many men in the service who desired to do little work and make a great show.

He trusted that in a few days some leader would be provided, in whom the whole regiment could deservedly feel the confidence that had been reposed in him. He hoped that this regiment, as its promise was, would attain the highest honors, and wherever he might be he would not begrudge them any reward that might be measured out to them.

Capt. Cady, of Company E, was at this time transferred to the Second Rhode Island Cavalry, and left camp for Providence six days after Col. Metcalf. Both appointments were sent from Rhode Island at the same time.

GAY AND GRAVE.

The hours on Miner's Hill brought little variety. Only two or three events out of the ordinary course transpired from the 9th to the 17th of November. The first was rather

comic in its character. The officers of our brigade, whatever their personal conduct as temperance men, were wide awake on the liquor question, and did their best to execute the Maine law most effectively. In their official capacity in camp, liquor was not a sacred article, and liquor sellers were put on a par with the stuff they sold. Just before dress-parade on Thursday, the 13th, a nice covered buggy, surrounded by a lively crowd, moved slowly southward from Gen. Cowden's headquarters, while a drum and fife, sounding merrily, rang through the camp. Two well-dressed looking men were seen, a soldier on each side, three soldiers with charged bayonets in their rear, a drum and fife ahead playing the Rogues' March, marching with chop-fallen, woe-begone looking countenances. They marched across and out of our lines, cheered on by the crowd and laughed at to their hearts' content, probably by some of the very chaps that had previously imbibed their whiskey. The majority of the regiment rejoiced at their fate.

The next day, Friday, most of the companies, invited by Lieut.-Col. Pitman, went out for target practice. This was new and agreeable business to many, and was repeated on several other occasions. The green hands performed their part much better than was expected. If shooting was to be the principal business, it seemed to be important that we should know *how*, rather than "how not to do it."

A sad scene on Saturday was the funeral procession of a member of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, who had been left at the hospital of the Eleventh, hopelessly sick of typhoid fever. A military salute was fired as the procession passed our lines. The drum band of the regiment was detailed by Lieut.-Col. Pitman, that music might be furnished for the occasion. Thus the story of mortality was repeated to us, while our hearts could but be thankful

that the angel of death had thus far failed to lay his hand upon any one of the thousand of our number. Friends at home had gone before us to their long account, while we remained in the land of the living.

The news of the important changes at the head of the army occasioned some excitement. There was a general satisfaction that one so much loved and esteemed as a soldier, and by the soldiers, as Ambrose E. Burnside, was deemed worthy to take command of a mighty army. The sentiment of the regiment then, was, God speed Rhode Island's first soldier! It is a matter of rejoicing, that since the close of the war he has been rewarded by the highest honors that his State can bestow, that he still retains the love of those who followed his fortunes in the field, and is honored and esteemed by the citizens of a restored Union.

GOING TO CHURCH ON PICKET.

Sunday, the 16th, was a dull, cloudy day, with hardly a gleam of sunshine. The routine of the Sabbath was observed. Companies H, F and I were out on picket, and each, in their own way, claimed that they had a good time. Some of the officers, and a few of the men, mostly from Company I, were permitted to enjoy, what they least expected, the privilege to attend church while not especially on duty at their posts. Old Revolutionary and Old Colony times were re-enacted. A tall Captain at the head of a squad of men, marched in good order, some two miles, "armed and equipped as the law directs," to the church at Lewinsville. They were greeted at the door by a few persons faithful to our glorious Union and faithful to God also. They marched in, took their seats in the pews, leaned their muskets against the backs, and, in the style of the old Puritans, bowed

their hearts and worshipped. Loud and sweet notes of praise, from male and female voices, blended and filled the house. The Chaplain of the Eleventh officiated after the usual New England form, delivering a discourse from Hebrews, 6th chapter and 19th verse, to which the audience gave the closest attention. A considerable number of citizens, looking like good New England farmers, were present, and some dozen or more females, dressed in northern style, intelligent and polite in their manners, able and willing to sing, and to appreciate a good sermon. This church and the many Union people who composed it suffered from the war, but the fire of faith and the spirit of loyalty seemed left in many hearts, and we could not doubt that when the great cloud which then darkened the land was removed, the spirit of the Lord would breathe upon a once active organization of one hundred members, only one of whom was a Virginian, and the "dry bones" would live again.

Some of the Union families near Lewinsville, that stood up boldly for our cause, were found out and visited by the Rhode Islanders.

But I must not neglect to pay a well-merited tribute to a Union family that lived near Lewinsville, by the name of Woodworth.

THE WOODWORTH FAMILY.

"Soon after our regiment reached Miner's Hill, one day we were on picket duty, when a Chaplain rode up and presented his pass from the general in command, for him to pass through the lines to Lewinsville. He was going out to visit a *Union* family named Woodworth, and extolled them in the highest terms. He urged the writer to go out by all means, and make their acquaintance. On his way back, late in the

day, he repeated and urged his advice, that we should find this family ; so, taking his directions as to how to find their house, the ‘ officer of the day ’ and the ‘ officer of the guard ’ determined to pay them a visit.

“ Never shall I forget that first visit to the house of this excellent family. As we passed along by one plantation after another, we finally came in sight of a house that looked more like a northern home than anything we had seen since coming upon the ‘ sacred soil ’ of Virginia. It was painted white, and had a pretty piazza in front. We rapped at the door. It was soon opened by Mr. Woodworth’s daughter. As the door opened, at a glance we discovered several things we had not seen since we landed in Virginia : First, a lady with her hair neatly combed ; second, with a clean, white collar about her neck ; third, a stove, other than a cook stove ; fourth, a cabinet organ ; fifth, paper upon the house walls ; sixth, a carpet upon the floor.

“ We stayed to supper, and partook heartily. The table was spread with a clean, white table cover. The dishes reminded us strongly of home. The nice, white, light flour biscuits were a novelty in that country.

“ Before leaving, we joined this family in singing that good old hymn,

‘ My country, ’t is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,’

accompanied by the cabinet organ.

“ This visit was like an oasis in the desert, or like a spring of fresh water in a ‘ dry and thirsty land.’ It is safe to say, that any members of the Eleventh who had once visited this family were glad to repeat the visit. One of the most enjoyable of evenings, was that spent at the Woodworths’ one

evening, by a company consisting, perhaps, of ten or twelve men—captains, lieutenants, sergeants and men—who, getting the countersign, poured through the entire length of the picket line, and made a visit at this hospitable home of Union people.

“We sang ‘America,’ ‘The Star Spangled Banner,’ ‘The Red, White and Blue,’ ‘The Sword of Bunker Hill,’ and other stirring and patriotic airs.

“The old gentleman, Mr. Woodworth, was, perhaps, sixty-five years old. He had gone down into that country many years before the war, from northern New York. After the disaster of the first Bull Run he and his family took refuge in Washington, and after Pope’s repulse, at the second Bull Run, they again withdrew within our lines at Georgetown.

“One day, not having heard for some time of any raids by the rebel cavalry through that section, he decided to run the risk of a visit to his home, and to some of his neighbors who had remained at their homes. Walking up from Georgetown, across ‘Chain Bridge,’ and around, he finally came upon his home, now all desolate and dilapidated.

“After looking his place over and attending to whatever needed attention, he crossed over to one of his nearest neighbors, a member of the same Presbyterian church to which he belonged, a widow, from whom he learned that no rebel uniforms had been seen there for many days.

“Emboldened by this bit of news, he determined to run the risk of remaining to draw up for this neighbor a load of wood from the forest hard by, since he found her wood-pile almost entirely exhausted. This he proceeded to do. After unloading the wood he took dinner with his friends, and then stepped out to the barn to give the horse his dinner.

“As he was going to the barn he espied two rebel cavalrymen just galloping along towards the house, from out of the

woods beyond. Hoping he had not been seen, he secreted himself in the barn and awaited their arrival. Soon they came up, hunted him out, took him prisoner, and carried him over to their headquarters. He was adjudged a Union man, and sent to Richmond. There he spent several months in prison and was almost starved. The old man told me that while there, occurred the only time he ever stole in his long life. He said that in carrying potatoes to the cook, he used to purloin a few, put them in his pocket, and eat them—*raw potatoes!* so hungry was he. Finally, he was set at liberty, in Richmond, and told to go where he liked. After walking, and sometimes getting a ride upon the cars for a piece, he finally arrived at the rebel headquarters, within a few miles of his home. Meantime the Union forces had extended their lines so as to take in his home, and his family had returned. Here he was stopped and not permitted to go further. For six weeks he was obliged to remain there, near the rebel headquarters, and report every morning. He must sleep upon the ground, and as it was now the fall of the year, and the nights growing cold, it brought on the rheumatism, so that he suffered extremely.

“One day a small detachment of our forces marched up near Lewinsville and with a light battery opened upon the rebels. The shot and shell flew so promiscuously about, that the rebel forces were obliged to ‘skedaddle,’ and Mr. Woodworth was once more permitted to go where he liked. He lost no time in reaching his home, and has since expressed no desire to return to Richmond.”

PICKET EXPERIENCES AND ENJOYMENTS ON THE LEWINSVILLE ROAD.

“ For nearly three months the Eleventh Rhode Island did constant picket duty on the front which lay between Lewinsville and Falls Church. It would fall to each company to ‘go on picket’ about once a week. No duty was more agreeable to the boys. It offered them every variety of adventure. Six men were usually detailed for each ‘post.’

“ One of the picket lines began at Mr. Kerby’s and extended to Mr. Stuart’s house, on the Lewinsville road. This Mr. Kerby pretended to be a Union man, but was at heart a rebel. He had a son in the rebel army. The boys of the Eleventh sold coffee to him at a very low rate, and he took it into Georgetown and sold it at a very high price. Each company had at least one tailor, who would make bed sacks. These sacks would be carried out on picket to Kerby’s, of whom hay or straw could be bought at a high rate, and so straw beds would soon render more comfortable camp life. The second post beyond Kerby’s house was upon the hillside, where the road had been dug down eight or ten feet on the one side to level up the other. One day the six men who were detailed to this post, carried out from camp an ax, a hammer and nails, and two or three shovels. Every two men were on duty four hours, and off eight. This always left four men off duty. These men worked with wonderful skill and energy nearly all day, as the weather was quite cold, to build for themselves a hut where they could be sheltered, especially at night, from the weather. They dug a hole into the hillside, about eight or ten feet square, with a large fire-place at the rear end. The smoke was carried up and out from a hole left in the ground above. The front of this subterranean hut was ‘boarded

up' with rails held by stakes firmly planted in the ground and the tops bound together by withes. Rubber blankets were hung up on the inside of this rail barricade and over the place left for a doorway, so as effectually to keep any light from shining out from the fire in the fire-place. The top was first covered with rails, upon which was thrown boughs and limbs of trees, and dirt upon the top of all. This made very comfortable barracks for night for these men, and well did they enjoy the fruit of their labor.

At another post, where no arrangement of this sort was practicable, a large stove, or fire pot, was made in the ground by digging and covering with large, flat stones, and building a chimney at the farther end. Here a huge fire would be kept through the afternoon, and when the sun had set and the countersign was put on, then the draft for the fire was stopped up, the chimney covered, and every precaution taken to allow the fire to keep until morning. Then through the long hours of the night the two men would march from this common point in opposite directions through the length of their proper beat, 'about face,' and return, to halt a moment upon this covered bed of coals and thus keep their feet warm. Still other devices were used to diminish their hardships and add to the comforts of picket duty.

In one case a large hut or wigwam was made from rails and brush, so thick and compact that no light from the warm fire could be detected through this opaque environment.

Some strange adventures were occasionally experienced in the course of picket duty. In the earlier history of the regiment, of course the soldiers were to be instructed in their duties. Sometimes officers felt called upon to put the trustworthiness of their men to the test. One night, just after the countersign had been put on, a first lieutenant sent a corporal from one post past another to a brook for a pail

of water. He directed him to go forward by the men on duty as though the countersign had not been put on, unless stopped by the guard. If he should be halted, then to stop and give the countersign. Just about time enough had elapsed for the soldier to reach the next post, when there rang out upon the still, quiet evening air, quick and sharp, 'Halt! halt!—halt, or I fire.' *Bang* went the rifle, without a moment's pause. Quick as thought, officers and men were running down to the next station, their hearts fluttering with the fear that the proposed trial of fidelity had proved a tragedy. They were quickly relieved, however, by finding the corporal safe and sound, and that the shooting, which had proceeded from the station beyond the brook, at the edge of the wood, was occasioned by the running of a cow, which had been challenged in the darkness, and not responding, but continuing her rapid retreat, had been fired upon. It is safe to affirm that that lieutenant tried no further experiments after that fashion. This old cow belonged to a Mr. Stuart, whose wife was sister to Jackson, the hotel keeper at Alexandria, who shot Ellsworth.

"The Stuart family lived in a miserably dilapidated house, just opposite the last picket post, on the Lewinsville road. In going 'grand rounds,' the officer of the day passed this house, and, as stories were quite in vogue how rebels visited the house by night, to get information concerning our forces, a sharp lookout was kept, and every suspicious circumstance was thoroughly examined. One night, an exceedingly dark night, as the officer was making the 'grand rounds,' he discovered some one cautiously creeping across the open lot towards the Stuart house. Of course, the navy revolver was quickly whisked out of the belt and cocked. Then, to make sure work, the officer crept carefully along towards the offending intruder, until the nearness and constant

peering into the darkness, finally revealed the dim outline of Stuart's horse, quietly grazing in the grass field. No one will doubt that the revolver was quickly returned to its place, and 'grand rounds' continued without causing the camp to be alarmed.

"Mr. Stuart had two boys, nearly the same age, of perhaps from ten to twelve years. One of these lads always proclaimed himself a Union boy, and the other always as confidently pronounced himself a rebel. Each had a kitten to which he manifested a strong attachment. The Union boy named his kitten Abraham Lincoln, and the secesh lad called his pet Jeff. Davis. The boys often had hard words with each other, upon political subjects, and the rebel boy always contended that his cat, Jeff. Davis, was going to kill Abraham Lincoln. It happened that a few nights after a sharp wrangle of this nature, a door, which had fallen from its hinges, had been set up in its place, and by some sudden gust of wind was blown over, and fell upon the cat Abraham Lincoln, and crushed it to death. The Union boy mourned the death of his favorite with unfeigned grief, but the rebel youth apparently rejoiced with true joy, and said: 'I told you so, and Jeff. Davis is going to kill Lincoln, too, and you may depend upon it.' So coming events cast their shadows.

"Sergeant B., of Company H, relates that while the regiment was on Miner's Hill, and picketing the road to Lewinsville, a special lookout was kept over the house where the sister of the rebel Jackson, the slayer of Ellsworth, lived, as it was supposed to be a rendezvous for rebel spies. On one night, when Sergeant B. was on duty, the sentinel on the beat nearest Lewinsville, halted a person who was about to cross his beat, and kept him at the point of his bayonet until the sergeant relieved him of his prisoner, who proved

to be a second lieutenant of the regiment, who, having a fondness for ladies' society, had been gone all of the afternoon, and not having the countersign was taken prisoner on his return. There was no doubt in the lieutenant's mind but what the sentinel, 'Gen. Scott,' took a grim satisfaction in doing his duty that night.

"The same sergeant recollects that, being stationed at the end of the Lewinsville road, nearer Falls Church, one very cold evening, he was cautioned by the retiring sergeant to pay particular attention to a house about a mile distant, where, it was said, signals were made at night to the enemy. His orders were, if the lights were displayed, (which was supposed to be the mode of signaling,) to ascertain the cause, and take steps to suppress it. It was his usual plan to be up himself with the first relief. He recalls how cold it was, as, sitting by the fire which was built on the bluff, he was roasting in the face and freezing at his back. Nothing occurred the first part of the night, but he was awakened shortly after retiring, by the corporal, who informed him that the signals were being made. The sergeant came out, and sure enough, there was the light. Here was an opportunity which he had long been waiting for; a chance to distinguish himself, perhaps to capture some rebel spies. It might be a general, perchance the cavalry general, which the regiment had been sent out to the cross roads to intercept a few weeks before. Filled with these thoughts he woke his sleeping men, explained to them the situation, and asked for volunteers. Selecting the three who seemed the most eager to go, they started for their prey. On nearing the house, he disposed his men so as to approach it in four directions, expecting to surprise the rebels. Reserving to himself the approach to the light, as he drew nearer he discovered that what had been mistaken for signal lights was the glare of the light from a

room, on the side of an out-building, which, from the picket post, looked like something very suspicious. On arriving in the yard he found an ell to the main building all alight, but no person in sight. Looking in at the window, he saw a room entirely bare of furniture, with a fire blazing in the open fire-place, and on the floor, covered with an old and ragged quilt, a negro, sleeping. The main building was shrouded in darkness. By this time the sergeant was rejoined by his men, and placing his hand on the latch of the door, he pushed it open and all marched in. As they halted, their muskets came to an order, and the noise awoke the negro, who was so frightened he could hardly answer the questions demanded of him, but which he did finally answer to the satisfaction of the sergeant, who withdrew with his men and left the negro, fully satisfied that his chance for distinction by capturing a rebel was destroyed for that night at least. As the sergeant was never afterwards at that post again, he cannot tell whether the negro died of fright or subsequently became a member of Congress."

On our picket line were many houses where meals could be had for a reasonable consideration, an opportunity which officers and men were not slow to improve. At some places the families were true blue, and at others they had taken the oath of allegiance and were "blue" without the true. The Eleventh regiment maintained throughout their entire term the reputation, expressed in the language of this people, "there never has been no better behaved regiment in this neighborhood." There was no good reason why the people with whom we came in contact should not receive kind treatment at our hands; leaving to the government to do justice to all who deserved merited punishment.

GEN. COWDEN'S HEADQUARTERS.

The headquarters of Gen. Cowden, who commanded our brigade, were at the house of Mr. Miner, who owned the hill where we were encamped, and a large tract of land about it. The cluster of buildings, including that in which the General and his wife then resided, were, from their age and roughness, worthy of a place in Lossing's Field Book. Logs predominated in most of them, and the wind whistled merrily through the walls of some of the out-buildings.

OTHER CAMPS.

Almost directly north of the headquarters, but hidden by a small piece of pine woods, was the camp of the Twenty-second Connecticut, in an opening surrounded by a forest of pines, which broke the force of the winds and saved it from bleakness. In one thing the Connecticut boys were quite ahead of us. They had a splendid national banner, which floated high above their encampment, and quite outshone that of any regiment we had seen.

The Fortieth Massachusetts were, as before mentioned, encamped in a valley to the left of the General's headquarters. With their background of evergreen, and the distant hills bounding the horizon, the picture was a very pleasing one. The Blue Ridge (fifty miles distant, it was said,) could be plainly seen in the northwest, with one peak, called by some "Sugar Loaf," and by others "Slaughter Mountain," crowning the range.

GEN. COWDEN.

The General was frequently present when the Eleventh was out on parade or drill, and his tall figure became as familiar as those of our own officers. He was also often present,

sometimes with several ladies, at dress-parade, and at religious services. Sometimes he was mounted, and at other times on foot. His bearing was soldierly, gentlemanly and commanding; his hair reddish, with heavy whiskers, and distinctly marked features. He had well earned the reputation of a brave and energetic soldier, such as the Rhode Island boys were ready and eager to follow. In obedience to orders they felt willing to remain a long time, if need be, in that position, but would have rejoiced if, in a position of greater activity, they could have aided more directly in the great purpose for which they were called into service.

The following anecdotes of Gen. Cowden are vouched for by a member of the Ambulance Corps. They illustrate traits which made him popular with his men :

“On the first night after the Ambulance Corps was brigaded, a number of us comrades sat round a large camp fire. We were seated on logs. It got to be about eight o’clock, and I looked and saw somebody right ahead, and, said I, ‘How are you?’ said he, ‘Halloa!’ ‘We might make room for one more,’ said I. ‘Who might you be?’ said another. ‘My name is Cowden,’ he answered. ‘What!’ said we, ‘the boss of this crowd?’ He says, ‘I am.’ ‘What you up here for?’ said we. He said, ‘I was kind o’ homesick, and saw a crowd around this fire and thought I would come up.’ So he spun his yarn the same as the rest of us. He would tell his story, and the boys would tell theirs; and so the hours passed pleasantly with the General and his men, till he took out his watch, and saying, ‘I guess it’s about time I was going home,’ he bade us good-bye and went to his quarters.”

Gen. Cowden could answer a question with a little story, after the style of President Lincoln, as the following account will show :

“ At Mills’ Cross Roads, after we had been there a while, the chief of the Ambulance Corps said to me, ‘ You hitch up and go back to camp and get rations for the men and horses.’ I said I would, and while I was hitching in the horses, the General (Cowden) stood about thirteen feet from me, and up came one of the colonels—I had an idea from his appearance it was Col. Porter—and he said, ‘ General, I want to ask you one question.’ ‘ Ask as many as you please, and I will answer,’ said the General. ‘ I would like to know,’ said the Colonel, ‘ why you placed these regiments in the shape of a letter V? The Fortieth Massachusetts here; the Connecticut Twenty-second here, and the One Hundred and Forty-first New York there, and you put the Eleventh regiment way down in the woods.’ The General replied, ‘ If Stuart’s Cavalry should come this way, I calculate that when Stuart comes up, he is going right by yours, and the other regiments, but they will never get by the Eleventh Rhode Island.’ The Colonel being satisfied, turned on his heel and went to his regiment.”

AN UNPLEASANT UNCERTAINTY.

The 19th of November furnished a good illustration of the uncertainty of things military. An order was issued on that day to be in readiness to march at ten minutes’ notice. The news sped to our friends at home. It did us no immediate harm, for weeks passed before the order was actually given, but it came near costing us a Thanksgiving dinner. The committee in the city of Providence who had obtained contributions for this purpose and made ready to forward the supplies, suspended operations on receipt of the news that we had orders, to march. We became, in consequence, more faithless as to such orders, which proved to be, as a waggish comrade expressed it, “ only a cautionary word.”

BOXES FROM HOME.

About this time a tide of boxes from home, with nice things for the men of the regiment, set in. On one day it would be fifty, on another thirty, then seventy-five, and again fifty, so that the Quartermaster, it was said, became alarmed at the influx ; but he brought them to camp with commendable promptness, and his patience was hardly ever exhausted. A great variety of articles came in these boxes, and in some cases in a "questionable" shape. Sometimes a bottle of peppermint or some other essence was packed in the box with a cloth around the cork to make it extra tight. But the cloth, in rebellion at such a contrivance, quietly soaked up all the essence and distributed it among all the other articles in its company, a result which the friends at home did not anticipate. These good gifts were fully appreciated. The men needed them, because they were expressions of love and sympathy, which greatly cheered them in the kind of life which deprived them of the sweet and elevating influences of home.

"WHO GOES THERE?"

An amusing discussion arose at this season of our service as to the matter of challenging sentinels, and for a while it rivaled in magnitude the discussion of years since, "Will saltpeter explode?" The parties were the three months' men, the officers, the United States regulations, and the raw recruits. On any day or evening, after guard or picket duty had been performed by any of the companies, you could hardly pass a tent but you might hear, "Who goes there?" "Halt!" "Advance," "Grand rounds," etc. Neither party was inclined to yield, and the subject gave way, in time, to some new excitement.

THE WEATHER—DISSOLVING VIEWS.

The weather for the week ending Sunday was very trying, a cold rain and wind prevailing most of the time. Sunday, the 23d, was so unpleasant, raw and blustering that religious services were omitted, except that at dress-parade, which had an innovation that reminded us strongly of home, Gov. Sprague's Thanksgiving Proclamation was distinctly read in our hearing by the Chaplain, who also proclaimed that our Providence Plantation and Rhode Island friends had resolved to remember us very substantially on that day. We could not cheer, we had no orders, but each heart beat a little quicker, and the thoughts of a regiment of men sped five hundred miles in double-quick time.

Dress-parade was rather tough at that season, and our commander, Lieut.-Col. Pitman, who had seemed considerate on several occasions for the health and comfort of the men, treated us to a movement which stirred the boys up considerably. Just after the Chaplain concluded the religious service, and we were a little shivery, we quickly formed companies and moved up and down our parade ground at double-quick, until we became thoroughly warmed up. It was an agreeable sight to see so large a number of men on a measured trot, and, under those chilling circumstances, the boys enjoyed it.

BAKED BEANS AND ROAST BEEF.

When the men had become so accustomed to soldier life that they planned as if they expected to stay, they improved their cook-houses as well as their quarters, and increased their facilities for cooking. Coming from Yankee land they were bound to gratify their desire for baked beans. They

scoured the country for the bricks of tumbled-down houses, transported them sometimes for a long distance and built ovens for each company, or two companies united and shared an oven between them. Uncle Sam furnished the beans and the pork. Boiled beans soon fell below par. In one instance, on Miner's Hill, when a load of bricks had been secured for one of the companies, the commandant of the regiment (not Col. Metcalf) spied them as they were about to be dropped and ordered them to be carried to his own quarters. The Captain of that company, however, did not intend to be cheated out of his bricks in that style. He ordered out his company for drill the next morning, requiring every man to take his knapsack strap, marched them off to a spot where the bricks could be found, and each man marched home with half a dozen bricks in his strap, unloaded them at the cook's quarters, and the oven was built. Of brown bread there was none, for Uncle Sam did not furnish "hog and hominy," as the Confederacy did. Wheat bread and hard-tack were the only kinds provided.

The ovens served to provide roast beef as well, and thus the government rations were supplemented with dishes which could not have been enjoyed had the regiment been always on the march. The men who confined themselves to government rations, which were abundant and of good quality, and let the sutler and the pie vender alone, were among the healthiest in the regiment. Some of the companies accumulated a considerable fund from the sale of unconsumed rations, and used them for the benefit of the company in various ways.

As Thanksgiving approached, the landscape about us began to change materially, and reminded us of the dissolving views of the stereopticon. The leaves had almost wholly deserted all but the evergreen trees, and we could see the hills beyond

them, and also many a dwelling that had been shut out from view. Camp after camp appeared in the distance that we knew nothing of before. The village of Falls Church as well as the church spire could be seen, and every now and then the locomotive and cars of the Alexandria and Leesburg Railroad emerged into view and gladdened the sight.

THANKSGIVING.

This New England festival came on the 27th of November. It was truly a day of thanksgiving to the boys of the Eleventh, and, to no small extent, of "sending portions of good things." We were agreeably disappointed in the weather, for on the night before a fierce cold wind and a cloudy sky gave token of a cloudy, snowy day to follow, but the morning was calm though frosty, the sun rose in beauty, and strange to say, as those who took their morning walks through the woods to the brook, can testify, the birds sang us a sweet thanksgiving song.

The regiment was disappointed in one respect. They had set their hearts upon an entire holiday; but after a short religious service about ten o'clock, we had, per order, more than an hour of battalion drill. It was endured by the men with the best grace possible.

Our public worship was, of course, conducted by the Chaplain, who read the 148th Psalm, and the regiment sang America—

"My country, 'tis of thee."

A brief and appropriate address followed, in which Mr. Gould set forth the remembrances of home, the duty of being thankful, the mercies which day by day overlapped the trials and hardships by which we were surrounded, and, in

conclusion, urged the duty of praise and gratitude to the Giver of all good. A fervent prayer to God for His blessing and the singing of

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

concluded the exercises, which did not exceed twenty minutes in length.

The remainder of the day was spent in anticipation, in feasting and enjoyment. The regiment expected a Thanksgiving dinner from Rhode Island, and they knew that three large loads came in the night before, and more would be here at mid-day. In due time they arrived, and, as box after box appeared, short faces and merry ones soon had the majority. As the boxes were opened and their contents displayed, a Hogarth only could have done justice to the scene. In some messes the plenty reminded one of the quails in the wilderness; in others nothing was received; but the liberal souls were many, and great effort was made that all might be pleasantly reminded of Thanksgiving at home.

An impression also prevailed that a dinner would be sent from Rhode Island beside the individual donations in boxes, and some had urged their friends to delay their boxes in consequence. From various causes a few of the men were unprovided.

Messrs. Talbot and Prince, of Providence, were a committee to bring these gifts to the regiment, and it was through great energy on their part, and the presence in Washington of the Quartermaster, one of our Captains, and the Chaplain, that the boxes came in season.

The writer learned from Messrs. Talbot and Prince of the liberality, kindness and attention of the officers, agents and employees of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company. They charged not a cent of freight from New York

to Baltimore, and relieved the committee of all trouble on their part.

“A. D. N.” puts it in this way: “Intelligence having reached camp that the entire regiment was to be supplied with an old-fashioned Rhode Island Thanksgiving dinner, at an early hour everybody was on the alert, . . . for notwithstanding *six tons* of poultry left Providence, as is alleged, for the Eleventh regiment, there was not enough for a dinner for *one thousand* men. One of two things must be true, the men of this regiment are terrible eaters or six tons of poultry never left Providence for its Thanksgiving dinner.” He goes on to say that, “with Company B everything was lovely.” Its officers made bountiful preparations for each and for all. One hundred and seventy-five pounds of turkey were forwarded to the Company by friend Dispeau, of Pawtucket. A second edition of Thanksgiving was enjoyed by Company B on its return from picket, at which, beside turkey and fixings, there was a plum pudding, prepared by their cook, Mr. Church, and there was a special remembrance of friends at home.

The officers on Thanksgiving day sat down to a table bountifully spread by the Lieutenant-Colonel, and doubtless in somewhat better style than the privates; but on the Friday after, eleven persons sat down to a table in what was called the “Hotel de Miller,” which was so spread that the private soldiers, for the time, believed that they fared as well, and had hearts as joyful as their superiors. Appropriate toasts added zest to the occasion.

If feasting and thanksgiving are synonymous, it was expanded into Sunday and after; for the pickets which were out on Saturday and on Sunday morning, performed duty on the drumsticks or carcass of a turkey, as well as guarded the road to Lewinsville.

THE REGIMENTAL HOSPITAL AND BRIGADE CHANGES.

“A. D. N.’s” excellent account of a visit to the hospital we transcribe here :

“The hospital is in a dwelling-house situated about half a mile from camp, and of course, under the charge of Surgeon Perry and assistants, aided by Mr. J. S. Pervear, Jr., of Pawtucket, as Hospital Steward; Mr. E. A. Browne, of Central Falls, as Ward Master, and Mr. C. C. Holland, of the same place, as Chief Nurse. There are, at the present time, twenty-eight patients in the hospital. The diseases are chiefly fever, dysentery and rheumatism. The inmates, I think, are better cared for by surgeons and nurses, and greater pains are taken to gratify their numerous wishes, than in any other regimental hospital in this vicinity. Much pains is also taken to gratify the appetites of the sick men, many delicacies being furnished for them by private contribution, articles not provided for by ‘regulation,’ such as cakes, lemons, oranges, apples, milk, oysters, preserves, etc. Thanksgiving day was duly observed at the hospital.”

We note here some changes in Cowden’s brigade. On the night of the 25th of November, the One Hundred and Forty-first New York suddenly appeared as our neighbors, taking the place of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, which left us a few weeks previous, and the Sixteenth Virginia arrived on the 4th of December, which gave Gen. Cowden five regiments for his brigade. To these were added the First Virginia battery, which constituted a part of the defence of the hill. This battery was composed mostly of Germans. Their orders were given in German. They had been in the service more than eighteen months and in many battles. They were a fine-looking set of men, and our boys were much amused to hear the orders given in a language which was all Greek to Rhode Islanders.

The weather then was especially fine and the roads in good condition. the men were as ignorant as friends at home of

the movements of the army of the country, and only wild rumors as to their own future were to be obtained.

SKIRMISH AND OTHER DRILL.

The whole regiment, on the 2d of December, received orders from Gen. Cowden to drill as skirmishers. This somewhat elated the men, because one or two companies only were generally drilled for that service. Their ardor was dampened somewhat by an order on the following day, doubling the hours of drill; allowing an hour and a half each for company drill, and bayonet exercise. The latter drill was useful and pleasing, but the boys felt that the drill rein was drawing rather tight, especially as the battalion drill in the afternoon was more likely to be lengthened than diminished. There would naturally be some grumbling, but the men considered that all orders were to be cheerfully obeyed and the profit or loss charged to the benefit of the country. All this was more easily borne because the officers were required at this time to attend an evening school for instruction, under the charge of Lieut.-Col. Pitman. In fact, great pains were then bestowed upon the improvement of the regiment with a view to active service, and if, at that period, any were ready for a rose-water experience and a rest in comfortable winter quarters, the experience of the few following months took this out of them effectually and made them eager for a move to the "front." The health of the regiment at this season was far better than could have been expected. Our hospital arrangements, before referred to, were unsurpassed. The other regiments in the brigade sent four times as many as the Eleventh to the general hospital, while those in our own hospital were not dangerously sick.

BRIGADE DRILL—INTENSE COLD.

On the afternoon of December 4th, a very satisfactory brigade drill was had under Gen. Cowden's command. We learned in due time that the movements by brigades and divisions were but multiples of the movements of the smaller organizations, and were reminded of the stories told of Napoleon's orders in the height of his power, "My kingdoms, by the right wheel, march!" The same day was made memorable by the advent in camp of the wives of Dr. Perry, Chaplain Gould, and Capt. Kendrick. It is needless to say that they were expected by their lords, and that comfortable quarters had been provided for them.

On the day after the review we had another of those interesting seasons of falling into line of battle, having been ordered to appear at reveille armed and equipped, the roll being called after the line was formed. We were treated immediately upon this to a short battalion drill before sunrise, which we came to regard as our commander's favorite exercise. The only gain that the boys could see in all this was an exhibition of promptness in turning out, a sharpening of appetites for breakfast, and the satisfaction of learning that all the commands in Abercrombie's division were similarly treated, minus the battalion drill.

On the Sunday morning following, Companies B, C, and I were sent out on picket. The men on this duty were always allowed a large liberty, and they prepared to resist the cold, for it scarcely thawed all day. It was an amusing sight on that snapping-cold morning to observe the fanciful arrangements of the blankets of the men. Axes rested on the shoulders of some; hatchets in the belts of others; coffee pots perched on bayonets high in air; sheet-iron stoves were lashed on the backs of several, or borne by two on a pole in

the line ; with an appropriate song or two at starting, and hearts beating any tune but sadness, they started off. As they passed the guard of the Fortieth Massachusetts, the faces of the guard, in spite of the sober, serious "present arms," which military style demands, were upon the broad grin. With such an equipment they could laugh at the cold.

That battalion drill at early dawn happened to be the drill for the day. A snow storm came on about ten o'clock, which lasted far into the night and probably ceased in a conflict with the moon, the latter coming off victor. The winds were aroused and the cold increased to an extent that forbade the melting of the snow, and gave us the coldest and most blustering day of the season. The snow was about as deep as in the storm of November. Dress-parade was shortened. The lips of the fifiers and the fingers of the drummers refused to do their office. The dress-parade experiment was not tried the next day.

THE CHAPEL.

Sunday morning in camp, the 7th instant, was spent in the usual way. In the afternoon, by invitation, all who were so disposed proceeded to the chapel, and listened to an excellent discourse from Chaplain Gould. Lieut.-Col. Pitman and other officers were present. The presence of ladies also added to the homelike character of the occasion. Of course there was the usual service of song, reading Scripture and prayer.

This chapel, or as one correspondent called it, our "Log Church," was built for regimental purposes, or dining hall of the field officers, and used for religious services, by the Lieutenant-Colonel's permission, on Sundays and week-days. It was transported log by log two miles and set up midway

on the east of our encampment, on a line with the Colonel's quarters. It was twenty-four or twenty-five feet square, with steep, square roof, all of logs, the peak twenty or twenty-five feet from the ground. It was well plastered outside and in, with mortar manufactured from the soil. It had a chimney, fire-place and sky-lights. Had the interior been plastered as at home, it would have been regarded as a good lecture room. The foundation was laid and its erection superintended by Mr. Thomas Seekell, of Company D, formerly of Providence.

THE WEATHER—BATHING—QUARTERS FOR BOXES.

The extreme cold gave way to wonderfully warm weather. The middle of December came and passed, and, notwithstanding rumors of departure, we remained at Miner's Hill. Sunday and Monday, the 14th and 15th, were summer days, and on the latter day many of the men bathed in the brooks near by.

A rage for obtaining photographs of themselves and their quarters grew up just then among the officers. One of those groups included Gen. Cowden. They were greatly cherished by the friends at home.

The first death in the regiment occurred on the 15th instant, William J. Wyman, of Company D. Tuesday brought rain and a gale, and Wednesday brought snow squalls and winter once more, proving that the weather at that season was quite as changeable as at the north.

A first-class sensation sprung up suddenly, because the men were charged a quarter for all boxes from home, brought to them from Washington. The Quartermaster was roundly blamed, but there is now no doubt of the fact that he simply obeyed orders, and that the money did not go into his hands.

but into the regimental fund.* Whatever were the good intentions in this respect, there still remains an opinion that "somebody blundered."

The news of Burnside's disaster at Fredericksburg, received in camp a few days after the event, caused general sorrow, and all the more because the Eleventh was powerless to aid in retrieving the loss.

VARIOUS EVENTS.

The death of Comrade Wyman produced that impression of peculiar sadness likely to result from the first death in a thousand men all from the same locality. His funeral took place on Thursday, the 18th.

Among the pleasant events of that season was a visit from Hon. A. C. Barstow, of Providence, with wife and daughter.

The Sixteenth Virginia regiment encamped near us about the middle of this month, composed of stragglers from other regiments. The boys will remember it as recruited in Alexandria, commanded by Col. Close, and composed of a motley crew of rough, hardy-looking fellows.

A new arrangement of the mails, which had been irregular, enabled us, early in December, to get our letters at four o'clock each day, Sundays excepted. The letters were delivered by the Chaplain, who acted as postmaster, to the orderly-sergeant or clerk of each company, immediately after dress-parade. The delivery of the letters to the boys in the various company streets was an occasion of lively and indescribable interest.

There was some unpleasant fatigue duty performed at

* This was stopped by an order from headquarters.

this time. The occasion of drawing long and heavy logs for a store-house for the Quartermaster's department, by order of our commander, was not specially agreeable to the boys, and the only consolation they had was that "it was all in the nine months."

On the wonderfully warm day and night of the 15th, Company B was ordered on a secret expedition. They were excused from battalion drill and made themselves ready for duty. At five o'clock they marched to the railroad near Falls Church and remained as pickets for the night. A portion were stationed at proper intervals on the highway, crossed by the railroad, while the main body remained in an open field near by, and those who slept, had the privilege of enjoying their nap in the open air. All this because a rebel cavalry raid was feared, and also on account of the presence of some guerillas in the neighborhood. Everything went well until about half-past four o'clock, when, according to "A. D. N.," from whose letter this account is taken, it commenced raining "big guns" in the "old Virginia" style, which wet us through and through in double-quick time. At six o'clock we formed in line and started for camp, tired, wet and hungry, and completely satisfied with our first "secret expedition." They saw "nary a reb." A large number of the company received the full benefit of the shower bath, for, in order that they might do their whole duty, even those who were sick in their quarters arose and joined the expedition.

On the 19th, a brigade review by Gen. Cowden came off, and on the 22d instant, a brigade inspection and review, by Gen. Abercrombie. The latter was at Hall's Hill, two or three miles from camp. The former was witnessed by a large number of spectators, including some ladies. It is described by "A. D. N." as larger than a dozen Providence

4th of Julys. Five regiments of infantry and one battery were in line at the latter, comprising about five thousand troops. Gen. Abercrombie, it is said, expressed much satisfaction.

DEATH OF HOSPITAL STEWARD PERVEAR.

Jacob S. Pervear, an enlisted young man of excellent character, in Company B, serving in the important post of Hospital Steward, who, by his kind and obliging manners, had endeared himself to the officers and men of the regiment, died on the 23d of December after a short illness of typhoid fever. He was buried on the 24th with appropriate ceremonies. We take our account from the letter of "A. D. N.," in the *Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle*:

"The ambulance containing the remains was preceded by an escort composed of the non-commissioned staff of the regiment and sixteen men of Company B, under the command of Sergeant Crocker, accompanied by the drum corps. The officers and men of Company B followed in the rear of the procession. Arriving at the parade-ground, the coffin was taken from the ambulance and placed on a 'stretcher,' when appropriate services were performed by the Chaplain, consisting of prayer, reading of Scripture, and brief remarks; after which three volleys were fired by the escort from Company B, and the remains were replaced in the ambulance to be conveyed to Washington, thence to the home of the deceased, in charge of his brother, Mr. Henry Pervear, who arrived in camp on the 22d instant. Several other companies of the regiment were present on the occasion, besides a large number of civilians, as well as members of other regiments in the brigade. In the course of his remarks, Chaplain Gould made the following appropriate poetical quotation:

"Ye number it in days since he
 Strode up the foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
 And his lip wreathed with a smile;

Oh, had it been but told you then
 To mark whose lamp was dim,
 From out those ranks of fresh-lipped men,
 Would ye have singled him?

* * * * *

His heart in generous deed and thought,
 No rivalry might brook,
 And yet distinction claiming not,
 There lies he—go and look.”

MERRY CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

The picket line of our brigade was considerably extended in the latter part of the month, and required a detail of five companies, instead of three as formerly. Fine weather greeted us on Thursday, which was Christmas morning. The men had been graciously relieved from the customary drills, when, lo! at breakfast time came the order, “Fall in, with arms and equipments.” In a few minutes the regiment was in line of battle, and remained so for perhaps an hour. This was followed by an order to stack arms and break ranks. This was promptly obeyed by hungry men. The line was re-formed at ten o’clock, arms were taken and the men dismissed, but required to wear their equipments until noon, when they were ordered off.

Barring the incidents just described, and the encumbrances which the men could not shake off until ordered, they sought enjoyment according to their own good pleasure. A large number of boxes from home to help the men make merry with their friends, being reported at Washington, they were sent for by order of Gen. Cowden. The quarters of many of the officers and men were decorated in honor of the day. Gen. Cowden was serenaded in the evening by the boys of the Fortieth Massachusetts.

One writer says that the alarm in the morning was occa-

sioned by heavy firing heard at an early hour, and another says the morning was foggy and Gen. Cowden did not want to be caught napping. On the evening following, Gen. Cowden was serenaded by the officers of the Eleventh regiment. The General responded to the compliment in a brief speech, asking them to follow only where he led. He was a man of deeds rather than words. He stated that he had been in thirteen battles and four skirmishes since the war began.

The weather for rather more than a week previous to the 30th instant, was exceptionally fine and mild.

MILLS' CROSS ROADS.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, the 28th instant, the significant long roll sounded in our drowsy ears. There was no mistake about it, though it was the first time most of us had heard it. It said very plainly: "Turn out!" and with hardly a second thought, the regiment were out, armed and equipped, into the streets in a few minutes. But another order, more strongly impressed, came: "Pack your knapsacks and leave behind what you don't need and cannot carry." This order was obeyed, and inside of half an hour the regiment was in line of battle on the parade-ground. Adieu to many a turkey, and many a nice cake, and to quantities of good things just arrived in many boxes from the loved ones at home. But there was no alternative, no repining, and no delay. Unexpected presents were made, and stomachs were distended to meet the emergency, all in short metre. Oh! the comfortable quarters that we were to leave behind, to be forsaken for shelter tents and the damp, cold ground. Nothing was destroyed, however; new comers might have the benefit, and then we *might* return.

The whole brigade was out. The One Hundred and Forty-first New York was left to guard the hill, the Sixteenth Virginia remained, and one section of the battery. The column did not move till more than half an hour after midnight. The writer passed along the line to observe the spirit of the boys. It was a full turnout. Songs were sung, jokes were cracked; all were in excellent spirits for the work before them. The effect of so sudden an order upon a body of men accustomed to obey without questioning was surprising. They only knew that they were to march; they did not know, and seemed to care little, where.

We moved at the word of command; the Twenty-second Connecticut, the Fortieth Massachusetts, and the Eleventh Rhode Island. It was a fine moonlight night, no drums beating, no loud talking; we were ordered to move on the sly. Two sections of the First Virginia battery accompanied the column; ammunition wagons, and ambulances carrying ammunition, were in the train, and it was not long before we understood that we were marching to meet the enemy if we could get within shooting distance of him. The route was in a southwesterly direction. A halt of about ten minutes was made at Falls Church, and then forward till we reached Mills' Cross Roads, some five or six miles from Miner's Hill. The route was over roads in a horrid condition, through mud and water, through woods and briars, over fences and broken bridges, double or single file, picking and threading our way, half moonlight and half darkness, for three hours and a half. This, in heavy marching order; some knapsacks were very heavy, and the mettle of the men was severely tried. The mud holes were nearly or quite knee deep. About four o'clock in the morning we filed to the right and formed in line of battle in a large field. Orders were given to load and cap with as little noise as

possible ; to unstrap blankets and wrap them around us to protect us against the chill of an atmosphere filled with mist. Company B was sent out on picket on the road to Vienna, and Company I in the opposite direction, to give notice of the enemy's approach. The men will not soon forget how they waited till dawn, and sunrise, and broad daylight, and no enemy appeared. Three rebel cavalymen, taken prisoners by our cavalry, passed in review before us in the morning. Their appearance was not prepossessing ; they had straggled and were taken in. The Fortieth Massachusetts, the Twenty-second Connecticut, and the battery, were, like the Eleventh regiment, posted so as to give the enemy a warm reception.

Information came to the headquarters of our division that a body of Stuart's Cavalry, some twenty-five hundred men, were in the vicinity, in fact had destroyed about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of government property at a place three miles below Miner's Hill, and our brigade was ordered out to intercept them. But the bird had flown, passing that way half an hour before. He was too sharp for Gen. Abercrombie, commander of the division, who had another brigade in position not far from Cowden's to assist in the hoped for capture of the rebels. It seems that when the Union forces were at Mills' Cross Roads, Stuart was at the other cross roads a mile and a half distant. Rumor said that except for positive orders, Gen. Cowden would have pushed on beyond the cross roads and we should certainly have met them. True or not, we believed he had the grit to do so. Old fogysm, so we thought then, would never have caught more than half a dozen of Stuart's cavalry at a time. The Blunt and Heron style was needed to nab them.

Uncertain as to future movements, we remained in our position the most of Monday. Camp fires were lighted in

the frosty morning, except by the pickets, and burned through the splendid, warm spring-like day. Additional rations were brought and served out to us before noon. By four o'clock we had coffee. The boys had sought what rest they could get, had pitched their shelter tents for the first time, and began to be merry, when we were ordered to strike tents and take a new position in a clean pine wood. Scarcely were they pitched a second time, and the men, though early, had begun to turn in, when again the order was given; it was promptly obeyed, and the regiment was quickly in line of battle. A half an hour of waiting and we took up our line of march over the same rough road by a glorious moonlight for about five miles, marched into our company streets, gave a grand shout, and retired about ten o'clock in the old quarters to rest.

Thus ended our first attempt to get at the enemy. It was tough, sharp work. The men behaved well, and seemed sorry that the effort was a fruitless one. Half the regiment were out on picket Saturday, and up to the time of our return had had, at most, but six hours' sleep. A stronger force turned out for this expedition than at dress-parade on Sunday.

VARIETY—NEW YEAR.

The boys were permitted to rest until reveille, but Tuesday night, when a misty rain set in and a heavy vapor enveloped our hill, the ominous long roll sounded at nine o'clock; we formed in line of battle; but were soon sent to our quarters and ordered to sleep on our arms. To crown that, our knapsacks were packed ready to march at a moment's warning. From daybreak the next day until sunset, we were treated to a succession of outs and ins, pack and

unpack, sufficient to provoke us, excite our laughter, and make us submissive to any order. Regularity in picket duty was resumed Wednesday morning. That was the beginning of the end; for though owing to firing on the picket lines, the long roll was beaten again at two o'clock New Year's morning, it amounted to nothing more than breaking the rest of several thousand men apparently for no good cause.

On the morning of the last day of the year the men were mustered, in the usual tedious style, for two months' pay. Hundreds of men in the regiment needed their pay for the first three months. They had to wait until they could get it.

New Year's day came. The pickets, who had expected stormy weather, came in on that fine morning to greet their comrades in camp with a Happy New Year. To recur again to the march to Mills' Cross Roads. There were many conflicting newspaper accounts at the time; but now it seems clear that a large body of rebel cavalry marched through and out of our lines on the morning of December 29th, not far from where we were drawn up in order of battle. The cavalry pickets skirmished with them and captured a few, Gen. Cowden's brigade chased them and proceeded as far as orders would permit.

REVIEW OF THREE MONTHS' SERVICE.

Tuesday, January 6th, 1863, marked the end of three months' service for the Eleventh regiment. In that period we saw quite a variety of soldier life, though we made but few moves. We had been, however, neither idle nor in a position of little consequence. Steel had not crossed steel, death-shots had not been exchanged, and we had not been enveloped in the smoke of battle. Every available hour

was used to prepare us for the deadly conflict. We earned the commendation of our first Colonel and of the General commanding our brigade, for the progress we had made.

The regiment enjoyed a large measure of health. There were admitted to the hospital within the three months, eighty-one patients; sent to the general hospital, four; died, two; returned to duty, forty-five; remaining in the hospital, thirty. The prevailing diseases were typhoid malarial fever, diarrhoea and rheumatism. The percentage of deaths was very small. It was usually ten to fifteen per cent. The plan of retaining the sick in our own hospital differed from that of surgeons in most regiments.

This favorable result was largely due to the elevated locality in which the regiment was posted. When first stationed there, no man thought the place fit to stay in for a day, but after three months' experience, hardly any one would exchange it for that of any camp in the region. The camps of our neighbors looked well and were made comfortable for the season. The Twenty-second Connecticut quarters were wholly log cabins, regularly laid out; the Fortieth Massachusetts had tents stockaded with logs or boards; the One Hundred and Forty-first New York occupied Sibley tents, while the camp of the Eleventh combined the style of the Connecticut and Massachusetts regiments. The Medical Inspector of Abercrombie's division, after a visit at that time to the various camps in the division, reported the "Twelfth and One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, the Fortieth Massachusetts, and Eleventh Rhode Island, as models of cleanliness and good order."

The regiment was in fine condition for active service. Out on picket every four days, the boys had a constant taste of something beside their snug and comfortable quarters in camp, and on the 10th of January an order was issued

for the pickets to remain on duty forty-eight, instead of twenty-four, hours. Happily we encountered no enemy on the picket line, though in the outermost post of the defences of Washington, and in an exposed position. Not many months after, Mosby's guerrillas gobbled up eighty men of a Massachusetts regiment near Falls Church, inside of our lines.

NEW YEAR'S AND NEW ORDERS.

New Year's day passed as pleasantly as such a life would permit. At two o'clock in the morning Gen. Cowden's staff presented to him a new sash, belt and sabre. "A. D. N." says: "He was surprised in the arms of Morpheus."

Every one knows that New Year's is the day of all days for turning over a new leaf, and our Lieutenant-Colonel seemed determined not to be out of fashion, and at dress-parade we had a series of most important orders, which made every man prick up his ears and listen. We will add just here, that our Adjutant, in whom the boys all took a just pride, read these orders with a positive snap, so that every man could hear and receive no uncertain sound. On this occasion the most noticeable order was that enforcing the Third Article of War, which forbids the "low, demoralizing and disgusting habit of profane swearing," imposing a fine and imprisonment if necessary. Another order, read at the time, made the non-commissioned officers responsible for the conduct and bearing of the men when in line or on the march. It concluded: "It will doubtless be found the case that where any regiment has been false to its name or colors, it has been owing to a want of discipline in these matters.

It is to be hoped that the name of the Rhode Island Eleventh will never be tarnished. To prevent this, we must remove all causes that like this would affect its discipline, destroy mutual confidence, cause confusion, and thus impair its strength in time of action."

The last order of the series required that the officers of companies should immediately ascertain and report as to the amount of clothing which their men would want for the next three months.

About this time a Sixteenth Virginia boy was shot in trying to pass the pickets of the Fortieth Massachusetts. This regiment was composed of about as remarkable a set of fellows as Sir John Falstaff's Coventry boys.

The weather at that season was generally pleasant, but storms were frequent enough, however, to make it unfit for military movements. Rain and mud, wind and dust, and snow enough to carpet the ground, all visited us in a short period. "A. D. N." wrote: "One needs to see the 'sacred soil' after a heavy rain to form any idea of its richness. It is clear as mud and slick as grease. If we don't return covered with glory, we shall return covered with dirt, for mud is everywhere."

CHANGES AND ORDERS TO MOVE.

The new year brought changes in the officers of the regiment. Lieuts. Ayer, Metcalf, and Howard were made captains and assigned to Companies A, H, and E, respectively. Second-Lieuts. Stone and Mathewson were made first lieutenants of Companies E and G. First-Lieut. Joseph T. Snow was transferred from Company G to Company I. Second-Lieut. Cross, of Westerly, was assigned to Company G, and Second-Lieut. Samuel Thurber was assigned

to Company K. Company I rejoiced in Capt. Howard's promotion, but deeply regretted his loss to themselves. They had learned to estimate his worth as a man and his abilities as an officer. They had become strongly attached to him, and they felt that Company E gained a leader worthy of a higher position than captain.

An order came Sunday afternoon, January 11th, to be ready to march at short notice. Of course this was a surprise to the boys, and they were not officially informed as to their destination, but guessed that they would be ordered to perform guard-duty at the Convalescent camp.

PREPARATIONS FOR MOVING.

There is a place enshrined in every heart, the thought of which weaves itself into the events of life and tempers its experience from the cradle to the grave. That spot is home. There are secondary homes also, which, like the reflected rainbow, bear stronger or fainter resemblance to the true, as the state of the atmosphere in the one, or surrounding circumstances in the other, permits. In the ever-shifting life of the soldier he sometimes remains weeks or months, as the Eleventh did, on the same ground; it is a temporary home to him. He becomes attached to it, and regrets to leave it, especially if he has spent no little time and ingenuity in making it cosy and comfortable. Thus it was when we were ordered from Miner's Hill, where we had arranged matters quite to our liking. Perhaps if we had been ordered to Paradise, there might have been some regret in leaving our home-like camp behind.

Our "moving," for the regiment moved, bag and baggage, as truly as the people of New York move on the 1st day of

May, was a military necessity. We understood that we should be located in the vicinity of Alexandria to act as guard to the Convalescent Camp; to remain, perhaps, in that monotonous business for the remainder of our time. So much do soldiers enjoy a change, that we are sure the men would have made ready as cheerfully for a march to a fight as to engage in the new duty which was before them.

The men wondered that the Eleventh was ordered upon such a duty, and finally guessed that the order previously read on dress-parade, commending our camp as a "model of cleanliness and good order," and our general reputation for good behavior, had much to do with it. That answered curiosity, if nothing more.

SELECTION OF A CAMP.

The first thing to be done was the selection of a camp, and, on Monday, the 12th, our commander, the Chaplain and Quartermaster proceeded to the vicinity of the Convalescent Camp, and selected, in view of the needs of the regiment, the best location they could find.

The next day, Lieut. Burlingame, by profession a civil engineer, with a detail of several men each, from Companies E, D, B, and I, to which were added the Pioneer Corps, went on to the ground to lay out and make ready for the camp. There were some attractions in that service, and the men started off in excellent humor. The Quartermaster's teams transported the knapsacks of the men and all the necessary utensils, tents and provisions, and they were prepared, as they were not to return, to spend the night comfortably on the new camp-ground.

The pioneers marched with the teams, and were longer on the route. The work was begun towards night, but soon

ceased as darkness drew on. They had previously built their camp-fire and made their coffee, so they pitched their tents, and the Lieutenant and his men lay down together and made themselves comfortable till morning. They worked steadily the next day till after the regiment arrived, which was past one o'clock. The boys of the regiment fell to with a will. A tented city soon occupied the ground, eight Sibley tents to a company, and the men made themselves as comfortable as possible for the night.

The general impression then was, that they would not exchange for Miner's Hill. The pleased and half-displeased with the new location were about equally divided.

THE MARCH FROM MINER'S HILL.

Though but a march of six miles, yet, with its accompaniments, it was no ordinary march. "Equipment" wrote of it: "It was not without regret that the men trod our beautiful parade-ground for the last time. Round after round of cheers were given by the different companies as they passed their streets. . . . The boys were jolly, 'anything for a change,' said they, and so, with a merry song, we marched away."

It was most noteworthy that the boys took with them almost everything that could be transported, an abundance of government teams being furnished at the instance of our commander. "Even before our departure the vandals had begun their work. Representatives of high and low degree from several neighboring regiments, came to see what they could find to add to their convenience." "The men of other regiments swarmed like bees," says another, "around our conveniently constructed quarters, bought what they could, that the men could not take, received thankfully what

was given them, appropriated, as soon as the feet of our men left the threshold, everything that was left; tore the quarters in pieces after the tents were struck, and in a very short space of time made our camp a desolation." "Some 'odd trophies,' " says "Equipment," "gathered at our encampment were borne away. Upon the shoulders of one sat a glossy-coated mouser; here the homeliest of dogs trudged along by a soldier's side, and a lame black crow adorned the knapsack of another." They took stoves, boards, windows, kitchen utensils, and many articles useful for what they called the regular boarders, and, though there were nearly fifty teams for officers and men (three being allowed to the men of each company), some of the companies hired extra teams to transport their boxes, stuffed with all sorts of soldiers' "nick-nacks."

The march was made in good order and with reasonable dispatch. "Sometimes our regiment had been made to 'double-quick,' and then to halt at the pleasure of some ill marching regiment ahead of us; but this time we were alone, and were enabled to complete our journey with unbroken ranks." The column with the baggage train was nearly a mile long. "It was truly a beautiful sight as it wound its way through the woods and across plains to our place of destination."

The regiment was not overmarched. A halt was made for dinner, and a corps of men went ahead to select the best route. We left Miner's Hill about ten o'clock in the morning of January 14th, and arrived at the new camp about half-past one.

PART II.

CAMP METCALF.

“CAMP near Fort Richardson, on the road to Alexandria,” and “Camp near Camp Convalescent,” headed the letters of the men, until the camp was named. The impression then made upon the mind of a northerner was, that no one seemed able to tell you of your whereabouts or how far it was to anywhere, or the names of any places in the vicinity smaller than large cities or large rivers. For instance, we were told that we were at Frazer’s Farm; some said Frazer’s Mills, and some, Green Valley. Our camp was in a “beautiful valley surrounded by hills.” “A pleasant place, yet the dead and the living are side by side, for a private burial place, with an occasional monument, is just in the rear of the officers’ tents.” By another writer, “our location was a very fine one, and it was thought would be a healthy one, if comfortable quarters were arranged, as the men proposed to themselves on their first arrival.” The tents ranged nearly north and south. On the west side and northwest corner was a large grove of pine woods. On a height behind us was Fort Richardson; hardly a quarter of a mile opposite, was the high land, known as Arlington Heights. In a southeast direction, looking out over the Potomac and the wide flats along its banks, was Fort Scott. On the distant hills, up the valley, Fort Albany. To the southeast, an opening reaches to the Potomac, while the

valley stretches to the right and includes Camp Convalescent. Crowning the hills on the south, a couple of miles or more distant, was Fairfax Seminary, transformed into a hospital, and to the southwest, Fort Blenker was visible. Forts Lynn, Barnard, and Ward were also in view.

This was rightly called the Green Valley, but before we could enjoy the season that would beautify the whole region with verdure and flowers, we were more than two hundred miles farther to the sunny south.

QUARTERS—GUARD DUTY.

In the Sibley tents, then occupied, there was an entire change of messes. What a breaking of ties that had been formed during the three months' previous service, what difficulties in the formation of new messes, what queer and amusing combinations were made, how, finally, all settled down into a harmonious contentment with the new order of things, we leave to the re-creating memory of every comrade in the regiment. Each mess was composed of twelve men, more or less. All slept upon the ground. Some laid down boards and some pine boughs to shield them from the dampness, or make softer couches. From the first day of our arrival the weather was unfavorable. The thermometer Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th, stood at sixteen, ten, and twelve degrees, in the order named, and the men were taxed to the utmost to keep comfortable. Had there been no stoves there would have been real hardship.

Guard duty at Convalescent Camp began at once on Thursday, the 15th, and the men were on duty every other day, either at that camp, the new barracks, not then finished, or our own camp. The service was a heavy one, and the men began to see that there was work to be done more wearing than going to the front.

Guard duty was specially trying on Tuesday, the 20th, when the severest rain storm thus far experienced, began and lasted for the two succeeding days. The mud and water beat anything we had seen at the north. The wind drove the rain fiercely upon the clothing of the men and upon the tents, but they endured it with a good deal of grit. The floor of many a tent on Tuesday night showed large pools of water upon it, which proved the utter worthlessness of the covering. The next day, the staff officers and surgeons came round, and, after personal examination, condemned (in military style) forty-nine of the eighty tents. This is not an overdrawn picture. Hundreds of letters, written home at that date, conveyed much stronger impressions of our evil condition than is given here. One correspondent of that date wrote: "For three days it is difficult to say whether we have travelled by land or water."

Company B enjoyed a visit from Messrs. Stafford W. Razee, James G. Fales, Jabez Wilmarth, and Joshua Clark, of Central Falls. They made themselves *substantially* welcome, and Mr. Razee provided for the company a liberal supply of stamped envelopes. Mr. Parley Mathewson, of Providence, visited the regiment about the same time, and called upon a large number of the men. Alexander Brown, of Company I, was detailed as shoe-maker to the regiment, which proved to be as profitable to him as "shoe-maker to Her Majesty." The event of the 22d instant, was the arrival of a new colonel, formerly Maj. Horatio Rogers, Jr., of the Third Regiment.

COL. HORATIO ROGERS AND CAMP METCALF.

Favorable reports of Col. Rogers had preceded him. He took command on the evening of the 23d instant, in the fol-

lowing order, which was read by the Adjutant on dress-parade. It chanced to be a fine, mild day, seemingly furnished for this occasion :

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH R. I. VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP NEAR FORT RICHARDSON, January 23, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 1:

* COMRADES: The Colonel commanding comes to you with the highest anticipations for the future. Were it not so, he would never have left the brave veteran Third to link his fortunes with yours. Your former Colonel has assured him that no standard of excellence is too high for you to attain. Undaunted courage, strict obedience, will make you soldiers; nothing else can excel in these qualities, and it will be an honor for any of you to have belonged to the Eleventh Rhode Island. Let us never shrink from any duty that God and our country may demand of us.

Comrades, your Colonel will cheerfully make any sacrifice for your welfare. May we never be disappointed in each other. With a firm trust in God, let us press boldly forward in this great cause, and may the only Giver of victory crown our efforts with glorious success.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 2:

In honor of the first colonel of this regiment, this camp will hereafter be known and designated as Camp Metcalf.

“J. B. G.” in connection with the above orders, thus refers to our previous commanders: “Col. Metcalf and Lieut.-Col. Pitman have discouraged profanity, intemperance and Sabbath-breaking, by counsel and conduct, and we are happy to know that the same regard for good morals and a recognition of the Almighty are to commend our new commander to our respect and admiration.”

A PLEA FOR THE ELEVENTH TO BE SENT TO THE FRONT.

Within a week after taking command, Col. Rogers made an earnest effort, as appears from the following letter, to

have the regiment removed from the Convalescent Camp and take the field :

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH REGIMENT, R. I. VOLS.,
CAMP METCALF, NEAR CONVALESCENT CAMP, JAN. 10, 1863. }

CAPTAIN:—I respectfully and most earnestly apply to have my regiment relieved from duty as guard of the Convalescent Camp, and that it may be again attached to Cowden's brigade. The regiment is of fine material and well officered, but having been out (here) for many months, it needs regular drill to keep it from demoralizing. Both officers and men are desirous of seeing active service, and I certainly wouldn't have resigned the position of major in the Third Rhode Island, a three years' regiment, now in South Carolina, with the lieutenant-colonelcy vacant, for the colonelcy of this, had it not been for the fond hope and expectation that we should be actively employed here, which hope and expectation are equally entertained by his Excellency Gov. Sprague, who, by them induced me to take this, a nine months' regiment.

Could we be sent back to Gen. Cowden's brigade, I could have the opportunity to drill the regiment some, which the nature and extent of this duty now utterly forbids, half the regiment being on guard duty daily. When the roads were opened I should hope to be ordered to the front. While, of course, rendering that prompt and cheerful obedience to all orders in the performance of any duty entrusted to me, as becomes a soldier, I shall still ardently long for leave to be placed where I can fit my regiment for the field with the prospect of taking it.

Hoping the General will excuse my troubling him, I trust he will give this communication a favorable consideration, and so, do all in his power to assist me in again meeting the enemies of our country in a fight; an opportunity which I fear too many do not desire.

I am, Captain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. ROGERS, JR., Col. Eleventh R. I. Vols.

To Capt. CARROLL H. POTTER, A. A. Adjutant-General, Headquarters Defences of Washington.

The above letter was forwarded to Brig.-Gen. John P. Slough, Military Governor of Alexandria, and by him referred to Maj.-Gen. Heintzleman in command of the

defences of Washington, who returned it to Gen. Slough with this statement :

The number at the Convalescent Camp will be reduced soon, and the regiment relieved as soon as possible.

By command of

MAJ. GEN. HEINTZLEMAN.

CARROLL H. POTTER, A. A. G.

This reply was returned to Col. Rogers by R. C. Gale, A. A. General at Alexandria.

MORE BAD WEATHER—IMPROVED QUARTERS.

Tuesday, the 27th, brought a steady rain, day and night. The storm continued into Wednesday, turned to hail, and then snow, of which twelve to fifteen inches fell before the next morning, and, in spite of melting, left eight or more inches on the ground. The roads were in a dreadful condition. Government and all other teams got stuck without warning and almost without redemption. On the road to Washington, up to the hub was called an easy depth, and the boys told big stories of the depths they sounded as they marched to their posts at Camp Convalescent. For all this, we had not then sounded the depths of the "sacred soil." The discomfort of the men was very great, and it was endured far better than could have been supposed, and the health of the regiment was not seriously affected.

It was darkest before the dawn. The tide turned ; stockades rose in every part of the camp. Bunks for the men to sleep in were built in the outer circle of the tents ; the stove occupied the center, and the merry songs of the men proclaimed that they had begun to "live." Uncle Sam furnished bed-sacks and straw to fill them, for the regiment, and the men were not slow to appreciate it.

The expense of stockading the tents and erecting bunks came out of the pockets of the men and amounted to about one hundred dollars for each company.

PAY DAY AND CHANGES.

One of the most interesting items to be noted at that season was, not the mustering for pay, which the boys had come to consider as an empty farce, but the actual signing of the pay-roll, and the receipt of some of the money due the regiment from the government. Each man was paid for one month's services to November 1st, and from the day of his enlistment to the 1st of October. The men were glad to get a part, but rumor then said that the reason for not receiving all, was the failure to get the regimental rolls to Washington at the specified time. If this was so, the department at Washington was free from blame.

Mr. Munroe, Allotment Commissioner, came round the next day, and a large number of the men sent home what they could spare from the small amount received, some seventeen or eighteen dollars to each private. The men also learned how large bills the sutler had against them.

Quite an unexpected change was made on the 3d of February. Companies C and K, being detailed to guard the Distributing Camp, two miles nearer Alexandria, broke up house-keeping that morning, on one of those sudden orders so peculiarly military, struck their tents, pulled down their stockades, packed their baggage, took all the lumber they could carry, and, on their arrival, made themselves as comfortable as possible.

The Distributing Camp was often called the "Stragglers' Camp," and comprised, then, several thousand soldiers from Camp Convalescent, that were in condition to go to their

regiments, and also those who had strayed away from their regiments, or had been left behind on a march. This dismemberment of the Eleventh was not pleasing to the men; the family would much rather have kept together. A few days previous to this, Companies B and F, who were frequently thus favored, received a flying visit from Col. Jacob Dunnell and C. B. Farnsworth, of Pawtucket, and John Dunnell, Esq., of New York. Col. Dunnell presented fifty dollars to Company F, to aid them in stockading their quarters.

The last day of January brought with it a regimental inspection by Col. Rogers.

COLD WEATHER—HOME REMEMBRANCES—MUSIC.

The disagreeable and dirty weather made an unfavorable impression, respecting our camp, upon officers, men and visitors, but a drier spell came in February, with very cold nights and mornings and the chilliest of snowy atmospheres, one-third of the time, for variety. The only thermometer we had seen was broken, and the degree of cold could not be recorded, but on one of the mornings referred to, one of the stalwart men of Company I froze his fingers while on his way to the spring and back for water. It seemed the coldest morning we had known in Virginia.

Reference has already been made to the fine views that could be had from the many heights around Camp Metcalf; we return to this subject again to couple it with another. The view of Washington and the Potomac from some of these points reminded us strongly of Providence. The Navy Yard answered to Fox Point; the east branch of the Potomac to the Seekonk river; the bridge, some distance up, to the Red bridge, and this was so striking, that the moment our boys obtained their first view from Fort Scott, on the

morning of their arrival at our new camp, a large number being present, they immediately began to point out the localities which reminded them so strongly of home.

At this camp our music took on some variety. The buglers, who were appointed when the order came for the regiment to drill as skirmishers, took part on several occasions with pleasing effect on dress-parade. We still enjoyed our drum band with Mr. Dunbar as leader, and fife-major Ornam L. Patt, of Central Falls, well known among the musicians of Providence, who was the instructor of the band from the beginning. The leader of the buglers was Mr. Robert Seiler, a gentleman who served his time in the military service of Prussia, and thrice enlisted in the service of our own country. But there was a desire for something still better, and it was decided to organize a brass band. Col. Rogers headed the subscription list, followed by the field and line officers, and a long list of men; in two weeks the amount required, nearly four hundred dollars, was obtained, and early in February the band began their practice.

On the Sabbath, the 25th of January, the regimental religious services were held in the open air, for those who were not on guard, and on the following Sunday, the weather being stormy, services were held by invitation in the Colonel's mess tent. The Chaplain's discourse was from the words: "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do," etc. The large tent was filled. Half a dozen commissioned officers, including the Colonel, were present, and when the sermon was over, by invitation of the Chaplain, the great majority remained to partake of the Lord's Supper, Col. Rogers being of the number.

OUR SECOND COLONEL'S FAREWELL.

After a brief stay he was taken from us. "A. D. N." in his letter inquires, "Do we get all the good ones first? Somebody plays the Dickens with our colonels. He had already made a favorable impression; the men had just begun to appreciate him. His farewell address to the regiment at dress-parade, Wednesday, February 4th, was excellent. He informed us that he had received a commission to command the Second regiment, and plainly intimated that because it was at the front, had been longest in the service, and would likely see the most active service, he thought it his duty to accept the position as its colonel. If he had found fault needlessly, he hoped that it might be overlooked; if for good cause, he trusted that the regiment would profit by it. He expressed a deep interest in the Eleventh, and, from his own observation, spoke in favorable terms of its good character. He concluded with the remark, that his prayer would ever be that the kind Father and Ruler of us all would continue to watch over and bless the Rhode Island Eleventh."

IMPROVEMENTS—VISITORS—OUR HOSPITAL—CHANGES.

A few days of sunshine in the middle of February diminished the mud in a degree. Our streets, instead of appearing like so many elongated dough heaps, began to take on shape and symmetry. Corduroy sidewalks and graded streets took the place of the mud-and-water style of a few days previous, and the careful police regulations made the location comparatively healthy. Corduroy roads and bridges over brooks, on the route of the regiment to the Convalescent Camp, and in various other localities where needed,

were rapidly constructed. The majority of the tents were stockaded or boarded to the height of four or five feet, and made quite comfortable. It was this constant effort at cleanliness and comfort which made the Eleventh unusually healthy ; while, under other circumstances in such a location, a large amount of sickness must have prevailed.

We were favored in this month by visits from Abner Gay, Esq., of Providence, who came to visit his son, and was warmly welcomed by many Providence friends, and by Col. William Viall, wife and daughter, who came to see us on the 10th instant, and witnessed our first battalion drill after we left Miner's Hill. Col. Viall gave us a pretty thorough inspection, and his visit to us was very welcome. We need not disguise the fact that visits from Providence ladies, who took an interest in the regiment, were rejoiced in by the soldiers, especially in view of the fact that they had been shut out for months from the refining influences of home and the genial influences of female society. Providence ladies were always heartily welcomed by Rhode Island boys.

At this time none were dangerously sick. The number in the hospitals was not above the average when we were upon Miner's Hill, though it is true, that for a few days at a time, a larger number were excused by the Surgeon from duty. An old-fashioned house, just to the northeast of our encampment, was appropriated for a hospital, and being well warmed and properly ventilated, the men who received attendance there were quite as comfortable as at home. Every attention was paid to the patients that they could receive, in the absence of wives and mothers and sisters. The number in hospital in the middle of February, was thirty-one. Our hospital arrangements were not surpassed by those of any regiment in the department.

Our country's soldiers were constantly receiving assistance from the United States Sanitary Commission. They bestowed promptly and bountifully anything they had in the way of comforts and medicines and delicacies, without the intervention of red tape, that would benefit the sick soldier, and such was the testimony of the surgeons and patients in our own hospital. The record of their work has passed into history, and its example has been emulated in other countries. A more disinterested and devoted body of men were rarely ever associated for a benevolent purpose. A similar testimony should be given in behalf of our own State Sanitary Commission. At that time, William E. Hamlin, Esq., of Providence, presented to Company I a ten dollar case of homœopathic medicines. We learned on the morning of the 13th of February, that the other regiments of Cowden's brigade were encamped on the plain above Fort Richardson.

Time and the faithful performance of duty brought further changes in the officers of the regiment. Second-Lieut. Burlingame, of Company I, was promoted to first lieutenant, and assigned to Company H. Orderly E. K. Thompson, of Company H, was promoted to be second lieutenant of Company H. He was much beloved and esteemed by the officers and men of his company, and was thoroughly familiar with his duties as an officer. Orderly N. K. Robinson, of Company E, was promoted to second lieutenant of Company E.

As soon as the boys of Company H learned of the good fortune of their Orderly, a subscription paper was started, headed by Capt. Joel Metcalf, with a V, and in less than half an hour over fifty dollars were collected for a sword, sash, belt and shoulder straps. They were presented to him on the afternoon of the 14th instant, as a tribute of their

high appreciation of him as an officer, and their attachment to him as a man. The presentation was made by Sergt. Charles H. Bartlett, who addressed the new officer appropriately in behalf of the company. Lieut. Thompson, wholly surprised, with difficulty found words to utter a fitting response. The outfit was neat and beautiful.

CAMP CONVALESCENT.

To give an adequate idea of the service that the Eleventh regiment rendered during three months of its term, it is important that the Convalescent Camp should be fully described. "A. D. N.," speaking of it at the time we arrived there, writes :

"The present camp is in a filthy condition, and a shame to those who have charge of it. The camp was originally located about two miles nearer Alexandria, in the region of what was called the Distributing Camp. When we took possession of Camp Metcalf they were located in the Green Valley. What was filthy before we went there, by the middle of February had become clean, and a very different affair from what it was when the government established it. It was under entirely different regulation. It grew rapidly from a small number to a moderate sized army, and what had been confusion soon became order and system."

Our first view of this camp was street upon street of tents covering many acres, sufficient to accommodate nearly ten thousand soldiers, while at the western end the frames of barracks for five thousand men were just rising. As fast as these were completed, the dwellers in tents removed to the more comfortable and substantial structures, until every tent was vacated, the barracks filled, and the remainder sent to their regiments or discharged from service.

The buildings going up when we arrived there, were completed in a little more than a month. They were situated

on a pleasant hillside and surrounded by pine woods. There were two rows of buildings, twenty in each row, and about two hundred feet apart, ranged north and south, with ten more barracks across the northern end. The whole was situated on the road to Alexandria, and extended back several hundred feet. From the upper end could be had a fine view of the Potomac and the surrounding country. The barracks were each about one hundred feet long, provided with bunks, with bed sacks and blankets for one hundred men. The woods surrounding the camp were trimmed up high and all the under-brush was cut away.

Next to the barracks, and just east of them, were the cook and eating-houses, which were very large, and, in addition to the cooking apparatus, provided with tables for over three thousand men to eat at one time. Wells were dug and an abundance of water conducted into all the buildings; other conveniences were added, so that the camp could be kept in a cleanly state. Headquarters were in the centre, fronting the road, and a line of officers' quarters extended back through the centre of the camp. On the 20th of February, the barracks were full, and contained a little more than five thousand men. To what we have already described, add four large hospitals with cook-houses attached to them.

The arrangements for cooking for this good-sized village, were on a very large and complete scale, and the food was well and thoroughly cooked.

To give an idea of the magnitude of the business, in one of the ranges were eight square kettles for coffee, holding fifty gallons each; six boilers for meat, which held forty gallons each, and eight large ovens for roasting. Water pipes conveyed water to these establishments, and an extensive bakery furnished excellent bread.

It was frequently stated that there were at one time from

fifteen thousand to seven ten thousand men in the Convalescent Camp, but it is now clear that this number probably included all the men in the Distribution Camp as well. On our arrival there, there were, perhaps, nine thousand men. On the 10th of February, there were, including commissioned officers, a few more than seven thousand. Under a provision of Congress, large numbers were daily discharged as unfit for service, and this number, nearly three hundred, was not made good by the daily arrivals.

The camp was under the command of Lieut.-Col. McKelvy, an officer in the regular army. There were three divisions, of New England, Middle and Western troops. In the middle of February, sixteen hundred or eighteen hundred Pennsylvania troops remained in Sibley tents. The Loudon and Hampshire Railroad, with which it was connected by a branch road, constructed by the government, was but half a mile from this camp.

The convalescents were greatly demoralized. The majority had seen terrible service with McClellan on the Peninsula, and at the second battle of Bull Run, under Pope, and in his other battles and retreats, and a stranger going among them could be entertained for days by the wonderful accounts of the scenes through which they had passed. Almost every State then in the Union was represented there. Writes "A. D. N.": "You could there behold some of the most deplorable events of the war; young men, middle-aged and old men were congregated there, suffering from disease or recovering from wounds received in battle, hoping in some way to be discharged from further service. Others, able-bodied, waiting and contriving how to skedaddle. It was for the benefit of this latter class that our regiment was there."

The convalescent boys did not relish the arrival of the Eleventh, blest with health, large in numbers, and strong

in determination to do an honest and strict guard duty, and they vented their feelings in many silly ways and foolish speeches. They even thought of a rebellion on their own hook, on account of the stringency of the guard placed over them, and "A. D. N." remarks, in reference to this: "Perhaps we may as well fight here as farther down in Dixie."

On one occasion there occurred a mutiny in a stone building, two stories high; the upper story being reached through an opening in the floor by a ladder. At this opening stood the infuriated men with axes, shovels and whatever they could lay hold of, and threatened to kill the first man that ascended. Lieut. Stone, of Company E, officer of the guard that day, was apprised of the tumult and repaired at once to the scene. He ascended the ladder, pistol in hand, threatening to shoot the first man that offered resistance. They were impressed that the lieutenant was in earnest, and fell back, and one by one were sent below and taken care of. At a court martial held soon after, two of these men were adjudged guilty of an assault and insubordination, and sent to the Rip Raps for two years.

This was not much to be wondered at. Patriotism does not thrive on "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores," on bad rations or filthy quarters, and the government chose the true remedy in providing roomy and healthy quarters, excellent food, the care that they needed and deserved, and hospital arrangements of the best kind. In this large number of men there were very many who were not grumblers, and who, notwithstanding all the hardships they had endured, were ready to do battle again for the dear old flag.

Days of sunshine sometimes came to these men, individually and collectively. "The Pennsylvania soldiers in this camp, on Saturday, February 14th, were treated to a hand-

some collation, furnished by the liberality of the citizens of Goshen and Williston townships, of Chester county of their own State. The ladies of these two towns prepared eleven thousand pounds of provisions, consisting of hams, turkeys, chickens, roast pig, apples, pies, cakes, etc. The feast was none the less gratefully received for being a surprise. Addresses were made by two Baptist clergymen who were present, and the soldiers were well pleased with the entertainment." This account is clipped from the letters of "A. D. N."

When, therefore, their quarters had been made as comfortable as soldiers' quarters could be, and when access to them by their friends or any interested in their welfare was easy, quite a deep religious interest pervaded the camp, and prayer-meetings were daily held in the chapel tent.

THE LOST SHEEP—CAMP DISTRIBUTION AND OTHER CAMPS.

The writer and a friend obtained a pass to visit Alexandria. On their way, they visited Companies K and C, the lost sheep of our regimental fold, and were pleased to find them in the belief that they had found better pasture than in their former camp. Companies C and K were detailed as an interior guard to the Distributing Camp, and, like the portion of the regiment at Camp Metcalf, were located in a position of their own choosing, near their field of duty. It was about two miles from Camp Metcalf, on the direct road to Alexandria, and but a short distance from the residence of a Mrs. Hall, a large octagonal-shaped building, which could not escape notice.

REV. DR. CHARLES HALL'S HOUSE.

“ While Companies C and K were stationed at the Distribution Camp, the officers and some of the men were much interested in learning the history of this octagonal house, used by Capt. Upham, who was in command of the camp, as his headquarters. Although the house was stripped of nearly all its furniture, yet enough remained to show that it had been occupied by a family of culture and literary taste. We soon learned that the place had been the residence of Rev. Charles Hall, formerly Secretary of the American Home Mission Society, in New York.

“ Dr. Hall's health being seriously impaired, he had built a charming home on the road from Leesburg to Alexandria, near the famous Fairfax Theological Seminary, and thither transported his family ; away from the bustle and turmoil of the metropolitan city. But here this beautiful family were doomed to bitter sorrow and disappointment. Calamity succeeded calamity. A promising son, educated, talented, even brilliant, was called from them by death. Another son, the idol of the family, just budding into manhood, was drowned while bathing. The father sickened and died. The widow and daughters were exerting all their powers to keep their beautiful home, when the war broke out, and this section was first in possession of one party and then of the other.

“ Being of northern origin, they were suspected by the Confederates, and, when they were in possession, subjected to many annoyances. Finally they were obliged to go north, and their house was ransacked, their property pillaged and much of it destroyed. Their beautiful home was terribly marred by war, and at a date subsequent to the time the Eleventh were there, the house was burned, and they

had lost *all*. During our stay there, the writer made the acquaintance of Mrs. Hall, a woman of matronly dignity, cultivated and refined. She had gone to her old home, only to find it more a heap of ruins than at her last former visit. She stopped at the house of the nearest neighbor, one Mr. Camp, who appeared to be a Union man. There Mrs. Hall was packing the remnants of her furniture, and what there was left of her husband's formerly valuable library, to remove them to the north. I have now before me a little book, a token received from her hand, entitled '*The Daily Verse Expositor for the Acts.*' It was written by her lamented husband, and published in New York, 1832. Since the war, Mrs. Hall was for some years a resident of Providence, one of her daughters having married a prominent clergyman of this city. Another daughter, a young lady of excellent education, and much refinement, was a successful teacher, widely known, and highly respected by a large circle of devoted friends.'"

As we approached the city our attention was attracted by a very long train of baggage wagons, some staff officers and a few straggling soldiers. We learned that it was a remnant of the Pennsylvania Reserves, on their way to a new encampment on Miner's Hill. This division originally consisted of thirteen thousand men. Their ranks had been reduced to four thousand, and but twenty-five hundred were fit for duty. Who could say that they should not have time to rest and recruit?

On our return to camp, we called at the officers' quarters of Company K. Lieut. Thurber was not present, but Capt. Mowry and Lieut. Edwards welcomed us heartily, entertained us for several hours in true soldier-like style, and gave us all the information we desired.

This camp, which was under the command of Capt.

Parkhurst, of Company C, was situated west of the road to Alexandria, in a position similar to our old one on Miner's Hill. On each side was a deep ravine, and healthy breezes had free course over and around the ridge, but the scenery was not so inviting. On the Friday after their arrival in their new camp, a heavy rain deluged the floors of their tents, especially in Company C, and in one instance, it was said, to the depth of ten inches; but they soon had well stockaded quarters, comfortable bunks, and everything as agreeable as in the other companies. For want of a better name we christened that camp, Camp Metcalf, Jr.

The government sent to this camp all stragglers, all detailed privates, all the men fit for duty at Camp Convalescent, and thence they were sent in large squads to their respective regiments. There were from five to eight thousand men then in the camp. The post was under the command of Capt. Upham. Contiguous to this camp was a camp of recruits, also under the command of that post.

Still nearer Alexandria, and distinct from the Distribution Camp, was the camp of paroled prisoners, containing not more than five or six hundred men; and we learned that somewhere between Camp Metcalf and Fairfax Seminary, was a convalescent horse camp, where horses that had been under medical treatment and were on the road to sound health, were treated to further rest and a fat pasture.

AMUSING SCENE—PRIZES—DUTIES.

Almost all through February pleasant days were curiosities. In Company I the severe snow storm of the 22d was followed by a little fun. A "gay" fellow in one of the messes, challenged Rev. Dr. Hawkes (so dubbed by his friends) to a duel with snowballs. It was accepted, and

at it they went, and soon the whole company turned out to witness the scene. Unluckily the foot of the young soldier-boy slipped, then came a tumble and a rolling over, the reverend gentleman washed the youth's face thoroughly in the snow, and the brave boy acknowledged himself conquered. Towards night the boys in the lower tents had a battle with those in the upper, who were led by the commissioned officers. The contest was long and desperate, many a man bit the snow, and in the end a certain tall Captain looked as much like a snow man as anything else. Both parties claimed the victory. Darkness put an end to the contest, and the combatants slept on their arms.

Most of the tents in the latter part of February were turned into armories. The boys began polishing the barrels of their Enfield rifles, which were bronzed. Prizes were offered in some of the companies to the man who should produce the best looking musket. The contest was a sharp one, the results brilliant; and it was not long before the muskets of the whole regiment became of the glittering, instead of the sombre sort. It was claimed that the bright musket made a better mark for the enemy, but the government has not ceased to make the Springfield musket with a polished barrel, and doubtless their fine appearance is a stimulus to the men to keep their arms in excellent condition.

A prize was also offered for the best shot, and target practice, by the various companies, went on for some time. The award was to have been made on the 21st, but was delayed that Companies C and K might contest for it, and when, in the latter part of March, it was decided, it was won by Corporal David L. Fales, of Company B. Five men put eleven out of fifteen shots into the target. Company H did the next best shooting.

TRADES AND GAMES.

The regiment was composed of men of many and various professions, trades and occupations, and at Camp Metcalf a number of men regularly wrought at their business. The shoe-maker of the regiment has been mentioned before. A German watch-maker helped to keep good time. There was more than one professional barber, and they received a good share of patronage. Tailors were employed in mending and metamorphosing the worn garments of the men. The brick masons and the carpenters found enough to do. The Colonel's quarters and the chapel at Miner's Hill, the brick ovens in the various camps, the excellent stockades at Camp Metcalf and the comfortable officers' quarters in the different camps, fit to live in at any seaside resort, exhibited the skill of these latter workmen. A large number of men turned carvers, and practiced on beef bones the art of making rings, crosses and a variety of other ornaments.

For out-of-door amusements, quoits and base ball were played on the parade-ground at Camp Metcalf. Chess, checkers and other games were enjoyed in the quarters of the officers and men.

HEALTH—PROMOTIONS—LIBRARY—VISITORS.

The 1st of March marked five months that the regiment had been in service, and during that time there were but two deaths. Colds and rheumatism were the prevailing complaints. About thirty men in that time were discharged for disability. "A. D. N." writes: "It takes a whole man to be a soldier, to hold out well and hearty, and he must not only be strong and tough, but his heart must be in the work."

Among the promotions then made was that of Adj't. Fes-

senden from the rank of second to that of first lieutenant. The same writer remarked truly: "Adj't. Fessenden is deservedly popular among the officers and men of the regiment, and increase of rank is well merited by him, both as an officer and a gentleman."

At that period, through the efforts of Chaplain Gould, a small library was procured for the use of the regiment, which was gratefully appreciated by those who availed themselves of its privileges.

Messrs. Sanford R. Pierce and Miles G. Moies, of Pawtucket, also Lewis Fairbrother, Esq., wife and daughter, paid a visit to the regiment late in February, and were gladly welcomed.

AWAKE AND ASLEEP.

In one of the companies was a comrade subject to seasons of somnambulism. He went into this state most frequently at Camp Metcalf. His performances were as remarkable as any noted in the medical books upon this subject. Lying in his bunk in the morning, afternoon, or evening, after he had come in from guard duty, he would commence talking about events that had no reference to the life about him. He would dictate letters to some lady friend, about which he remembered nothing when he awoke. He would promptly tell the time by a watch placed at the back of his head. He would get up in the night and hide the candles, soap and axe in the stove when there was no fire in it, chuckling to himself that the corporal would not be able to find them in the morning, when, in fact, the whole mess were looking on. He climbed more than once to the top of the tent pole, about thirteen feet, with no outer clothing on. He ran down to the guard line in the same condition and chatted

with the guard, received an apple and ate it. He would believe it was sunrise when a lighted candle was slowly brought near his eyes, and many other interesting things might be told about him.

The most noteworthy of all, was a grand levee held one afternoon, where were present Drs. Grosvenor and Perry, the Lieutenant-Colonel and Chaplain, with their ladies, the captain of the company and other officers and men, invited by one of the mess, the tent being filled. The young sleeper began his addresses to those who were introduced to him, and to whom he gave his opinion as to their characters in no measured terms. He called them by their nicknames, if they had any, told them their faults, and lectured them for their conduct to the men, as he viewed it. Imagining himself on the deck of a vessel, a favorite way with him while in this state, he put the different parties through such punishment as he thought they deserved. He answered questions, sung songs, which he remembered, and did many other things to the great amusement of the company, who put him to the severest tests. After an hour or more he awoke entirely ignorant of all that had transpired.

PRESENTATIONS.

Previous to the 3d of March, Miss Viall, daughter of Col. William Viall, of Providence, presented to Drum-Major Dunbar, an elegant baton, and to Fife-Major Patt, a fine sash and sword belt. The presentation was made in camp at headquarters.

“Company B, on the 2d of March, presented to Mr. Ornam L. Patt, Fife Major, a very fine sword, and Orderly-Sergt. Crocker made the following address:

“MAJOR PATT: I have the honor, in behalf of Company B, to present you with this sword. May you wear it with honor to your-

self, to this company, and the regiment, and by the protecting care of Providence be permitted to return with it to your peaceful home. It is bright now, and occasional rubbing will keep it so. As you rub and brighten it, may you also keep bright the memories of those who presented it, and the kindly feelings that prompted the act."

"The recipient thanked the donors in a few appropriate words, in which he stated that he was taken wholly by 'surprise.' The sword bore the inscription, 'Presented to Ornan L. Patt, principal musician, by Company B, Eleventh Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, March 3, 1863.'"

For the above account we are indebted to "A. D. N."

Company I also had a presentation on this wise. Second-Sergt. Remington, on the 6th of March, was promoted to second-lieutenant, and assigned by Lieut.-Col. Pitman to the post made vacant by the promotion of Lieut. Burlingame. The receipt of this news was the signal to raise funds to procure for one so much in favor with the company, the equipments appropriate to his rank. Sergt. F. P. Brown soon collected about seventy-five dollars from officers and men, and a committee proceeded to Washington to make the purchases. The new Lieutenant was induced to postpone his visit to the city for the purpose of being mustered out of service, when the trap was sprung and the Lieutenant fairly caught.

About eight o'clock, on the morning of March 10th, Company I, in charge of the Orderly, marched to the Captain's quarters, while Lieut. R. was at breakfast, formed three sides of a square and called him out. Before he could recover from his astonishment, Corporal J. C. Thompson slipped out about the same time, stepped in front and addressed him at greater length than we have room for in these pages. In substance he said:

"LIEUT. ORVILLE M. REMINGTON: As the mouth-piece of this Company I ask you to accept this gift as an expression of their sat-

isfaction and pleasure at your promotion. They rejoice the more because this honor is conferred upon one who served as a private in that brave band of Rhode Island's sons, who so long withstood the foe in the first memorable battle of Bull Run. We hope and trust that this belt and sash will adorn the breast and girdle the loins of an ever brave and honorable officer, and that this sword will be wielded with ability and success—never dishonored. When you draw this blade and look upon its polished surface, see mirrored there the obedience, respect and attachment of Company I. For this pleasant gathering let us render thanks to Him who has graciously watched over and blessed to the present hour, and who alone can return us in due season to the land and homes that we love."

Inscribed upon the scabbard was: "Presented to Lieut. Orville M. Remington, Eleventh Regiment, R. I. V., by Company I, March 9th, 1863." The cost of the sword, sash and belt was about sixty-four dollars. The remainder of the subscription was tendered in money.

Lieut. Remington responded in substance:

"COMRADES OF COMPANY I: I thank you for this unexpected present. It will be my endeavor to serve you faithfully and to fulfil acceptably the duties of my position. I hope never to prove recreant in the service of my country or in devotion to my country's flag. Accept the warmest assurance of my best wishes for your success and welfare."

Three rousing cheers and a Narragansett for Lieut. R. concluded these ceremonies.

OUR BRASS BAND.

Our new brass band made their appearance on dress-parade March 4th. Their performance was creditable in a high degree. Under their leader, Mr. Robert Sieler,* they

*A true soldier, talented, brave and devoted was Robert Seiler, a member of Company K. He was a native of Erfurt, Prussia, and had served in the Prussian army before emigrating to America. He was a member of Company E, First Rhode Island. He was leader of the band in the Third Rhode Island,

had made remarkable progress in their few weeks of practice. Maj. Dunbar, who had charge of all the music, appeared with a new uniform, and the brilliant baton presented by Miss Viall. Fife-Maj. Pati donned his new equipments. Within the thirty-five days previous to this occasion there were twenty-three when rain, hail or snow fell, while some of the storms were long and severe.

GUARD DUTY AT CONVALESCENT CAMP.

Guard duty at the above-named camp was an unique business, and merits a special notice in an account of the service of this regiment. A regular observer would write change upon every day of our duty there. These changes resulted from the removal of the troops from tents to barracks, the absorption of the Distribution Camp into the Convalescent Camp and the departure of thousands, either because discharged from service on account of disability, or because they were sent to their respective regiments.

This continual change made consequent changes in the performance of our duty. To-day the line was here, to-morrow there. One day the posts at the barracks were at certain points, to-morrow at other places, and all the time of

until the order came that regimental bands should be discontinued. He was then mustered out, and enlisted in the Eleventh. Mustered out at the expiration of term of service, he again enlisted in the Third Rhode Island Cavalry. He was sergeant from April 15, 1864. He was taken prisoner, and during Sherman's march to the sea, he was confined within a stockade, where, the river rising, he was obliged to stand in the water for twenty-four hours, up to his waist. He was paroled April 22d, 1865, and discharged after the close of the war, July 15, 1865. In the Eleventh, Seiler was detailed as musician. Soon after the Eleventh went into the field a brass band was organized and he was appointed leader. This position he held through the campaign. Four times was he regularly and honorably discharged. From the effects of his imprisonment, especially from standing in the water, as mentioned above, he was attacked with rheumatism, and finally with lung disease, from the effects of which he died about 1879.

our sojourn there, the rainy and snowy days were so frequent that the ground over which the guard had to pass, and on which they had to stand, approached the batter state more nearly than any other.

A detail of about half the effective men of six companies performed the duties of each day, a fresh detail being sent out each morning. These were made up of three reliefs of four hours each, each relief from two of these companies. At ten o'clock in the morning the first relief arrived at the headquarters of the guard of Camp Convalescent: a portion were posted on a line nearly one mile in length, compassing the right side of the camp, and about an equal number on a line of the same length on the left. A dozen guards, more or less, were posted among the barracks. The muskets of the guard were loaded with ball, and the instructions were to let no one pass without a pass properly signed.

The men preferred to stand four hours and be off eight, so as to get longer rest and lose less time in passing over this extended line.

At night the duty often assumed a comico-serious aspect, which we believe resulted only in the most ludicrous accidents. Almost Egyptian darkness enshrouded the camp, the woods, hills and dells, unless the moon lent her borrowed light for our benefit. On one such night, when the guard were returning to the quarters, they performed some singular feats. Some wandered a long distance out of the way, tumbled over stumps, fell into brooks and ditches, went in over their knees in mud, or plunged the butts of their guns into the mud in feeling their way. One man, after dancing over a plank, splashing the water all the way, put out his hands and embraced a horse's head. He was greeted with a show of welcome, it may have been a horse laugh, but received no harm. Another undertook to pilot a small squad, and,

just as he was sure he saw a landmark, pitched into a pair of mules. These are mild samples. Many truthful and more ludicrous stories might be told which would take the palm from anything we have written, and an inspection of the persons of the men on the next morning would have endorsed the whole account.

A STORM—RETURN OF THE WANDERERS—PROMOTIONS.

A most singular storm visited us Sunday, March 15th. It began to hail early in the afternoon and continued fiercely for four or five hours. This was followed about half-past three in the afternoon, by the most brilliant and dazzling lightning, accompanied by the heaviest and most magnificent thunder. This display lasted, with brief intervals, more than two hours.

Companies C and K returned to us again on the 16th, and the Distributing Camp was then removed to the tents in Camp Convalescent, formerly occupied by the Pennsylvania troops. To celebrate the departure of Companies K and C from the Distribution Camp, some eight of the soldiers in that camp, about to report to their regiments, armed with axes, broke into the sutler's store (after surrounding and threatening a single guard of Company C), and quicker than it would be possible to tell it, cleaned his store out. In the confusion, the clerk inside escaped and gave the alarm. The officers and men of Company C soon appeared at the door, out of which the thieves, who then had warning of what was coming, were rushing, and captured four of them at the point of the bayonet. Two more were afterwards arrested with the stolen goods in their possession. That game was not tried again.

The return of these two companies was accompanied by.

to them, a rather rough experience. Obligated to guard the Distribution Camp while removing, they came over in parcels, had not sufficient time to pitch their tents, and arrange their quarters, and were obliged to seek shelter from the damp and muddy ground in their old location among the other companies in the regiment. A generous hospitality was extended to them. They were immediately detailed to do guard duty with the other companies at Camp Convalescent, and thus performed forty-eight hours' guard duty without the accustomed rest, and with no respite to erect their stockades, except the intervals between guard reliefs. They had boasted somewhat of their light duties and extra privileges, and this change, which was probably considered a "military necessity," was like a change from the tropics to Greenland without due preparation.

There were further promotions in the latter part of March. First-Lieut. James was made captain of Company E, and Second-Lieut. Clark was made first lieutenant of the same company. Sergt. Ira Wilson, of Company C, was promoted to be second lieutenant of Company C.

OUR THIRD COLONEL—RUMORS.

Col. George E. Church, a captain in the Seventh Rhode Island, well recommended to us in advance, arrived in camp on the 20th instant, and assumed command by an order at dress-parade.

Camp rumors were generally so idle that they were not worth noticing, but a sample just here, may not be amiss. Towards the first of April, the question of our removal was constantly agitated. One day we were to go with Burnside to Newbern, the next to guard Long Bridge, and when it turned out that the gallant Burnside was to go west, it was

reported. "We shall leave next week for Kentucky." Shadows of fancy was the better name for these stories, and the rumors that our friends at home heard concerning us had about the same value. It was undoubtedly true at that time, and, as the event proved, that Gen. Heintzleman, who was in command of the defences of Washington, and who, it was then thought, loved to fight the rebels as much as to eat his breakfast, had no idea of letting us go until some greater emergency than then existed, required the abandonment of one service to attend to another.

From all we can gather, Company B had a greater share of "extras" than any other company. Paper, envelopes, stamps, a copy of the *Washington Daily Chronicle* for each mess, and a weekly paper, pictorial or otherwise, sand, blacking, oil, polishing-powder, emery-paper, and in the latter part of March, "rations of green apples." Their "company fund" was large, their friends with money many, and their visitors who remembered them handsomely, numerous.

Adj.-Gen. Mauran made a visit near the close of the month, and expressed himself highly pleased with the condition and appearance of the regiment. He received a serenade from our brass band. Also the Rev. J. G. Adams, who came to visit his son in Company I. He expressed himself well pleased with the regiment, united heartily in our religious services, and made a very favorable impression upon all with whom he came in contact. Lieut. Edwards.*

*"First-Lieut. J. T. Edwards was the accomplished and popular principal of the Seminary at East Greenwich. He is now the Rev. Dr. Edwards, President of the Chamberlain Female College, at Randolph, Cattaraugus county, New York. While Companies C and K were at the Camp Distribution, Lieut. Edwards was on duty as Adjutant at the Parole Camp, near Alexandria, under command of Col. DeKorpony. While at this place, Lieut. Edwards was attacked with heart disease in an acute and aggravated form. In accordance with positive directions from the surgeon in charge of the camp, he resigned. His resignation being accepted, he was discharged March 26, 1863, and Second-Lieut. Thurber was promoted to his place."

of Company K, who held a position in Camp Parole, resigned on account of ill-health, and Lieut. Barlingame also, for satisfactory reasons. Messrs. Henry L. Fairbrother, of Pawtucket, and Nathan Fuller, Jr., of Central Falls, visited the regiment on the 26th instant. Our Chaplain took a furlough, and the Adjutant performed the duties of postmaster. Up to April 1st the religious interest at the Convalescent Camp was undiminished. Meetings were held twice a day, and many were spiritually benefited.

DEATH—A STORM—FIRST APPEARANCE OF COL. CHURCH—
SIX MONTHS' SERVICE.

The angel of death entered our ranks for the third time on the 1st of April, taking Mr. Gardiner Northup, a young man of Company H, after an illness of three weeks. His health had been good up to the first day of his sickness. The officers and men of his company bore testimony to his excellent character from his first day's service until his decease. His body was borne to his grave by his comrades of Company H, under the command of Capt. Joel Metcalf. The customary military honors were paid to his remains. Rev. Philo Hawkes, of Company I, officiated most acceptably at the burial.

Previous to Saturday, the 4th of April, we had a few delightful golden days, but between five and six o'clock, of that day, the fiercest storm of wind and snow that we had experienced began. After two or three hours the wind abated, but the snow continued till noon the next day, and was one of our deepest snows. Rare as this should have been at that season, we had learned to expect rare things and make the best of them.

Col. Church took command at battalion drill for the first time, Monday, the 30th of March. A severe cold, the first

that had kept him from duty since he entered the service, detained him until that time. Upon his appearance the companies in line gave him three cheers.

We had seen full six months' service Monday, April 6th. During the time, ending April 1st, we had one hundred and thirty-four men in the hospital; sixty-eight had returned to duty; six had died; three of the latter after their discharge from the general hospital; thirty-one had been discharged for disability, and five only had been in the general hospital. Our lot was similar to that of the Twenty-second Connecticut and the Fortieth Massachusetts, both of which, up to the 1st of April, were far less healthy than the Eleventh, while we had seen two months of the most wearing service. We have before shown that earnest efforts were made to have the regiment sent into active service at the front, but up to that date, for wise reasons, doubtless, the commanding general chose to keep us at guard duty.

FAIRFAX SEMINARY HOSPITAL.

Early in April, Capt. Kendrick, of Company I, and the writer visited this hospital, some two miles to the south and crowning the hills in front of us. It was a pleasing and prominent object in our surroundings, and some description of it will not be deemed out of place here. It had been a flourishing Episcopal Theological Seminary, of which Bishop Meade was president, and Rev. Drs. Sparrow, May and Packard, professors. Some Providence ministers of that date received their training there. The buildings were converted by the government into a general hospital, and to that fact was due their careful preservation from the terrible ravages of war so apparent in the whole vicinity, and seen here in the absence of the fences that protected the grounds.

We sought out Rev. Mr. Jerome, Chaplain for the hos-

pital, through whose courtesy we had a view of the whole establishment. There were three principal buildings. The centre, known as Aspinwall Hall, a fine piece of architecture, at a distance might be taken for an elegant modern church. The library building, much smaller, was on the right of this, and the chapel on the left. The lower floor of Aspinwall Hall was used for the offices of surgeons and attendants, and the upper floors, which were students' rooms, were used for hospital purposes. We passed up the staircases through all the halls and ascended to the cupola or steeple, from which we obtained a splendid view of the country for miles around. Every arrangement was made for the comfort of the patients, and the floors and stairways almost shone with cleanliness. Besides a delightful prospect, there was an abundance of sunlight and fresh air.

The library building was happily adapted for its new purpose. On the shelves in the alcoves were arranged bottles of drugs—remedies for the diseased body, where once had been food and medicine for the mind and soul. The general appearance of the interior reminded one of a fine looking apothecary's shop on Westminster street, Providence.

The chapel was reserved for services on the Sabbath, and prayer and conference meetings during the week. Similar services were held in the barracks for those who were obliged to remain or were unable to walk far. A good library was provided for the use of patients and convalescents. A short distance to the northwest was the high school building, also a part of the hospital. Near the Seminary there was a row of seven or eight barracks, which, with the buildings, accommodated nine hundred men. In the previous summer, hospital tents were erected, and then eighteen hundred patients were cared for.

On our way back to camp, by a very pleasant route, we

passed a large number of magnolia trees just putting forth their buds. One monster tree, that had been ruthlessly felled, measured nearly four feet in diameter.

DISCIPLINE—PAY—MARCHING ORDERS.

The reins of discipline in our camp were drawn much tighter at that time. A portion of the best men in Company B, while on camp guard, though not on their posts at the time, refused to do the extra duty of plastering with mud the stockade of the guard-house, and at dress-parade a sentence was read depriving them of half a month's pay. In a few days, however, the sentence, though in accord with the Articles of War, was revoked by the Colonel, in consideration of the usual good behavior of the men.

Wednesday and Thursday, the 8th and 9th of April, brought the Paymaster with the long-wished for four months' pay. This put the boys in good spirits; some of them in *too good spirits*.

The following amounts were sent home by the officers and men of the various companies, most of it through the Allotment Commissioner:

Company B, \$4,763; I, \$4,075; A, \$3,100; D, \$2,100; E, \$3,000; H, \$2,700; G, \$3,900; K, \$3,145; C, \$3,000; total, \$33,783. The Allotment Commissioner took with him \$30,905.83.

Sunday morning, the 12th instant, we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march the next morning; but we remained in our old location, pursuing the even tenor of our way, waiting for the order to strike tents and pack knapsacks, when, with hearty cheers and a trust in Divine Providence, we would march wherever Uncle Sam told us.

FAREWELL TO CAMP CONVALESCENT—WELCOME THE
POTOMAC AND CHESAPEAKE BAY.

The monotony of guard duty was broken on the morning of April 15th, and the last third of our term of service opened new scenes and duties to the boys of the Eleventh. At half-past two o'clock in the, to us memorable, morning we were aroused from slumber and ordered to pack knapsacks and be ready to march at daylight. Then began the busy scene, the noise and confusion, and cheering of a regiment of excited men, about to bid good-bye to comfortable quarters, take their hotels upon their backs, and march whithersoever ordered. All sorts of conveniences that could neither be sent home nor carried with us, must be parted with: all household goods must be compressed into the compass of a knapsack, and woe to the man who loaded too heavily.

Bonfires from the straw contained in our bed-sacks soon lit the foot of our various streets, the work of preparation went rapidly on, and by sunrise it was essentially completed. The last cup of coffee was drunk, the last breakfast taken, the companies formed and marched out into line; the only drawback was the increasing easterly storm. The whole regiment in line extended beyond our parade-ground, and seemed as large as many a brigade. The men were in high spirits.

Our quarters were left unmoved and uninjured, and the contrabands in the vicinity, and the troops that relieved us, reaped a harvest of rations, clothing boxes, soap, pans, jars, and many other things.

Just before seven o'clock (staff officers all on foot) we marched to the railroad that passes Camp Convalescent, and took standing tickets in box cars for Alexandria, or as "A.

D. N." puts it, "We were huddled together like so many sheep." The boys in the Convalescent and Stragglers' Camp turned out and gave us many an uncomplimentary greeting, and, as we marched past them, we saw the Pennsylvania Reserves coming over the hill to occupy our camp and perform our duty. Nothing could have pleased the convalescents more. "J. B. G." thus speaks of the "Reserves": "It was an amusing scene, as the men, poorly clad, and bearing the marks of hard service, ran from tent to tent to gather up and appropriate to their own use whatever was to be found. One seized a table, another an axe, another a broom, another a bed, and all seemed highly delighted to find such good quarters provided for them."

Having climbed into the cars—which climbing in cannot be described—in a few minutes we reached Alexandria. A short march brought us to the transports gathered at the wharves, and, with very little detention, we embarked on board the steamer *Hero*. It was then eight o'clock. We did not leave the wharf until nearly one o'clock, and then steamed slowly down the Potomac. We were surprised to greet our old neighbors, the Fortieth Massachusetts, the Twenty-second Connecticut, and the One Hundred and Forty-first New York. What or how many others there were, we did not know. We have been strongly impressed, since then, that when these troops moved to the defence of Suffolk, very few troops remained in the defences of Washington. Day and evening, as we steamed slowly on, a northeast rain beat steadily and half-fiercely upon everything exposed to its attack: entering every crack and crevice and in every part of that almost worn-out old craft (that years previously plied between Providence and New York, and New York and Hartford), dropping through the promenade deck, and in some places pouring upon the clothing and equipments of

more than nine hundred men. Had the weather permitted, every available space would have been crowded to catch a glimpse of the sights along the shore, but, driven under cover, the floors all mud and water, clothes damp, air foul, everything about us was as nearly disagreeable as could be; yet the men's faces were not long; they were far more cheerful than persons unaccustomed to observe soldier-life could have believed. All this did not prevent us from looking at such places of interest as Mount Vernon, Aquia Creek, Fort Washington, one of the finest forts on the river and presenting a splendid appearance from the water, and other points. After a run of about seventy miles, we anchored for the night off Point Matthias. How we slept during the night it would take too much space to describe. The greater part, in some other posture than lying down; our accommodations were about the same as for so many cattle. Some were more fortunate than others.

The morning of April 16th dawned without a storm, and soon after sunrise a streak of light gleamed in the western sky. The day was pleasant, with little sunshine, and the air much warmer. Our brass band turned out early and gave us some fine music for breakfast (hard-tack alone had been our fare since we started), and again, at a later hour, on the hurricane deck. All improved the opportunity to view noteworthy localities, and the day passed much more pleasantly than the day before. Great interest was taken in the relative movements of the slow boats that composed our fleet. We were reminded of the well-known ditty:

"Two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race."

We passed the Rappahannock and York rivers, and as we approached Fortress Monroe, every one turned out to view

it. It need not be described here. The evening was fine, and the whole scene around the fortress pleasing and novel. Our fleet of transports reported immediately on their arrival. Union men-of-war were at anchor in the Roads, together with an English war steamer and a French steam frigate of forty-four guns. The Rip Raps, where criminal soldiers were sent to labor, attracted our attention.

OFF FOR NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The mail was sent ashore at once, and the delay at the fortress was brief. While we were in the vicinity our band discoursed some excellent music, which drew forth from the splendid band of the French steamer, several fine pieces. We inferred from the movements of the other transports that we were to proceed directly to Norfolk, and, after waiting a little for the return of the boat from shore, we steamed off in that direction, giving the French frigate three cheers in parting.

FLAG OF THE CUMBERLAND.

After passing Fortress Monroe on the way to Norfolk, a little distance from our steamer, off at the right, was plainly seen, just appearing above the waves, what remained of the flag of the Cumberland, still floating from the top of her mast. What a flood of thoughts and suggestions came welling up in the mind on witnessing this little flag still fluttering in the breeze, so long after the powerful Merrimac had sent to the bottom the once famous United States war ship, "Cumberland," and in her turn, disabled by the little Monitor, she, too, had been abandoned and sunk at Norfolk.

Seven o'clock brought us alongside the wharves at Norfolk, where our arrival had been anticipated by the govern-

ment officials, and a long train of cars was ready to take us and other regiments through to Suffolk. About nine o'clock, and again in the middle of the night, a portion of our regiment departed for that place. Companies B and I, and a part of Company H remained to steal the sweetest sleep possible from the brick sidewalks and wooden wharves of East Wide Water street, Norfolk. Camp-fires were built at the street-crossings and the men and officers made themselves peculiarly at home. All were aroused at five o'clock in the morning, and many availed themselves of the privilege of looking about to see the kind of a place we were in. We were surprised to find so well-built a city; but we received no sympathy except from those people who did not wear white faces. The contrabands were pleased and polite.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 17th, the companies that remained in Norfolk took the cars for Suffolk, and we felt well paid for the delay. The majority of us were upon ordinary flats, sixty on a car; but we had an unobstructed view of the country over which we passed, and enjoyed, in the bright sunshine and cool of the morning, a most beautiful ride. Nature was wide awake. Large and well cultivated vegetable gardens on either side, with apple and peach trees in full bloom, greeted us in the first part of our journey, and magnificent forests of pine and other tall woods in the latter part. We also passed the northern end of the great Dismal Swamp. Eight o'clock saw us in line in the principal street of Suffolk, after passing a large number of camps in the immediate vicinity. Soon the whole column, Col. Church at the head, was on the move. We marched through the long street to soul-stirring music, the long line and fine band creating no little sensation.

PART III.

SUFFOLK AND THE BLACKWATER.

AT nine o'clock our knapsacks were unslung, and we were ready to encamp on a parcel of ground hardly large enough for the purpose, isolated from the rest of our forces, and separate from the other regiments of Gen. Terry's brigade, into which we had been ordered. On each side of us were a deep gully and a brook, in true Virginia style. Just west and northwest of us was the Nansemond river, and in the semi-circle on the same side were our heavy and light batteries and gun-boats. Across the river, and in rifle range, were the rebels. Neither side was idle.

AT THE FRONT.

"Gov. Sprague's pet regiment" was at the front at last. If we were not permitted after this to enter into any general engagement with the enemy, it was because Divine Providence had us in keeping. The bullets of the enemy made music through the day, while ringing responses were made by our side. The constant heavy firing from Union gun-boats and batteries, told every hour that work was going on. A short walk, within a radius of a mile and a half from camp, and the rebels were in plain sight. A large force of Union troops were already upon the ground, and other regiments were arriving daily.

We occupied our shelter tents, crawled in and out of them, and lived in the open air as much as possible. The violet, the anemone, and the strawberry bloomed around us. A

peach orchard was in full flower not far off. All was life. The men were in the finest spirits and seemed to rejoice in the change. Our line officers flourished in "A" tents. Rations of good quality were served out, and the boys, after living on hard-tack only, for two days, did justice to them.

It was a pleasure to see almost a whole regiment taking their meals out of doors, and a splendid sight before tattoo to view such an encampment lit up by camp-fires and candle-light.

The inevitable dress-parade came off on the afternoon of the day of our arrival at the new camp. Gen. Terry was present, and was well pleased with our appearance. We were assigned to a post of honor and importance. From Tuesday until Friday night the men had but little rest. The few slightly indisposed when we started were better on Saturday morning, and very few were excused by the surgeon. The regiment was in fine condition for service.

Thousands of men, comprising many regiments, had broken up their winter encampments, and in forty-eight hours been transported two hundred and fifty miles. If this was not the greatest despatch, it was too much for the rebels who meant to capture Suffolk.

On Monday, previous to leaving Camp Metcalf (13th), our Drum-Maj. Dunbar received a present of a handsome sword, appropriate to his rank, from the officers and men of Company A. Capt. Ayer, in a terse and forcible speech, presented it, and the Major responded very happily. At the instance of Capt. Ayer, three rousing cheers were given for "our good-looking drum-major," and the company marched to dress-parade.*

*Previous to April 13th, Second-Lieut. Daniel Bush, Company B, was promoted to first lieutenant and assigned to Company H. Sergt. William T. Luther, Company A, was promoted to first lieutenant and assigned to Company B. The Sergeant-Major of the regiment was promoted to second lieutenant and assigned to Company K. Sergt. Charles H. Scott became acting sergeant major.

WHAT THE REBELS TRIED TO DO—CAPTURE OF A REBEL BATTERY.

At the time of our move to Suffolk, sensational correspondents of some of the New York and Philadelphia papers gave alarming accounts of the situation. The correspondence of the New York *Tribune* was not of that character. We had heard exaggerated accounts of a battle that had lasted four or five days, and that probably we should be engaged as soon as we reached there; but it turned out that on Saturday, the 11th instant, previous to our arrival, the enemy, in some force, appeared in front of our pickets, drove them in or captured them, advanced to our outermost signal station, beyond the Nansemond and in view of the South Quay battery, expecting that the officer in charge would skedaddle in fright, without informing our side; but he failed to meet their expectations, and first telegraphed to the next station, and in five minutes after the Union troops in and around Suffolk had manned the forts, and to the great discomfiture of the rebels on attacking our defences they obtained more than they bargained for. They were also bravely foiled in another instance, in their attempt to destroy our gun-boats, one of which, unfortunately, grounded. From that day forward the Union forces repelled all their efforts to cross the river, and thwarted all their attempts to plant batteries or dig rifle-pits to annoy us. Thus were the efforts of Longstreet and forty thousand men, to capture the ammunition and stores at Suffolk, and to gain a permanent foot-hold in that locality, if that was his ultimate object, utterly foiled.

A well-managed affair came off Sunday evening, April 19th, in which one of our gun-boats engaged a battery in range, while detachments of several regiments of our infantry crossed the river, made a circuit higher up and

captured the battery and one hundred and fifty men, including a major and nine other commissioned officers. Our loss was slight. The rebels called it a Yankee trick. The prisoners were in jail near by our camp, and we saw them, as great a variety of jail-birds as were ever seen. Hats of all shapes, vests and pants of all colors, unclean and dirty, ragged and patched, and shoes that laughed and cried by turns. They were very hungry, if the style in which they devoured the food given them, the same as the Union soldiers received, was evidence.

Maj.-Gen. Peek was in the command, at Suffolk, of a large and well appointed army. There were nine or ten miles of fortifications extending all around us. Day and night the shells of our big guns howled in our ears, winging their way to the concealed positions of the enemy, revealed to our gun-boats and batteries by a young Rhode Islander, chief of the signal station near the camp. Now and then our sharp-shooters ventured some, and careless soldiers fell a prey to the bullets of the enemy's rifles, and they to ours. It was dangerous sport for one of the Union boys to mount the parapets on one of our batteries, dance about to attract the enemy's fire, while our concealed marksmen shot in the direction of the smoke that rose, he dropping at the instant to escape the bullet that flew at him. This game was engaged in with as great zest as men engage in hunting partridges or any other sport. Such was the programme from day to day, and the men moved about or slept in their quarters with as much unconcern as if the enemy were not thought of.

THE ROUTINE OF THE ELEVENTH.

The duty of the Eleventh at that time was for a part of the companies to proceed, when darkness came on, to some of the fortifications near us, to support a battery, sleeping on our arms in the open air until daylight, ready for any emergency. Another company would be posted to man the rifle-pits. Four or five companies on the same night marched off in another direction, to work on an entrenchment, which could not be done in daylight; while pickets across the river, who abandoned their stations at day-dawn, were ready to warn us of danger. Beside this a strict camp guard was kept. In the absence of guard tents the whole guard slept in the open air during the night, except in case of a storm.

The first picket duty of the Eleventh after our arrival at Suffolk, was by a company of men under the command of Lieut. William Stone. They advanced towards the picket line under rebel fire, and, on their return next morning, they were fired at several times. They established the picket line subsequently occupied by our forces while at Suffolk.

While in camp at Suffolk we enjoyed many pleasant visits from men of other regiments, boys of the Fourth Rhode Island being of the number. Gens. Halleck and Dix visited Suffolk April 21st, to examine the situation, and a salute was fired in their honor by one of the batteries near our camp.

In the afternoon of the same day, Lieut.-Col. Buffum, of the Fourth Rhode Island, and other officers, were present at dress-parade.

For a considerable time the regiment was out two-thirds of the nights, and in quarters for the remainder. The boys began to improve their quarters with materials gathered

from the houses in the vicinity that had been leveled to allow a range for our guns. In fact, they stockaded their shelter tents, four or more chubbing together, and made themselves comfortable habitations. A cold, drizzling easterly storm gave us a disagreeable experience after we had been in camp three days.

THE SITUATION—THE ELEVENTH READY.

Near the close of April, if one had stopped his ears and wandered along or near the banks of the Nansemond and listened to the hum of insects or the singing of birds, and then walked into the camp of the Eleventh and observed how the men in camp busied themselves, he would hardly have dreamed of danger or the foe. But had he made a short tour to the north of our camp, seen the long line of rifle-pits thrown up by the Eleventh on the south and west of their camp, stayed out o' nights from dusk in the evening until dawn in the morning; could he have seen the heavy guns that one after another were put in position in the many forts around us, and watched the Eleventh at work in the trenches, and observed the big pile of dirt a hundred or two men could throw up in a few hours, remembering that night after night for weeks this was a part of their business, and also of many other regiments, he would begin to understand without hearkening to the booming of cannon or the pop, pop, popping of rifles, that extensive and thorough preparations were making to give Longstreet or Hill, and as many men as they were ready to lead, a terrible reception. The skirmishers were out every day. The sharp-shooters were constantly at work. On a certain road to the South Quay batteries, bullets like hail were constantly flying, and shelling was kept up on our side day and night.

“THE ‘CROW’S NEST’ AT SOUTH QUAY BATTERY.”

“Come, Lieutenant, I am going over to South Quay Battery, this afternoon; will you go with me? I am told the rebel sharpshooters, from their rifle-pits across the river, will pick off any man who shows himself. If you want to be shot at, now is your chance.”

“I will go with you in a few minutes. I intended to have gone yesterday, but the picket duty prevented.”

“Well, the Colonel has sent for me, and I will meet you at his quarters in half an hour.”

“All right.”

Let us follow the Captain and Lieutenant in their trip to the battery. The South Quay Battery was a fortification near the bridge over the Nansmond river, on the road leading from Suffolk to South Quay. It was designed to repel an infantry assault upon the town from that quarter. But when Longstreet had opened his light batteries upon it, on his first approach to Suffolk, he weakened it in half an hour. Had he not been driven back by our artillery, its embankments would soon have been tumbled down.

It had, however, been speedily strengthened by filling up its ditch and repairing the breaches made. This work had been done, largely by the Eleventh, only under cover of the darkness. Two reliefs were sent to this fort night after night; one relief working from eight till twelve, while the other relief slept upon the ground near their stacked arms in the rear of the battery; and changing places at twelve, the second relief shovelled till four, when both would withdraw beyond the reach of rebel guns before daylight.

For many days the rebel sharpshooters had been concealed in their rifle-pits on the hillside opposite, where, with their telescopic rifles, they were ready at any hour of the day to

pick off any unwary Union soldier who should daringly or unwittingly show his head.

The Captain and the Lieutenant inspect the fort, having approached and entered it from the rear. They examine its "parrots," its "terreplains," its "scarp" and "counter-scarp," its "bastions," its "rampart," and its "parapet," its "gabions," and its "fascines." Finally, retiring to the rear of the works, they determine to climb to the "crow's nest." This is made of plank and joists placed about twenty or twenty-five feet above the ground in a large oak tree. The "nest" is in the form of a triangle, measuring about ten or twelve feet on a side.

"Lieutenant, will you go up into the 'crow's nest' with me and examine the 'rebs' in their rifle-pits?"

"Yes, come on; right this way."

Up they go, hand over hand, along the tall ladder fastened by the side of the tree, and protected from view by a board set up in front of the ladder. Soon they stand upon the platform of the "nest," with the plank extending perpendicularly in front of them to a height above their heads, except an opening of a few inches along the line of the eyes through which to view the whole front.

"Pim," "pim," sing the minie bullets, as they fly past them, right and left.

"They have discovered us," says the Captain. "That they have, and right early, too," quoth the Lieutenant; and soon they are watching the line of rifle-pits, and dodging below the sight line, as soon as they discover a puff of smoke issuing from any point along the line.

Thus they spend a half hour, when, the attention of the whole line being concentrated upon them, the time of their dodging, the frequent puffs, has so increased that they can no longer examine with any ease or success the enemy's location, and the Captain proposes to withdraw.

“Too hot, altogether, Lieutenant. Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. I say, let us get out of this.”

“Agreed, I am ready,” replied his companion.

They both prepared to descend the ladder. About half way down, a limb branches out from the massive trunk, and breaks the continuity of the board placed on the front edge of the ladder. This leaves one exposed for an instant, in the upward or downward passage. The Captain has just passed this exposed point, and there is a space of about two feet between his head and the feet of the Lieutenant, who is following him down the ladder, when, “Pim,” “pim,” sing the minie balls as they fly through this little opening. A moment more and both officers are safely on the ground, and concealed behind the fort, ready to retrace their steps to the camp of the Eleventh Rhode Island, well satisfied with their tour of inspection.

Reconnoissances were daily made, to ascertain, it was said, the strength and position of the enemy, very nicely hid from view by a belt of woods around us, though revealed now and then by a line of rifle-pits which he slyly threw up, or perhaps by a battery which was suddenly revealed to us. For, despite our constant shelling, he managed to cut down the woods that concealed it.

We tried our shelter tents in a cold rain storm of two or three days' duration, and fared better than we feared; for we made the rubber blankets of some of the mess do the duty of the badger skins that covered the tabernacle of the Israelites in the Wilderness.

The first mail after leaving Camp Metcalf was delivered to us Thursday, the 23d. It arrived the night before. The boys had become impatient because of the delay, and were almost crazy with gladness to get it. It was very large, of course, and those who did not get one or more letters or papers were rare exceptions.

Friday, the 24th instant, the Eleventh prepared for a fight. The order came at noon. Every available man, cooks included, was called into line. Thirty extra rounds of cartridges were given to each one to carry in his pockets. The long line of battle was formed, the boys were in high spirits and hot for the fray. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner,"—but, no, we were only waiting. We stacked arms as a regiment on the parade-ground, kept on our equipments and waited till darkness closed around us.

After supper, when the excitement had subsided, quite a different scene presented itself. On the rising ground between the streets of Companies B and I, the voice of sacred song began to ascend. The circle extended and the numbers increased until a large number of the men of the regiment were participating in a most interesting conference and prayer meeting led by the Chaplain. It was a striking and impressive sight, that will not soon be forgotten. A host of armed men, ready for the conflict, worshipping God and seeking Heaven's blessing on themselves and theirs.

"They would leave unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

The cause of the preparation for conflict was a reconnoissance made on the same day on the Edenton road, in which the rebels showed fight, retreated and got the worst of it, as we supposed, though we lost six men and several wounded.

DEATH—INSPECTION—STATISTICS.

Death was not of so frequent an occurrence in the Eleventh regiment as to produce a sense of indifference in the men. We note here the death of Remnsalaer Horton, of Company F, on the 23d instant, and his burial on the 26th

with impressive services. The Chaplain delivered an appropriate discourse from the words: "Man goeth to his long home." The remains were escorted to the depot by Company F, Capt. Taft, and the usual military honors paid to the deceased. His illness was brief, and the first after his enlistment. His brother, a member of Company B, obtained a furlough and took the remains to the distressed family. The body was embalmed and conveyed by express to Pawtucket, at the expense (for the greater part) of the officers and men of Company F.

William C. Atwood, of Company C, died just previously in the hospital in Washington. A company inspection was held at half-past twelve o'clock on the Sabbath, the day of the funeral, and general inspection at half-past two. We were informed that Gen. Terry would be present, but he did not appear. In addition to this there was much grading of streets and digging of drains. For various reasons these orders did not sit well upon the men. They remembered a proclamation by our Father Abraham which was read some months previously on Miner's Hill. It ordered that all unnecessary work should be suspended on the Sabbath, and it pleased the Eleventh very much. They felt that if soldiers were oxen or horses they would have a fair claim to as near absolute rest as possible on Sunday.

The regiment comprised a large proportion of Yankees born, and a large amount of Yankee ingenuity had already been exhibited by them, and they "reckoned" that they could contrive some plan by which seven-eighths of the Sunday work then required in the army, which, by cutting up the day, tended to demoralize men, could be dispensed with.

An examination of the records of the regiment made early in May, showed the following professions and trades represented in the Eleventh:

Artists, 16 ; professions, 16 ; painters, 20 ; teachers and students, 57 ; manufacturers, 126 ; traders, 23 ; clerks, 83 ; laborers, 79 ; mechanics, 358 ; miscellaneous, 220. Native born, 778 ; foreign born 224. Married, 483 ; unmarried, 519.

RAIN—WATER COUCH—DIGITARIES.

The boys of the Eleventh will not pretend to an endurance of hardships equal to those endured by the bombastic convalescents, who seized every opportunity to give the most vivid descriptions of their exposure to the elements, but, while our regiment were fortunate in escaping the ill effects of many tremendous southern rain storms, they had a thorough experience in sleeping out doors on the night of the 29th of April, while the rain poured down a drenching flood, to a thunder and lightning accompaniment, from evening until morning. It were useless to describe the appearance of the men or the state of their minds after the copious hydropathic administration, which the writer shared with the rest, but if the private letters of the men to their friends at home, written after this half-horse, half-alligator style of sleeping, could be seen, they would reveal comico-serious pictures equal to anything of Thomas Nast's. In military phrase, it was called supporting batteries or manning rifle-pits. Officers then were no better off than privates, unless they had more forethought or a better quality of brains, for the abundant rain made the soft grass or muddy ground a watery bed instead of a dry feathery one. Contrivance was worth more than authority. A bed of boughs and a wise disposition of rubber blankets enabled some of us to escape the more serious effects of the storm.

Maj.-Gen. Dix, the commander of that department, in

company with Secretary Seward, visited the headquarters of Maj.-Gen. Peck, near our camp, April 29th. A cavalry escort with the brass band of the Pennsylvania mounted riflemen accompanied them. A good many of the privates were fortunate enough to get a sight of these two men, Dix and Seward, both of whom have since passed from their earthly stage of action, leaving behind them a record which their country delights to remember. This was the only opportunity some of us ever had of seeing Mr. Seward. We remember that the diminutive size of so great a man disappointed many.

MORE LIGHT WANTED—CONTRABANDS—RECONNOISSANCE OF
THE NINETY-NINTH NEW YORK.

Summer weather prevailed early in May, and the moon in all her glory gave us all the light we could get. Government furnished us with candles, and for the first time we were abundantly supplied. Privates, however, were not allowed to burn candles, for fear that the enemy might plant a battery near, get the range of the camp by candle-light and shell the privates' tents. Nature did all she could for us, for on one of our stormy nights we had a wonderful display of lightning. It quite eclipsed the fireworks usually shown in Providence on the 4th of July.

We saw more of the contrabands in Suffolk than we had seen before. The women came into our camp with pies and biscuit, gingerbread, hoe-cake, and fish fried in ham gravy, for sale, and the man who did not see them when they first hove in sight, stood a slim chance for tickling his palate with such delicacies. These female pie venders were young, often funnily dressed, black enough to make darkness visible, with smiling and grinning faces, round and plump as an orange, with

“Eyes so bright they shine at night,
When the moon am gone away.”

We were mustered in for pay, Thursday, the last day of April, by Col. Gibbs, of the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York, a regiment of our brigade. This exercise had a new and pleasant feature, in that we were not compelled to appear in line in heavy marching order, but the whole was finished up in the briefest possible period: just long enough to march to our Colonel's quarters and answer to our names. So there were not always as many yards of red tape at one time as another.

A DISASTROUS RECONNOISSANCE.

One of the sad events which made a deep impression on the men of the Eleventh at the time, was a reconnoissance made by the Ninety-ninth New York, May 1st, by order of Maj.-Gen. Peck, but under the immediate command of the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment.

They crossed the Nansemond on a narrow bridge in front of the South Quay Batteries, which were a mile or more south or southwest from our camp. Our force was about three hundred strong. The rebel rifle-pits were in long rifle range of our batteries. The two centre companies of the Ninety-ninth, colors in the centre, marched in a body to charge on the concealed foe. The companies on the wings were deployed as skirmishers. The Union boys charged to within twenty yards of the most approved rifle-pits, with abattis in front, and then were compelled by the murdering fire of the enemy to fall back under orders. The color bearer was shot dead in the forehead. Several others were shot outright. Our batteries opened immediately upon the rebel defences, in which the enemy were a thousand strong.

with how much execution we could not know. Report said that the re-call was sounded four times and our forces did not hear, and that then a messenger was sent to them. The Union dead and wounded, about fifty in all, were left on the field and recovered when the darkness came on. Eight of the brave fellows were buried the next day, and, by request, the band of the Eleventh rendered their services on the mournful occasion. To the Rhode Island boys it seemed that, in this case, "somebody blundered," but perhaps they were mistaken.

The contrabands had a share in the defence of Suffolk. "A large number were employed on the fortifications at this place. The presence of this 'southern shovelry' materially lessened the labor of our soldiers."

HOW THE SIEGE OF SUFFOLK WAS RAISED.

Saturday evening, the 2d of May, came, and to those unacquainted with official secrets there was every indication of a quiet Sabbath; but a few hours brought the long roll, and thousands of troops under arms. Morning saw an army in motion for a reconnoissance in force across the Nansemond, to ascertain the situation of the enemy north of our camp.

As soon as breakfast could be swallowed, we put into our haversacks two days' rations, cooked per order the night before, filled our canteens with the purest spring water, took seventy rounds of cartridges, and our blankets only, formed in due time in line of battle, and patiently waited the order to march. Meanwile, in plain sight of our camp, a force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, equal to a large army in Revolutionary times, moved past Maj.-Gen. Peck's headquarters and crossed the bridge just to the north of us. The

advance, the One Hundred and Third New York, led by Col. Ringgold, deployed as skirmishers, and proceeded up a long incline and into the woods. Other regiments moved in the same direction. We saw the smoke of battle, heard the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry from morning until night; we saw the ambulances returning with the wounded, and some of the Eleventh were on guard at the hospitals, and prepared the mortally, horribly wounded for their last long sleep. Our surgeons and chaplain assisted in the care of the wounded and dying. Col. Ringgold, on foot, and far ahead of the brave One Hundred and Third, whom he led, was killed, and a number of other officers of lesser rank. Our killed and wounded, at all points, amounted to one hundred or more.

The Eleventh stood in line of battle under a broiling sun all day, momentarily expecting the order to move. But we were in the reserves, and as evening drew nigh began to think that our turn would not come. Suddenly, at seven o'clock, an order arrived, and in a few moments the long line was moving towards the bridge. We counter-marched in passing off the camp-ground, and as the head of the column passed each company, words of cheer urged the comrades on. So unexpected was the order that our Colonel and Major were absent on business, and Lieut.-Col. Pitman took command. As he rode along the line with a straw hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth, loud and prolonged cheers told him plainly that the boys would stand by him. Col. Church met us at Gen. Peck's headquarters, and, instead of being marched across the river, we filed to the left, were posted in the rifle-pits near its banks, and slept on our arms during the night. Thus our third chance of getting at the rebels was dissipated.

We believe that the general in command expected to

renew the engagement the next morning ; but the rebel birds had flown and were moving hurriedly towards the Blackwater river. Five hundred, or perhaps more, rebels came in and gave themselves up as prisoners. Many of them requested not to be paroled. It was the opinion of some that the rebels began to move on the Saturday previous, and that a heavy force pushed forward would have saved life and been productive of far more glorious results. The rebels dropped letters on the way, inviting us to meet them on the Blackwater. Brig.-Gen. Corcoran, with a considerable force, was up and after them next morning, but did not catch them. Among the fortifications evacuated was, in the estimation of military men, one superior earthwork. A letter from Gen. Hill to Gen. Longstreet was left behind announcing his arrival at a certain point, and placing his command at the disposal of the latter.

All was quiet on the Nansemond Monday, the 4th of May. The sound of cannon, the screeching of shells, the constant crack of the rifles of sharp-shooters, and the musketry of infantry ceased and we rested quietly in our camp.

AN ILLUMINATION.

As darkness drew on there was an unlooked for change in the programme. The Sergeant Major went round and gave notice that lights would be permitted in our quarters. In his gush of feeling at so unexpected a privilege, one man lighted his candle and set it on the ground in front of his tent ; a few men of Company F brought theirs out of doors ; Company A followed ; the infection spread, and the lights began to appear upon the peaks of the tents. Moonlight was deferred by cloudiness and the regular order, until

after tattoo. The air was still, and hundreds of lights were now to be seen. Then a procession of two hundred or more, with lighted candles, was formed and marched round the camp, cheered, and cheering on their way.

The lights still remained upon the tents, some in long rows of fifteen to forty each, some in the form of crosses or of signal lights. The illumination became still more general, the whole camp was aroused and in one blaze of light. The brass band was now called for, and were constrained to come out. The platoons of lights increased in number and soon moved out on to the parade. "By companies into line!" And the great procession took up its line of march to the Colonel's quarters, headed by the band, and counter-marched in the field officers' street, the band discoursing its finest music. On passing the street of Company I, a color bearer marched out bearing an illuminated cross high in the air, in the rear of the band. While at the officers' quarters the boys, surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd of spectators, officers and men, ventilated themselves by cheering for whomsoever they pleased, shouting out all the orders they had ever heard, and making some of the sharpest and keenest hits imaginable.

When the men, tired, while the band were playing, "Order arms" was the word, and the candles rested upon the ground; "Parade rest," and the action was suited to the words; "Forward," and the camp was encompassed once more, the companies filing into their streets as the column marched past them, tattoo sounded and the game played out.

This was a fitting conclusion to the success of our arms, and the cheering news that came to us from all quarters. It was brilliant beyond description and wholly impromptu. It could not have happened had we not been deprived of

candle-light for so long a period. In the language of another: "The men were determined to have their full amount of light, even if it could not be distributed to their liking." The display was received with pleasure at Gen. Peck's headquarters, it waked up the whole town of Suffolk and the numerous camps in our vicinity. To quote "J. B. G.": "The illumination was witnessed by a large multitude in town, and pronounced a most enchanting entertainment." "After taps had sounded and the camp was as still and as dark as on former evenings, about ten o'clock a party of singers assembled in front of Col. Church's tent, and gave a most entertaining serenade. Thus passed one of the most pleasant evenings since we left the friends at home, and the men are all the better prepared to endure the fatigues of a march if called to it, because of the invigorating effect of such an entertainment upon their spirits."

The same correspondent adds: "The religious element in our regiment is improving, and ten or fifteen young men have manifested a deep interest in reference to their spiritual welfare, and nearly every day there are new cases of inquiry for the ways of wisdom."

The morning after the illumination the majority of the men in the regiment bathed in the Nansmond, where but a few days before the bullets of the enemy would have been whistling around them.

Another presentation came off on the same evening. Orderly Crocker presented to our new sergeant major, Charles H. Scott, a very fine sword, in behalf of the officers and men of Company B. It was a well-timed gift, most worthily bestowed.

REBEL RIFLE-PITS—REBEL RELICS AND SECESH PEOPLE.

Fatigue duty was not abandoned after the departure of the rebels, but we worked by an inverse process, on the rebel rifle-pits instead of our own. Details were made from our ranks to level the breast-works and rifle-pits across the Nansemond, the farthest being about five miles from camp. At first the work had its attractions because it would gratify our curiosity about many things.

With such ideas, on an unpleasant day the boys started out in good spirits, on the South Quay road four or five miles, and worked in half-hour reliefs patiently till night, filling rebel intrenchments in a stiff, clayey soil that stuck like glue to the shovel, and convinced the boys that it was tough work. Meanwhile, though the party were outside our cavalry pickets, those who were resting scoured the woods and plantations about, to see what could be seen and appropriate what they liked. Pieces of newspapers, Richmond papers as late as May 1st, religious papers from all parts of the south, religious tracts, rebel songs, camp utensils of all kinds, letters on various subjects, Confederate money and postage stamps. Almost every one succeeded in securing some kind of a trophy.

Most of the letters were poor specimens of spelling and penmanship. Some of them breathed an ignorant and wicked spirit against us innocent Yankees. The majority, perhaps, of these letters, were pervaded by a strong religious tone, especially to sons and brothers in the army. There was one tender epistle, well written, properly spelled, quite long, bearing all the marks of an educated mind, influenced, however, by emotions that were not meant to be made public. A verse of poetry, the poorest part of the letter in a literary sense, we quote :

“CONSTANCY.

“The sun may her bright beams withhold, Jemmie,
Unreflected the moonbeams may be;
But not till this bosom be cold, Jemmie,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee.”

Some of the comrades found a different attraction in the live-stock, principally pigs and hogs, that ran at large in the woods. The cracking of rifles told how much they appreciated such fun. The bayonet and knife also were brought into play, and sundry pigs and sundry pieces by night made a tour to our camp. This was all unlawful, as the sequel proved, but it was none the less true.

PEOPLE WE MET.

The few people that we met were secesh of the bitterest stamp; but the boys reported one farm-house with seven good-looking, refined and intelligent young ladies, and three younger brothers at home, with the farm-house and all the surroundings in the neatest possible style; better than anything they had seen in Virginia. They tried to obtain meals there, but their servants had all left them. They could not cook themselves. They were doing their own work to the best of their ability. Other families were visited, but this was a rare specimen. Contrabands were scarce; some of them had been carried off by the rebels; others had carried themselves off.

“A. D. N.” gives the following, which is too good to be omitted:

“Notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion that there was no Union sentiment at the South, I met an unconditional Union man on Sunday last, while on picket duty on the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad. He was about fifty years old. In answer to the inquiry if he was a Union man, he made the following reply: ‘I was born

in the Union; I have always lived in the Union; I have always loved the old Union; I have always voted for the Union, and when I die, whether I go to hell or heaven, I shall stick by the old Union!' I put him down as an unconditional Union man, at the same time handing him a copy of a certain New York daily, which I chanced to have in my pocket.

"As an offset to the above, allow me to relate an incident which occurred on the morning after our arrival in Suffolk. After we landed, we were drawn up in line on the sidewalk of the principal street, where we halted a short time. I sat down to rest a few minutes on the doorstep of a private residence. Presently an elderly lady, attracted by the noise in the street, appeared at the door and inquired where our regiment was from. I told her that we were from Rhode Island. 'Rhode Island,' she repeated, 'where's that? in North Carolina?' I told her it joined Massachusetts. She then inquired what we came out there for. I told her we came to fight for the Union. 'They say you've come to fight for the niggers,' said she, 'and if I were a man I would resist to the death before I would do it!' The order came to fall in and I left the old lady soliloquizing upon the causes which led to this wicked war, and its probable result to both North and South. Whether she was ignorant of the geographical position of Rhode Island, or had confounded it with Roanoke Island, your readers can judge for themselves."

ROUTINE—"CAMP PERRY"—PIGGEREL.

Speculations were rife at that time as to when the rebel army evacuated their intrenchments across the Nausemond, and as to whether there were more than a handful of rebels opposed to us for at least a week before they finally left our immediate front; but these inquiries are of little account now.

Our routine of duty from May 9th, and forward, was drill in the "manual" twice a day; an hour and three-quarters in all, beside frequent drillings in "dressing" at dress-parade. To this must be added shovelling, picket and guard duty, and sleeping out nights, to support batteries.

There were some noteworthy special orders at dress-parade, Saturday, the 9th of May. The camp which we had occupied for nearly a month was, by an order from our Colonel, named "Camp Perry." An order from Maj.-Gen. Peck, commanding, gave thanks to Divine Providence for the success of our forces in silencing a heavy battery on the opposite bank of the Nansemond some distance below our camp.

Another order from the same source, rendered thanks to the Almighty for our success in compelling the enemy to raise the siege of Suffolk.

The Sunday following was made memorable to us by the march of four hundred men of the Eleventh five or six miles out, to level half a mile of rebel breastworks. The morning was glorious, the day fine, the sun very hot. The men worked with spirit, and accomplished much more than was expected of them. They returned to camp about half-past seven in the evening, to learn that had they not engaged in that Sunday expedition, they would have passed through a brigade inspection and review. They were greatly pleased with the country, with the peculiar style of the negro houses,* fences and walls, and with the large growth of the magnificent and valuable pine timber.

During that interesting period we were highly amused, instructed and admonished by the reading of an order, in our Adjutant's most impressive style, recounting the proceedings of a court martial at which a number of men of the Eleventh were arraigned for shooting or killing a "pig or pigs, hog or hogs," belonging to Knight, Ballard, or person or persons unknown, on a certain day when ordered

* Many of the negro houses were built of split pine, thin and larger than our clapboards, and the style of the exterior of some of them would be creditable to a summer resort like Martha's Vineyard.

to do fatigue duty, some five miles or so from camp, and appropriating some piece or pieces of pig or pigs, hog or hogs to their own use. The offenders were sentenced to do three days' police duty around camp. The character of the composition has been called by one writer "Piggerel." We give it in the original in order that it may be fully appreciated.

We rejoiced in a new regimental flag, raised Thursday morning, May 14th, in front of our Colonel's quarters, by the hands of Gen. Terry, commander of our brigade. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other airs.

Madame rumor informed us that the night before, our cavalry pickets were alarmed by a great noise in a church near our lines, and called for help, supposing that the rebels had entered it. It turned out that a "pig or pigs, hog or hogs" was raising a rumpus inside. Skirmishing continued on the line of the Blackwater.

IN THE FIELD—THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Orders to be ready to march in an hour were received as early as one o'clock Saturday morning, the 16th of May. The cooks were routed out, rations were prepared, companies supporting batteries were called in, a portion of our pickets likewise, an early breakfast was devoured, blankets and rations only were taken, a small guard and those unable to march were left behind, and at five o'clock on a bright sunny morning, we were off for an unknown destination. All this was done with the remarkable promptness and cheerfulness of spirit which characterized the regiment, Company A claiming to be first in line. It was guessed that we were to follow a strong force that had already

moved in the direction of the Blackwater, and the event proved the calculation correct.

The route was pleasant and the road not a hard one to travel. We rested and prepared to encamp at nine o'clock. We were not, therefore, affected by the intense rays of the sun. Now and then we passed a good looking house or a patch of cultivated land. The pleasant perfume of locust trees regaled us at one spot, and the great quantity of woods on either side of our way afforded frequent and often continuous shade. The principal feature in our march of nine miles in a little more than three hours and a half, was the ease and spirit with which it was made. Officers and men gave praise to Col. Church for his considerate care and judicious orders. Halts sufficiently frequent were made in shady localities. Straggling was unknown, and when our final halt was made, the men were in splendid condition and astonished at the result.

The Twenty-sixth Michigan had the start of us, but reached the place about the same time with ourselves, halting on the opposite side of the road. The Ninety-ninth New York and Nineteenth Michigan halted near us, but moved farther on in the afternoon.

The main force of about fifteen thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery, were at Carsville, nine miles beyond, and had had more or less skirmishing with the enemy.

We encamped on a spot of historic interest. Those best posted in the regiment were at once aware that the most striking scenes in Mrs. Stowe's "Dred" were laid in that locality, and those familiar with her narrative could point to the places of meeting in the direction of the Dismal Swamp, and the stronghold where Dred and his trusty black warriors were concealed.

Our camping-ground was also in the region of Nat Tur-

ner's famous insurrection, thirty years or more previous, and it is believed that in the large opening in those splendid pine forests, the planters met to devise means to crush the unwarranted uprising; and that on a gigantic butternut near by, the negro rebels were hung. Further, that the large house now in ruins at the forks of the road, just northwest of our camp, finally became deserted because the dark spirits of these unlucky insurrectionists came nightly to haunt it. The people about us partly confirmed these accounts, but none of them seemed to know how far it was to any given point on our route, nor had they ever heard of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

That wonderful conspiracy, planned by a black mind, almost set negrodom in a blaze. It ended in hanging a great many negroes, and it waked up the whole State of Virginia; for the legislature of that State took it up; the horrors and dangers of slavery were fully discussed, and only four votes were lacking to carry an act of emancipation. It was one of those chances that Heaven gives a nation to escape thunderbolts long held in store and enjoy long years of unparalleled prosperity; but it was neglected; a blacker darkness succeeded, and the change and desolation which, during the war, swept over Virginia and her sister states, could only be understood by an eye-witness.

One other event made that ground historic. On the previous 30th of December, Gen. Roger A. Pryor, who once challenged Potter, of Ohio, and was afraid to fight him with the bowie-knife, met our forces under Gen. Corcoran, received a severe drubbing and skedaddled to the Blackwater. The dead horses and amputated trees gave undoubted evidence that a real battle was fought on this plain and in these woods.

THE NEW CAMP—VARIETY.

A brief rest was taken after our arrival, and then men and officers busied themselves in constructing comfortable quarters. The messes in the various companies looked out for themselves, and the woods near by were laid under contribution for poles and boughs to construct booths. Our blankets made an inviting shade by day, and shelter from the rain and dew at night. The result was a great number of the oddest and most fantastic habitations that could be imagined. Many turned their blankets into hammocks and swung them from the trees.

The next move was to scour the country and gratify curiosity, for in this the Rhode Island boys stood A 1. Mounted riflemen had preceded us and set fire to all the uninhabited dwellings in the vicinity, per order of their superiors, and some nice houses were levelled without mercy because they afforded shelter for rebel bushwhackers. At such places and at a few farm-houses not deserted, the boys gathered flowers of many kinds and also some cotton, for it was the custom of these people to raise from fifty to one hundred pounds yearly for family use. The men also obtained something to eat, and gathered what information Yankee questioning could draw out, which was "right smart, we reckon."

All things went smoothly through the day. It was the most novel life the regiment had led and was greatly enjoyed. The Colonel, staff and line officers had the same luxurious beds and shelter, the same inviting fare of hard-tack and salt beef, with a cup of coffee with or without sugar, as the men had been frugal or otherwise, by way of variety. Evening brought a large amount of good singing which pleased the Colonel at first, but which he put his veto on

when it trenched upon his hours of sleep. Midnight—bang! “Turn out!” and in five minutes the Eleventh had left their beds and were ready to meet the enemy; but as it was a false alarm, the Colonel proposed that we go back to bed and sleep until morning, and it was done.

SUNDAY—WHITE TRASH—SERENADE TO GEN. CORCORAN.

The Sabbath was a quiet day, very much like Sunday without religious services. The Chaplain was absent most of the time, and except one or two small gatherings for Bible study holden in the woods, it was simply a day of abstinence from drill, inspection, review, etc., though we had a dress-parade, for the benefit of the Michiganders near us, we believe, and obtained much credit therefor.

To vary the monotony, several specimens of the poor white trash came into our camp at the Deserted House, and one deserter from the rebels. From the testimony of one of the poor whites it appeared that the planters could let their negro men out in North Carolina to make tar, for one hundred and fifty dollars per year, while in that region white help like himself, and he looked pretty well, could be obtained for fifty dollars a year. He seemed to rank himself beneath the black man.

For further variety, as there was abundant room, we were treated Monday, the 18th, to battalion drill, and as it was understood that our service in that region would continue some days longer, we received three days' extra rations. A part of these were baked beans; excellent in some companies, while in others, by some mischance or exposure to the hot weather, they were no better to the men than sour grapes. Picket duty was performed for a number of days in succession by Companies C and E. “A platoon of Com-

pany E were ordered to proceed some six or seven miles distant to a point on the Weldon railroad, and hold possession until relieved. They remained there two days."

The object of the expedition, now apparent to every one, was to remove the rails from the track of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad from Carsville, near the Blackwater river, to Suffolk. To accomplish this a large force of contrabands was sent out to do the work, and a strong military force, of which we were a part, to protect them. The sequel will show what was done.

Up to the time of Gen. Corcoran's arrival all the forces were under the command of Colonel, acting Brigadier, Foster. There were, as reported, six or seven brigadiers in Suffolk, none of whom had then appeared to take command. A number of the colonels acted as brigadiers.

Gen. Corcoran having arrived on the evening of the 19th, was serenaded by the band of the Eleventh, and with vocal music by our officers. His headquarters were with us during the night. In the following morning all the regiments about us, our own included, turned out early under arms, in anticipation of an attack, and remained so until sunrise.

REPORTED DISASTER TO THE ELEVENTH—FALSE ALARM AND MARCH TO WINDSOR.

The New York *Herald* of the 22d of May, published a ridiculous account that created no little consternation among the friends at home, stating that the Eleventh had an engagement with the One Hundred and Fifty-second New York, and that several of our men were killed or wounded. As stated at the time, we had no such engagement and made no such foolish mistake. Information first came to our camp that the Tenth New Jersey and the One Hundred and Sixty-

ninth and One Hundred and Seventieth New York were falling back to the Deserted House and were attacked by guerillas, losing one killed and six wounded. We will let "J. B. G." tell the story: "The truth is, that on the night of the 19th, the One Hundred and Seventieth New York met the Tenth New Jersey, and in some inexcusable way they mistook each other for rebels. Most of the injury done was in the One Hundred and Seventieth, and chiefly by their own men. Could you have seen the officers of that regiment as they reeled about the next morning and through the day, you would say, as is often the case in our disasters, 'whiskey did it.'"

Another account says: "Several of the killed and wounded were brought into camp at the Deserted House."

Still another says: "It appears that the horse of the Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventieth New York threw his rider because he *was unable to stay on*, and ran in the dark among the Tenth New Jersey. They fired, and the One Hundred and Seventieth returned the fire, and the Tenth suffered in one killed and six wounded."*

Another false alarm occurred on the 20th instant, occasioned by Col. Wardrop, a cavalry officer, and orderlies riding swiftly up to the Colonel's quarters and ordering the men to fall in, for the rebels were upon us; but not a rebel appeared. The mistake arose from the idea that a regiment of the enemy, instead of one of our own, was moving towards Suffolk.

* The writer saw next day a musket in the New York regiment which had been struck by a bullet from the New Jersey regiment. It was hit square against the band, the bullet penetrating so far as to make an opening through both sides of the barrel. The ball was left embedded in the barrel and showed from both sides.

ON THE MARCH—WINDSOR.

An order to march was received the same day, and soon after six o'clock the whole force of infantry, cavalry and artillery were in motion across the country, and after a tramp of about six miles by twilight, young moonlight and darkness, the Eleventh crossed the rails of the Petersburg Railroad, and rested a mile south of Windsor station. Dust was prevalent on the road, and heavy pine forests lined either side of our way.

Our immediate neighbors were the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania and the Nineteenth Wisconsin. The latter regiment were somewhat notorious for living on the enemy. Sheep and hogs furnished them with meat. They found plenty of corn, and in two instances, ground many bushels of meal in mills which they discovered and ran themselves.

Guerillas or bushwhackers were said to frequent the route of our march, to play the farmer by day and to murder by night. Report said that one of them was caught by the regiment just mentioned and shot without ceremony. It was also said that a couple of companies of Pennsylvania mounted riflemen, a part of our force, ventured too far and lost a few men.

We encamped near Windsor in a spot similar to the one we had just left, a large circular opening in the woods. It differed, in being divided by a straight railroad track, with the heaviest rail and best built road we had ever seen. Government made a handsome thing in tearing up, and saving for use, so many miles of such a track. The boys soon transformed the barren cotton field into a comfortable dwelling place. Immumerable booths, in every variety of style, composed of boughs, rubber blankets, and fence rails bor-

rowed for the occasion, covered the ground by what would be early breakfast hour at home, though the hot coffee, (made by themselves), crackers and salt-junk or pork, was devoured some time before.

Windsor is a one-horse town, and almost a one-house town. Four or five houses at most, including the depot and a few more, a quarter or a half a mile back, constituted the town. Union people were very scarce, and few men were to be seen. Some of the boys visited a farm down the road and chatted with the owner, who was somewhat inquisitive. They gave him information freely, and told him the force about there amounted to seventy thousand men, and fifty pieces of cannon! "Well," said he, "I thought there was a mighty heap of you 'un's 'round here."

There we remained all day Thursday and through the night. Our forces had hardly reached Windsor the night before, ere a locomotive with flats attached and a large company of contrabands passed up above the town, began to remove the rails and transport them to a safe place. The business was done in the most approved style and with very little loss of material.

THE ELEVENTH IN THE ADVANCE—SKIRMISH WITH THE REBELS.

About eight o'clock Friday morning, order came suddenly to fall in. Our blankets were rolled up in a trice, and we were in line and moving off the ground in ten minutes. Windsor was reckoned twelve miles by common road from Suffolk. We marched past the station with our brass band and drum band ahead, past the Sixth Massachusetts and Thirteenth Indiana, that had been in the advance, past Gen. Corcoran's headquarters, and took the advance our-

selves. "Old soldiers," said the men in the regiments that we passed, and they cheered us on. We were moving to a point where there was a probability of a brush with the enemy, and our Colonel requested that the Eleventh might be placed in the advance.

We moved on mid dust, the heat of the sun, and fires in the woods, about three miles and a half beyond Windsor, and halted at about the same distance from the Blackwater river, near Antioch church, in another opening in the woods. The Twenty-sixth Michigan were on the right and a section of Battery D, Fourth United States Artillery, were near us. The rays of the sun beat fiercely on our heads, and we immediately sought the shelter of the woods and bushes, on the edge of which our line rested. Our pickets were hardly thrown out, when "fall in" was the word, and we were told that our cavalry pickets had been driven in and that rebel infantry were following up; but it amounted to nothing. Several of these alarms followed during the day, and we became quite used to them. We had to go beyond our own pickets to obtain water.

Towards night, and until after dark, there was sharp firing, desultory at first, soon increasing, and at times quite rapid. It was plain that our pickets were at it, and they kept at it until the rebels disappeared. In the morning we learned more definitely, that Company F, Capt. Taft, with Lieut. Hudson, commanding the reserve, had fairly engaged the enemy's skirmishers, and done their part handsomely. It was proven beyond a doubt that the boys had no notion of being afraid of rebel bullets, and they were a fair match for the well-trained skirmishers of the rebel army. None of Company F were hurt, though the bullets of the enemy whistled plentifully around them. Col. Church, who proceeded to the scene of action when the firing began, was

immediately asked to dismount by a rebel bullet, and obeyed without a repetition of the request. Whether more than one of the enemy was struck by the bullets from our side we do not know. We supposed there were. The pickets of the Twenty-sixth Michigan were also firing at the same time. Next morning the hat and rifle of a soldier from a Mississippi regiment were brought in, and one of the mounted riflemen soon after obtained the body, which left no doubt that one rebel was killed by somebody, the Michiganders claiming the honor.

Upwards of thirty dollars Confederate money was found upon the body and some valuables. On the rifle was "R. A. Neely, Second Mississippi Volunteers."

We slept quietly and undisturbed Friday night. Careful provision was made to repel an attack. Company F was relieved on picket at ten o'clock by Company K, Capt. Mowry. Company C, Capt. Parkhurst, was also sent out as a support. The pioneers felled trees at night to barricade the road on which our line rested.

It was understood that we should fall back to Windsor as early, at least, as Saturday night, because the work on the railroad would be completed to that point, but the rebels were unwilling to let us off without one more visit. So, five o'clock in the afternoon, (perhaps they got wind of our intentions), pop, pop, pop; then too rapid to count; then a volley. The orderlies and horsemen came dashing down the road and the Eleventh were in line of battle in a twinkling. The cavalry pickets had fallen back, and the infantry pickets, Companies K and C and the Michigan boys, were having a lively time of it. Now the musketry rattled, and we could see the flashes in the woods ahead and the smoke. The rebels were *reported* coming up the road.

"Right dress! load at will!" was the order of Col.

Church. More pickets (one-half of Company E, Capt. James,) were sent out on the left; the officers' quarters, the dwellings of a day, were swept away, and the field cleared for action. "Company B, right face! forward march!" and up the road they went at double-quick, and deployed as skirmishers into the woods several hundred yards beyond us, while the other companies waited patiently and eagerly for the order to follow them. The Colonel urged his men to fight, but the words were not needed; the *order* was sufficient, and the previous conduct of the regiment was a warrant that Rhode Island would have had no cause to be ashamed of their action.

Gen. Dodge's headquarters were under a big tree, a little up the road on our right, and under his orders the battery opened with shell upon the rebels in the woods. The fuses were too short, and the missiles at first exploded over the heads of Companies K and B, but the mistake was quickly corrected, and the enemy received the full benefit of shot and shell.

Gen. Dodge's orders were, not to attack, but only to repel the enemy. Company K was in front, and a cavalryman had just reported to Capt. Mowry that no rebels were near. The latter ordered his men to remain concealed, when, a moment or two after, a volley from a hidden foe showed that the trooper had been cheated. At the outset, our boys were beyond the barricade in the road, and the enemy, with a force of cavalry flanked by infantry, one hundred and fifty or two hundred strong, charged upon our small force of pickets, who fell back on the reserve to a safer position, giving the foe a sharp fire on their retreat. They maintained their position till dark and after our whole force was well on its way to Windsor. Each company acquitted itself well.

Company C brought in two prisoners captured that night, and six more came in next morning. Companies B, C, and K acted as rear guard. The remainder of the regiment felt disappointed only because they had no share in the business.

The rebels were completely foiled, and lost, said the prisoners, one man killed and six wounded, while not a man on our side received a scratch.

We add the account of this affair given by "A. D. N.":

"About five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, sharp firing was heard between our pickets and those of the rebels. Our pickets, Companies C and K, were soon driven in by a rebel force of cavalry and infantry. Our regiment was immediately ordered into line, and Company B was sent down the road on the 'double-quick' to support the pickets. As soon as we arrived at our destination we were ordered to deploy as skirmishers. We deployed on the right and left of the road and advanced into the woods, where we remained until dark, advancing and retreating, and exchanging shots with the rebels. Meanwhile two pieces of our artillery kept up a brisk fire of shot and shell, which passed directly over our heads and had their designed effect, in causing the rebels to fall back from their position. One or two companies of the Twenty-sixth Michigan were also deployed on our right as skirmishers. A captain of one of the companies was shot in the arm by one of his own men during the skirmish. He has since died from the effects of the wound. His funeral took place on Wednesday last. Our much-esteemed First Lieutenant came near being shot by mistake, by a member of Company C. Companies C and K were deployed in our rear. The lieutenant's life was only saved by the marksman being a poor shot, as he was within a few rods of him when he fired.

"The rebels are said to have had two regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry and two pieces of artillery. They used only a small part of their force in the skirmish. Two rebels delivered themselves up to Company C as prisoners. They belonged to the Second Mississippi Volunteers, and declared themselves tired of fighting. They said there were two hundred more men of the same regiment who were anxious to get inside of our lines. They represented that there was a rebel force of eight thousand at the Black-water.

"It was in this skirmish that *our* boys were, for the first time,

‘under fire,’ and I but speak the sentiment of the regiment when I say that they behaved well. Every man was in his place and did his duty. Not one of them was injured.”*

Another account states that the two prisoners brought in by Company C said that opposed to us were six companies of the Second and two of the Eleventh Mississippi, and two companies of cavalry.

From another source we have the following :

“After that all was quiet for about an hour, when firing slowly began. The rebels were seen about six hundred yards in front, filing across the road, and our advance posts opened fire upon them, but the distance was too great for any execution. Soon after this, firing was heard on the right, and Capt. Mowry, who had been for upwards of half an hour firing upon the enemy with the musket of one of the men from his front post, hastened back to the cover of the woods, and sent Private Hicks on the run down to the right to find out what the matter was, saying he feared they would be flanked. Before Private Hicks could return to report, a sudden volley was fired, and three companies of rebel infantry advanced from the orchard on our right, and three companies from the ‘road lined with bushes,’ on the left, while a squadron of cavalry and two howitzers came thundering down the road in front.

“The picket men rallied at the barricade, and as the rebels came up opened fire upon them with considerable execution. The men on the right had just time to jump

* “In this skirmish,” writes another, “a platoon of Company E was ordered forward to the centre. They entered a wood just beyond which was a plain, and beyond that another wood, from which emerged several hundred rebels. They advanced to the centre of the plain, then gave one of their characteristic yells and charged upon our line. Immediately our men were ordered to load and fire as rapidly as possible. Five or six volleys were fired. The rebels did not advance far into the wood, but came within about two hundred feet of our skirmish line and then retired.”

into the woods and save themselves from capture, and those on the left also narrowly escaped being taken. One man lost his blanket and another his cap. But they all obeyed orders, and the barricade was held, though against fearful odds. There were not more than thirty men in that part of the company that fell back to the barricade, the rest of them being on the cross road towards the left. But these men successfully resisted the six companies of infantry, and drove them back. During this sharp and rapid firing, one of the men, Private Patterson, broke the nipple of his musket, and was thus disabled. With scarce a moment's hesitation he threw the gun over his shoulder and marched back to the rest of the regiment, borrowed another musket, and was soon loading and firing as if nothing of the sort had happened. While thus engaged in firing, Capt. Mowry's colored boy, John Taylor, got a musket from some one, and stood up boldly at the barricade, loading and firing with great rapidity. On one of the small branches of a large tree had been thrown a canteen. In the haste, this useful article had been left swinging there, when a minie ball struck it near one edge and set it whirling with considerable swiftness. This pleased John, and he, laughing heartily, said, 'See de canteen whirling, see de canteen whirling.' Meantime Companies B and E were sent forward from the regiment, now drawn up in line of battle and waiting for orders to march forward, on the double-quick, and deployed as skirmishers; Company B, Capt. Thrasher, to the right of the road, and Company E, Capt. James, to the left of the road. Soon there was a lull in the firing of the enemy, probably caused by the rapid shelling from a couple of Parrots, which opened upon them by order of Gen. Dodge, in command of our artillery. Just at this juncture, when the artillery had stopped firing, Capt. Mowry, Company

K ran out to the front to reconnoitre, supposing from commands, which could be distinctly heard through the thin skirt of woods that separated us from the open plain beyond, that Col. Church had deployed the regiment, or what remained of it at the rear, unengaged, to the right, by an old cart path, and so had attacked the rebels at close quarters. The Captain, therefore, wishing to learn the exact position at the front, that he might lead his company forward and join the regiment in this attack upon the enemy which had so suddenly driven in his pickets, hurried forward past the barricade, beyond the line of skirmishers, and suddenly presented himself in the open road in full view of the plain beyond.

What was his astonishment, then, on looking up the road, to find, drawn up in column by platoons in the light pines, those six companies of rebel skirmishers, just ahead of him, in full view, and only about sixty yards from him. It required but a second of time to comprehend the situation. They were not blue-coats at all, as he had supposed, but they were in very truth, '*gray-backs*.' But no sooner had that truth flashed upon his mind, than those veritable gray-backs, all, with a singular unanimity of purpose, and without waiting even for a word of command, drew a bead upon the astonished Captain, and fired. But, equal to the emergency, he had grasped the situation, and had instantly, quick as thought, thrown himself flat in the gutter, by the side of the road. The ground descended slightly from where the rebels were to the place where the Captain was, and every shot of the volley, probably from more than a hundred muskets, passed over him, and he escaped unharmed. Instantly, as soon as the volley was past, he threw himself into the brush and rapidly (without any doubt) joined his company. But the firing continued so brisk, that on his

return he found that Capt. Parkhurst, who was acting as his reserve, had ordered his men to lie down.

“It was now near sunset, and the order had been received early in the day for the whole force to move to Windsor station. The execution of this order had been delayed till evening on account of the intensity of the heat. As the rebels had been effectually repulsed, this order was soon carried into execution.”

BACK TO WINDSOR—COOKING RATIONS—THOSE HAMS.

On the night of the skirmish, in accordance with the previous plan and positive orders, the Union forces, the Eleventh in the rear, fell back several miles and bivouacked on our old camp-ground near Windsor, most of the men re-occupying the temporary shelters we had left. Some of these were quite extensive, where two or three tenants occupied them, and on the previous Thursday evening twenty-five or thirty persons gathered in one of them for a religious meeting. It was nothing new for soldiers to cook rations, but until this tramp the Eleventh did very little of it, and it was no small source of amusement to witness the various styles and devices of the men to make their rations palatable. The cooks of some of the companies were present, either a part or all of the time, and did some cooking even under those shifting circumstances.

On the march back to Windsor we were not only almost smothered in dust, but our eyes were filled with smoke from the woods that were on fire on either side, nearly the whole route. Once in a while, the fire streaming now and then from the tall trees, seemed

“Like banners in the sky,”

but the sight hardly paid for the price of the show.

While in camp at Windsor, Company G discovered a large lot of hams hid away near a house, and the woman who occupied the premises, went so far in her ignorance of their whereabouts, as to buy one from the "G's," who repaid her patronage, by soon after discovering a still larger lot in the loft.

BARRETT'S PLANTATION.

We broke camp at Windsor at three o'clock Sunday afternoon. It was one of the hottest days the regiment experienced during its whole time of service. We marched three miles towards Suffolk on the road to Providence chapel, the intensest rays of the sun beating on our heads all the way, until we halted at Rev. Mills Barrett's plantation. Add to the heat the clouds of suffocating dust that enveloped us throughout the march, especially when a large body of cavalry passed us, and it was the most trying tramp we had made. We believe this opinion was shared by a majority of the officers and men. No "weary traveler" ever "espied his home from some o'er-looking hill," with more satisfaction than the men of the Eleventh beheld the green lawn of this plantation, as they filed in and drank of the water from the old oaken bucket of the old-fashioned well, and bathed their heads with its deep stored waters. On our way we saw two or three neat-looking houses, fronting fine estates, and a waving field of wheat called forth the exclamations of the men.

At Barrett's plantation we learned much that was new to us as a regiment, and to most of us as individuals. It opened to us a view of slavery that we had not seen before. A planter, a divine of the Baptist denomination, a son, chaplain in the rebel army, another at Norfolk, said to be

loyal, twenty-two slaves of all ages, and several shades of color, and an estate that comprised three hundred and six acres of land of all kinds, a large white house of no style of architecture (usual in the parts where we travelled), standing far back from the road, the smooth lawn in front and around the house, dotted here and there with shade and fruit-trees, and a well with a bucket balanced on the end of a long pole, with poorer houses on one side for negroes, and out-houses for various purposes. A big corn field, on which an average of five bushels to the acre only was raised, a cotton field on the left, an orchard with fine varieties of fruit, good stock, starvingly fed poultry, and magnificent woods complete the picture of the surroundings.

The owner of all this was rank secesh; the housekeeper, Miss Mary, as bitter as wormwood; the darkies were Union, and fully believing that

“It must be now the kingdom’s coming,
And the year of jubilee.”

Somebody in the house was sick when the regiment arrived there. “Been sick a week, massa,” said one of the female, Union colored persons. “Taken sick five minutes before the Union soldiers come here, to save the house from burning down,” was added in an under tone.

There was another, and no mean attraction, at that camp, the magnolia trees in the woods near us, with their lily-like blossoms, and their exquisite fragrance. Oceans of blackberry bushes, in full bloom, skirted the woods about. And we remember now the huckleberry bushes on our march to the “Deserted House,” which, with their beautiful white bell-like clusters, lined the roadside.

WHO WAS IN COMMAND?

Gen. Corcoran and staff, Col. Church and staff, and many other officers, made Barrett's house, which was roomy, their headquarters. During this raid, for it amounted to that, it was difficult for most of us to tell who was in command. Col. Foster, acting as brigadier, was in command several days, and then was taken sick. Gen. Corcoran, able then to absent himself from his court of inquiry, in reference to shooting Col. Kimball, came out and assumed command. Gen. Dodge arrived and had command of the artillery and cavalry, and in the skirmish on Saturday, it was said, directed operations. When in Suffolk, we were in Gen. Terry's brigade, then in Col. Wardrop's, again in Col. Farrow's, and during the last two days, before reaching Suffolk, on our return to Camp Perry, in Col. Church's, he acting as brigadier, and Col. Wardrop commanding all the infantry force. Whoever was in command, we advanced, moved and fell back; Gen. Corcoran's headquarters being most of the time at Windsor, and Gen. Dodge's at Antioch church, several miles nearer the Blackwater.

WONDER OF THE SLAVES AT THE MUSIC OF THE BAND.

On the night that we halted at Barrett's, a great deal of amusement was created early in the evening by the actions of the slaves, old and young, while the band was playing some of their fine music. The older ones were pleased and astonished, while the little ones, from three years' old and upwards, were fairly frightened at the power of some of the instruments, especially of the big drum. They would steal up gradually, while some pleasing strain was played, and

when a crashing passage burst forth, would skedaddle in the greatest terror. The youngsters gave an exhibition in dancing which created shouts of merriment, especially as the *little* sables, in neat, white dresses, flitted about in the dusk like so many witches.

ORDERLY FORAGING.

“Promiscuous foraging,” says “J. B. G.” was “strictly prohibited, as it is very demoralizing to the troops, but when conducted properly, there is no reason why we should not take articles belonging to the enemy.” As an instance, we suppose, of what was proper, he adds: “We learned here, from a contraband, that a neighbor had concealed a quantity of corn in the woods, and a team, accompanied by Maj. Moss and others of the staff of the Eleventh, with a guard, were dispatched to confiscate it. We found enough near a by-path about a mile distant, to fill a large army wagon, and our horses have eaten it with all the composure with which they eat the forage which is bought and paid for.” It is easy to see how much nearer right it was for staff officers with a guard to *confiscate* a lot of corn, than it was for privates to capture “a pig or pigs, hog or hogs,” etc.; or, for illustration, a story is told that Col. Church happened in the woods where some of the boys in Company K were dressing off a hog, and inquired of Sergt. Viall: “Did you shoot that hog?” “No, sir,” said the Sergeant, “he ran upon my bayonet: will you have a piece, Colonel?” Was that hog, and many other animals who died on this raid, eaten with the same composure by the officers and men, as if they had been bought and paid for?

A GOVERNMENT TEAM BECOMES A CHARIOT OF FREEDOM.

Among the slaves of Mills Barrett, was a creole, whose husband was free in Suffolk, at work in the Union commissary department. In her youthful days she was fair, and she had, among her seven children, which we saw, four which were said to be the children of her master's brother's son. The two kinds of children were easily distinguished. They dwelt in an older mansion near by, and the writer was permitted to view the premises. There was the monstrous fire-place of the olden time, an old-fashioned bake-pan, a loom in one corner on which they wove a very coarse and stout cotton cloth, from cotton grown on the estate, and a long chest full of fine dresses, made by the eldest daughter for her missus. This all told of a decaying aristocracy.

Monday afternoon, this whole family were carted off to leave a heap of trouble on the mind of old Secesh. Some were shocked that they should want to, and did, thus leave the old man, but the majority were well pleased with the transaction. We will quote from "J. B. G." again: "One woman with seven children were anxious to proceed to Suffolk to join her husband, . . . and our Adjutant made an arrangement to take them and their worldly goods to town. After dinner the team drove up, and a very few minutes were sufficient to hurry beds, boxes, crockery, darkies and all, into the wagon, and they moved off while three rousing cheers were given by the regiment. The old man and his housekeeper stood in the door of their house, and saw them as they turned their backs forever without a tear of regret, upon the family, giving a practical comment to the idea that slaves will never leave their masters." This family proceeded on their freedom trip some distance towards Suffolk, when Col. Wardrop, learning what had been done, proceeded

after them in great anger, and ordered the government team to return to Barrett's; but to the best of our knowledge, our Adjutant's executive ability was equal to the Colonel's wrath. The team went back, per order, but the family found a hiding place near by, and at night proceeded in safety on their way to Suffolk.

One or two of the planter's boys went into the employ of our officers as servants, and when the Union soldiers finally moved off, Mills Barrett's personal property amounted to twenty-two *servants*, minus about twenty who "went and run'd away."

"J. B. G." writes further: "When we leave, as we shall do to-day, there will be several tenements to let on this and other plantations, as the remainder of the slaves are intending to form an escort for the regiment. The news of our coming is spreading all around, and we have already heard of twenty or more from other families who propose to make a march for liberty. There is no murmuring among the people, as they seem to expect such things, and are content to submit and furnish provision if we need, if we will only leave them behind and not burn their houses."

END OF THE RAID.

The end of our journeyings drew near, for Tuesday, the 26th instant, after much delay, and much mystery as to where we were bound, we took up our line of march in the middle of the afternoon, and after a brisk tramp of about four hours in a Virginia fence course, halted, with the exception of two companies, who were ordered on picket, several miles outside of Suffolk, and encamped, as was supposed, for the night, but about ten o'clock pickets were called in, all were aroused, and at half an hour after mid-

night we were joyfully received by the comrades who had remained behind in Camp Perry.

Lieut. Snow, in our absence, was installed in the Colonel's quarters as commandant of camp—like one of old, supreme for a day—with an orderly to run here and there and do his bidding, and every soldier able to do anything was kept thoroughly busy in one kind of duty or another.

RESULT.

The result of this expedition was, some eighty miles of railroad track on two roads torn up and stored in a place of safety, worth to the government one hundred thousand dollars, making it very difficult for the enemy to bring supplies for a large force to besiege Suffolk, and rendering it easy for a small number of troops to hold the place. About twenty-five deserted dwellings and seventy-five other buildings were burned, and quite an amount of forage secured. According to the best reports, two of the enemy were killed and six wounded, a number of prisoners were captured, fifty more came away, and others continued to come in. About two hundred slaves entered our lines, upon whom the enemy depended to furnish them with supplies the next fall. We met with no loss on our side, except a Michigan Captain, who, recklessly, as we believe, exposed himself to the fire of his own men.

As to the part that the Eleventh bore, it is enough to say that they were out eleven days without tents of any kind, tramped about forty miles, and did promptly and well whatever they were ordered to do. Only on one day and night did we have unpleasant weather.

SOME OTHER THINGS THAT WE OBSERVED.

The day after our return to Camp Perry was spent in a general cleaning up of persons, clothes and equipments, and a return to the usual routine of camp life.

Our Colonel and Major, with Lieut. James, of the Engineer Corps, Sergt. Viall, of Company K, a corporal and eight men of the Eleventh, paid a visit to the Jericho canal, running from the Nansemond river to Drummond lake, to ascertain the condition of the canal. On the 30th instant, we had some fine showers, and the first considerable rain for about three weeks.

There was one feature during our raid into the enemy's country, which somewhat surprised us—the large amount of cultivated land. What the proportion was before the war we could not tell, but we returned to Suffolk by roads on which were the fewest dwellings, and saw a great many acres regularly cultivated, with evident care, corn predominating. It was equally true that hardly a man was seen, and such as we saw, appeared very old. There was one house just outside of our pickets, when we were nearest Zuni, which contained two families, and in one of them a young woman, eighteen years old, so said her mother, who worked regularly in the field. The other family consisted of a widow and her little boy, whose husband, she said, died before the war. “He had been a house carpenter, and had built the *hight* of the houses in Windsor.” She said it cost them three dollars a day to get plowing done, and she represented their destitution in a pitiful light. One of our captains on picket near by wanted to wash, and asked the other family for some soap. Some black, soft soap was produced, and, finally, as a special accommodation, an old chest was overhauled and a small piece of hard

soap, nicely wrapped up in a cloth, was brought to light ; but so apparent was it that this could hardly be spared, that the officer refused it and used the other.

These people would gladly have picked up the hard-tack that we left on the field when we moved, and the soap that we threw away would have been a treasure. The officer to whom we have just referred, had a hoe-cake baked and paid for it twenty-five cents of our money ; but the woman said she would rather have a pinch of salt—another article that was a drug in our camp on that march—than the money. These were but isolated specimens of the condition of things wherever we went, and the absence of nearly, if not quite all, the negroes in that region, could not fail to make the destitution still greater.

ROUTINE—ATTENDANCE AT THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH—
DRESS-PARADE.

The regiment were constantly employed in picket, guard and fatigue duty, battery support at night, and battalion drill was added in the middle of the afternoon. Another inspection came on the last day of the month, but it was done up in good style, and was far less tedious than in our earlier experiences. In the afternoon, however, some thirty or forty comrades were permitted to attend service at an Episcopal Church in town, and listen to an excellent discourse from the Chaplain of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Pennsylvania, from Romans 3d chapter and 20th verse.

There is a propriety in alluding to our dress-parades in this latter part of our service. Col. Church had an eye for dress-parades, and being a civil engineer, evidently knew a straight line. We thought we had fine dress-parades on Miner's Hill, but Col. Church made up his mind to put on

the finishing touches. The Lieutenant Colonel or Major usually conducted the dress-parades, while the Colonel made observations on the flanks, and sometimes in the rear rank. On the Sunday just referred to we supposed we had had a fine display of that sort, and the usual religious service after it, when, lo! an order came, and two more dress-parades followed, the second lasting until the sun dipped beneath the horizon. When the lines in open order were formed according to Col. Church's ideas, a person standing on the flank could see but four men, instead of six or seven hundred; the officers and men stood like so many statues, the mosquitoes, flies, wood-ticks and other small blood-suckers had free scope for nearly half an hour, and tobacco chewing and spitting were done away. A day or two after this, when we were off on battalion drill, the Colonel formed us into a square, and "Now," said he, "I have you where you can hear me, and I want to say a few words about dress-parade." Well, we did not take notes; it was a good speech of the kind, however.

Again, to our surprise, on the 5th of June, the ever-welcome paymaster appeared, the pay-roll was signed and the regiment paid. The Allotment Commissioner followed on the next day to take home just as much as the boys chose to send to their families and friends.

GEN. TERRY—GREAT SERVICE IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

One day then was much like another. There were fair skies, pleasant breezes and a burning sun. On the night of the 6th of June, we had one of those tremendous showers, accompanied by the grandest thunder and vivid lightning, such as we had heard only in that southern country. The thunder on that night resembled a rapid and regular cannonade.

When Sunday morning came we had our usual inspection varied by the presence of Gen. Terry. He was a man of no little weight, with a pleasant countenance, round head, carefully trained moustache, and faultless attire. His criticisms and commendations were freely bestowed. His manner was agreeable. He had ideas and opinions of his own, which he took no pains to conceal. The regiment received a due share of praise from his lips, and on the whole we were not sorry that he made us a visit.

Immediately after the inspection, by the Colonel's permission, quite a large delegation from the regiment, proceeded to the Methodist Church in Suffolk, and joined in public worship there. The house, including galleries, was filled with soldiers from the various regiments of the Suffolk army, and many stood. Three chaplains were present. The sermon was by the Chaplain of the One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, from Ephesians, 3d chapter and 15th verse. The whole congregation united in song. Col. Church, Lieut.-Col. Pitman, and Maj. Moss, from the Eleventh were present. After the regular service about two hundred remained to partake of the communion, administered to Christians of various denominations in the Methodist form, by the chaplains before mentioned, our own being of the number. This setting aside of all minor differences and blending many hearts in a testimony of fealty to the Captain of our Salvation, was a most interesting scene. Around a common altar met officers and privates of all arms of the service, from Eastern, Western and Middle States—brethren. Who would not rejoice that there were so many men in our army that daily offered their morning and evening sacrifice to Jehovah, that He might go forth with our armies and cause them to triumph.

CONTRABAND SERVICE.

In the afternoon of the same day, some twenty-five of us walked over to Uniontown, not far from our camp, on the banks of the river, entered the large chapel of the contrabands and remained standing, while they carried on their worship, for more than an hour and a half. The building was crowded with colored people of all ages and shades. There were old and gray-haired men and women, numberless children, and infants at the breast, all engaged in worship with the utmost intensity and earnestness.

The dresses were in the most wonderful and fantastic variety; the manifestations unsuited to any other place. The singing defied all description. If we should attempt a description of what we saw we should be open to the charge of fun-making; yet it was one of the most serious and affecting religious assemblies the writer ever attended. They sang frequently, the melodies set to the most singular words. Some of the tunes were lively and adapted to dancing, but most of them were very plaintive in their character. The Jubilee singers have given us the only specimens of the peculiar music of these ex-slaves and their plantation melodies. The choruses were powerful and moving. An exhortation of an elderly gray-haired brother was full of pith and point, and would not disgrace a better educated mind. It was a regular plantation conference and prayer meeting, to be enjoyed only south of Mason and Dixon's line.

ANOTHER SHAMPAIGN.

We had a grand expedition one day on fatigue duty in which one-half of the regiment went out, as in the early part of our service, to level the woods about two miles off.

in the range of the batteries on the Nansmond, and the other half to work on Fort Mansfield, near our camp, returning in the evening. Then came an order to move in light marching order, each man to burden himself with one hundred rounds of cartridges. We left camp at one o'clock, marched out about a mile, rested, countermarched and returned to camp at half-past two, and thus ended, as the boys expressed it, another shampaign.

SECOND RAID TO THE BLACKWATER.

We were ordered to march and to take with us three days' cooked rations and sixty-five rounds of cartridges,* the next morning. At ten o'clock we marched from camp to the rendezvous at the outermost signal station, where we joined a force which included fifteen regiments of infantry, three batteries, and Spear's Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, waiting for the order to move. In half an hour the column started on the South Quay (or Somerton) road, Terry's Brigade, the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York ahead, and the Rhode Island Eleventh second on the right. We halted about one o'clock for dinner. In mid-afternoon light refreshing showers laid the dust, and we had a comparatively cool time through the night. We camped near where a road turns off to Somerton, sixteen miles from Suffolk.

We moved Saturday morning at six o'clock for the Blackwater river, and about ten o'clock the Eleventh filed into, and formed a line of battle in, an opening in the woods a mile and a half from the river, as a support to Battery D, Fourth United States Artillery. Company B was thrown out for a short time as skirmishers, re-called, and in about

* Thirty-five less than on the previous day, when we were expected to move on another expedition.

an hour we moved on to South Quay, five miles from our starting point in the morning, again formed near the woods while the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York went in as skirmishers, driving the enemy from their rifle-pits across the river, and the battery, supported by our regiment, shelled the town on the opposite side, getting no reply after an hour's cannonade, though a few of the One Hundred and Thirtieth were slightly wounded by the rebel sharp-shooters. Whether we inflicted any loss on the enemy we could not learn. We set fire to six or eight buildings and moved thence to Carsville, twelve miles, which we reached about nine o'clock in the evening, and bivouacked for the night.

As usual, we did our hardest day's work Sunday. We were aroused about three o'clock in the morning, made our coffee and started about half-past five o'clock for Franklin, on the other side of the Blackwater, where the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad crosses the river, and arrived there about nine o'clock, where we formed in line of battle, and the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York deployed as skirmishers. About eleven o'clock the Fourth Delaware battery opened fire on the heavy rebel breastworks on both sides of the river, about a mile to the front, shelling the place also, for about an hour. The Pennsylvania cavalry made a spirited charge through the town on our side and down to the river. It was an exciting time. Several men were wounded by the rebel sharp-shooters. About two o'clock we started on the Windsor road for Anderson's Corners, which we reached about nine o'clock in the evening, and remained there for the night.

This was a raid for forage and damage to the rebels; all decent horses and mules were taken under our protection. By permission of the authorities, our men helped themselves to many useful articles. Hens died of exposure, honey

proved as sweet as ever, and bee stings were as sharp as usual. At one place the boys had a sharp skirmish with the bees, and a secesh woman, who did not like to lose her hens, eggs, etc., pitched into them quite handsomely.

We marched Monday morning to Zuni, or Blackwater Bridge, passed our old skirmish ground, near Antioch Church, shelled the rebels at mid-day on the opposite side of the stream, for a short time receiving no response, and were sent into a corn-field, where the sun almost burnt us up. Company B were sent into the woods as skirmishers, and after shelling the rebels once more, our forces marched back again to Anderson's Corners, which we reached about half-past five o'clock, pretty well tired out and expecting to camp there for the night. Coffee was made and rations were eaten, when the word went round that we should make another march that night. Soon we were ordered to fall in, and we waited in line until half-past nine o'clock. Within this two or three hours of waiting, came one of those pleasant reliefs which whiled away the time and inspirited the men of the Eleventh for the march before them. A song was started in one of the companies of the Eleventh, then another, then a chorus. The One Hundred and Thirtieth New York, our neighbors in line, responded, and again were urged to respond, and such songs as "We've a million in the field," "When this cruel war is over," and "John Brown," rung out upon the still night air, and the comrades forgot their weariness and tramped off seven or more miles to Carsville, reaching it about one o'clock in the morning, sleeping soundly on our corn-field bed and rising with the lark.

We moved off again between nine and ten o'clock for Franklin. After a march of about five miles to the Blackwater, we halted about twelve o'clock, rested and then

moved on to Franklin, reached an agreeable position in the edge of some woods, where we were strictly ordered to keep in position and be ready. A fight was maintained in front of the woods, and sharp skirmishing all the afternoon. A small infantry force drove the rebel pickets in.* A captain of the Ninety-ninth New York was mortally wounded, and a number of privates were either killed or wounded. Here we remained through the night and had rations of fresh beef, for the men of the different regiments had killed some ten or twelve cows, and hogs and shoats shared a similar fate. Our position during this day was a comfortable one; we could enjoy the shade when we pleased, and were near a large swampy pond of water, which proved very agreeable.

We moved the next day to the support of Battery D, United States Artillery, and remained all day under the intense rays of a burning sun. Lively skirmishing was kept up all day. It was estimated that on this and the previous day the loss on our side was fifteen killed and wounded. Many houses were burned with our shells. Three companies of the Eleventh were ordered on picket, which duty was performed each night we were out. At night we made a five mile march to Carsville once more, arriving there between nine and ten o'clock.

We were aroused very early Thursday morning and moved at quarter-past four o'clock to the Deserted House, eight miles, on empty stomachs, over two hours without a single halt. We stopped an hour, ate our breakfast, bathed as we could in the brook, and started for Suffolk, nine miles distant, which was reached between one and two o'clock. The sun was fiercely hot, the men were pressed to the utmost, and several hundred gave out by the way, notwithstanding an order from the commander that any who fell out from any

* Sharp-shooters across the river.

cause but sickness, would be taken up by the provost guard, sent to Suffolk, and tried by a court martial. Luckily there was no guard-house or jail in town to hold them. During this march we saw the first school-house we had observed during our campaign in Virginia, south of Washington.

REFLECTIONS.

“A. D. N.” thus writes of this march: “It was a series of marches and counter-marches under a scorching heat, the most severe the regiment had made on account of the extreme heat and dust. Many of the men returned to the camp in advance of the regiment, either foot-sore or otherwise disabled. When the regiment arrived at Camp Perry, at noon, June 18th, most of the men were foot-sore and jaded out, though otherwise in good spirits. A few suffered from sun-stroke.”

We add further, that while Gen. Corcoran was in command, most of the marching was begun and continued in very quick time in the hottest part of the day. The curses of men and officers in the various regiments lighted upon his head. It was without judgment, inhuman and brutal to use Union soldiers in the style he used them. Old soldiers who had passed through all that soldiers ought to endure, declared that they had never experienced *such* marching.

The same may be said of the last day's march under Col. Foster. Some of the companies in some of the regiments had but five men on reaching Suffolk. The Eleventh came off as well, perhaps better, than any regiment but the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York, who prided themselves on their marching, and had been specially drilled to it. Heat and dust combined to make the ordeal a severe one.

In strong contrast with all this, was the conduct of Col.

Church, his staff and our line officers. The staff officers frequently dismounted and permitted officers and men to take their places. They carried guns and equipments, and did all in their power for the comfort of their commands, and so of the line officers. Our Colonel won the special good-will of the men by his sympathy and kindness during this march. We believed that had he been in command and arranged the time of marching, comparatively few would have fallen out.

Thus ended the second effort of the Eleventh to get at the enemy after the enemy had been compelled to abandon their attempt upon Suffolk. A favoring Providence saved the regiment from the loss of a man. Picket duty on this raid was no farce, and in their skirmishes with the enemy they were as much exposed to danger as those regiments that lost members in killed and wounded. They were always prompt to move; they occupied an honorable position in a force of veteran infantry, and they endured the hardships of the service with the fortitude of soldiers of larger experience in the field of conflict.

Our regiment had been at the front a little more than two months. They performed every duty and obeyed every order to the satisfaction of the generals commanding. Our Colonel claimed that his regiment would get into line quicker than any other regiment. If every man escaped the bullets of the enemy, it was the fault of the rebels. The men were received by the comrades in camp with the heartiest welcome and an exhibition of the most generous hospitality that a "soldier's fare" could afford.

AWAY FOR YORKTOWN.

Rumors that we must make preparation for another march were circulated almost as soon as we returned to Camp

Perry. Rumors that Suffolk was to be abandoned were also rife. But we were not long left in suspense, for on the very next day we rose at early dawn, put ourselves in the best trim possible, partook of our morning meal of salt-junk, hard-tack and coffee, bid farewell to Camp Perry without much murmuring, marched to the railroad depot in Suffolk, waited at mid-day for a fine shower to lay the dust on the road, and for further orders to move, and at half-past two took the cars for Norfolk, where we arrived at four o'clock. Transports were at the wharf with steam up; we marched on board the "Maple Leaf," one of the largest, unloaded our knapsacks, and at six o'clock started for Yorktown. We steamed past Fortress Monroe and up the bay till shrouded in darkness, and then on—stopping only one hour in the night—till daylight on the morning of the 20th. We made a run of seventy or eighty miles during the night. A few comrades enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on the hurricane deck and breathing the pure air of heaven on a warm summer night. We disembarked early, and, in due time, with music sounding and colors flying, marched through the streets of dirty, straggling, dilapidated Yorktown.

On the opposite shore was Gloucester. All about us were the old fortifications of the rebels, and the remains of the more ancient ones of Revolutionary days. We were doubtless in the field and near by the tree, where, tradition says, Cornwallis delivered up his sword to Washington, or rather to Lincoln, to whom Washington, for good reasons, required that Cornwallis should surrender.

CAMP AT YORKTOWN.

We at once moved to a pleasant location near by springs of excellent water, not far from York river, and near a fine

long beach overhung by a high, romantic bluff. On the left and northward, on the opposite shore, was Gloucester Point, with its camps and dwellings, stretching out to meet the bluff on this side, while the many and various crafts in view added to the picturesqueness of the effect. Here, for a while, the boys had glorious times in salt water bathing, and, in the language of another, "All Saturday and Sunday, York river was kept in lively commotion by Rhode Islanders."

On our camp-ground was the celebrated tree in which the rebel darkey sharp-shooter was shot by "California Joe." It then lay on its side, twenty-one feet in circumference and hollow, and was used by our regiment for a guard-house.

The Twenty-second Connecticut, our old neighbors on Miner's Hill, were camped near us awaiting transportation home. In the evening before we left, the officers of that regiment invited the officers of the Eleventh to enjoy a parting social entertainment. They accepted, and, in spite of a drenching rain, came back well pleased with their reception.

THE MARCH FOR WILLIAMSBURG.

Our last brigade inspection was on Sunday, the 21st. The morning was pleasant; night brought thunder and rain. This made mud on the roads for the next day, but also saved us from the dust. So, on Monday morning, in light marching order, required, without rhyme or reason, to take one hundred rounds of cartridges upon our persons, we started for the forts near Williamsburg. The route of about twelve miles was through a pleasant country, more undulating than around the Blackwater, and instead of sand ankle deep, we moved on a hard road with a "right smart" sprinkling of mud and water. A slight mist enshrouded the sun and tempered the heat of this longest day in summer. Judgment

coupled with mercy made this march, from ten o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, a mere excursion, compared with our race to the Blackwater. We had nearly or quite three hours of halting, including that for dinner, in cool and shady places. We moved with the brigade, which included, with the Eleventh, five regiments, the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York, One Hundred and Fifty-second New York, One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania, Twenty-sixth Michigan, and a battalion of sharpshooters.

Soon after our halt, at five o'clock P. M., an order came for the rest of the brigade to move on twelve miles further, while we were to report to Col. West, at Fort Magruder. Our brass band accompanied the brigade a mile or more in the direction of Williamsburg, Col. Church and staff riding at the head of the column with Col. Gibbs and staff, of the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York. In due time they halted and the officers bade good-bye to the various regiments. As they marched past they gave the Eleventh and their band three cheers, and moved on, as we then thought, to Richmond.

Night found the various companies of the regiment distributed in the many forts in that locality—well built and designed to resist the march of McClellan to Richmond. Previous to our occupancy, the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York were stationed in these forts. They joined the force that was then moving up the Peninsula. Companies A and D occupied Fort Magruder, Company B occupied the camp of the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York, where also our Colonel and staff made their headquarters. Companies F and K occupied redoubts still further to the left. The other companies were posted in the redoubts to the right of Fort Magruder and near to Williamsburg.

Near by were the "battle-fields where Hooker and Heintzleman fought the rebels the summer previous. There were many graves and other evidences of a severe contest. The ground was thickly strewn with cartridge boxes, belts, etc., perforated with bullets."

There was abundant opportunity, diligently improved, for the regiment to recruit the health and strength lost in the Blackwater march. The duty in the fort and redoubts was light. It consisted of guard duty and some drilling in the manual. There was an abundance of early fruit, and the men made the most of their isolated position to supply the natural cravings of the inner man with things so juicy.

"HOMEWARD BOUND."

As the last day of our term of service, according to our muster roll, drew nigh, the men grew more anxious, pricked up their ears to every sight and sign that gave hope of relief from duty in the forts, and awaited impatiently the order to march to Yorktown and take the transport for Rhode Island. There were discussions and misgivings, but early in the evening, the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth New York came to relieve us, and at about nine o'clock the various companies began to move under orders, to the place of rendezvous. Strength was renewed, steps light, faces short, words of cheer were spoken, and, at last, about half-past ten o'clock, the column moved towards Yorktown, inspirited for a while by music from the band, and favored by the most glorious moonlight.

We entered Yorktown to the music of the band about four o'clock in the morning of the 1st of July, had a merry greeting from those who had remained behind, took some refreshment, and as many as chose sought sleep. The day

was spent in putting guns and equipments in order for the homeward voyage.

ANOTHER DEATH—WAITING FOR THE FINAL ORDER.

One more man was called to his long home just as he could almost see the “promised land.” William B. Clark, a member of Company I, and a leading musician of the brass band, died at Suffolk of typhoid fever, while the company were at Williamsburg. On account of the position he held, his death was a serious loss to the regiment, while Company I mourned the only loss of a comrade, either by disease or any cause, at a time when their separation from him prevented their paying the last honors to his memory. They hoped that he went to that “better land” where his warfare is forever ended, where the “inhabitant shall never say ‘I am sick.’” where “all is happiness and all is peace.”

On our arrival at Yorktown, the propeller transport, “John Rice,” was at the wharf to take us home; but to our disappointment, an accident to her machinery obliged her to go to Norfolk for repairs, and, although the Colonel made repeated efforts to procure other and speedier transportation, we were compelled to await her return before we could proceed on our way to our “Land of Promise.”

The Duke of Wellington is said to have remarked that “two-thirds of a soldier’s life is made up of waiting.” Our waiting, however, at that time, was improved by the men in the most satisfactory way. Bathing was at a premium. Oysters were bought at a reasonable price. Blackberries could be had in abundance for the picking, and some of the latter were of the largest dimensions; contrabands brought cherries, pies, biscuit, and other fixings. Sutlers were as ready to shave as ever, and they were on hand to *accommodate* the soldiers.

Among the last things to be recorded, we name the entertainment of the band, which had previously serenaded him at Williamsburg, by Lieut. Henri. E. Bacon, of Company F, who, for some time previous, had been acting as Division Commissary. Music and mirth were the prominent features of the occasion. A large number of officers were also present.

NEAREST TO RICHMOND.

“Twelve men of Company B, under command of Sergt. John R. Anderson, made an excursion to the ‘White House’ on the James river, last week; having been nearer to Richmond than any other portion of the regiment. They were detailed on Friday night as rear guard to a forage train, bound nine miles out from Williamsburg, but their journey was prolonged until they unexpectedly found themselves at the White House landing. They took transportation from that place to Yorktown, where they arrived Sunday night. They represent that they were amply repaid for their trip, by the sights which they saw on the Peninsula.”

ON DUTY AFTER DATE.

The men became somewhat uneasy and discontented because of the strict camp guard and company and battalion drill which the Colonel ordered on the second day after our return to Yorktown, and continued till the day of our departure. They believed that their time had fully expired, and having, perhaps, too much of the independence of Yankees, and too keen a sense of justice, would have more cheerfully drilled upon a request than upon orders, which they felt compelled to obey. The camp guard would have been more

effective a month previous. A few men went so far as to refuse to drill, and were made the subjects of a severe order at our last dress-parade, which was afterwards revoked, as many of us believed it would be.

FOR "HOME, SWEET HOME."

But "all's well that ends well," and Thursday, July 2d, the time of our redemption evidently drew nigh. Suddenly, just at candle-light, came the order to pack up, strike tents and be ready to start for Rhode Island. Then there was a merry time. Bonfires were lighted and the work of making ready was speedily done. The music of the band sounded out "Home, Sweet Home," for the first time in nine long months. We waited till near midnight and then formed in line, knapsacks strapped upon our backs, and marched to the steamer's wharf at Yorktown. The baggage and sick men were first conveyed to the vessel, but owing to a scarcity of teams it took a long time to load up the quartermaster's stores, and we were ordered to stack arms and lie down upon the wharf and beach, and make ourselves comfortable until further orders. We slept on the soft sand, with only the sky and stars above us once more, until a flood of golden light, streaming across the water, warned us of sunrise. Soon after, we filed on board the steamer with two days' extra rations, which we were ordered to take, and nowhere to stow them. Many a man walked on board the vessel with a loaf of bread under each arm, as Franklin, a hundred years before, walked the streets of Philadelphia.

THE STOWAGE OF THE "JOHN RICE."

At half-past six o'clock, we were fairly under way; crowded into a propeller which had sometimes been more

crowded, and on we sailed out of Chesapeake bay in a few hours, past Capes Charles and Henry, and up the Maryland shore, till darkness and fatigue forced us to try to sleep. Two companies occupied the hold, to be relieved once in eight hours—a place with no pure air and no light, except what stole in; three companies were 'midships—a little better; the other companies were disposed on deck, all to take their turn in due time in the hold. A small regiment of dogs, pets of men and officers, did not help matters, but furnished many ludicrous as well as annoying scenes. There was no small stock of servants on board, increasing the discomfort. So, when sleeping time came, thirteen inches by six feet was a large allowance for any man, and very many did not have that. We must not forget the horses, next to the heels of which quite a number gladly made their beds. Any dirty hovel in our native State, and many a stable, was cleaner than where we slept. We were soldiers, however, and had been accustomed to lie down on the roadside under a heavy dew and take a snooze, and were not to be frightened by such accommodation; besides, we were bound for home, where we should soon be able to sing,

“ When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past? ”

A SAD EVENT.

One event, sadder than that recently recounted, occurred on the afternoon of our first day's sail. Comrade Frank Bliss, of Company B, who went on board very sick, died. It was understood that there was no hope of his recovery, and that it would be a consolation to his friends to take his remains home, that his dust might not be buried among strangers, and remain there for months. Just previous to

our leaving, he was confined for several days in the Nelson Hospital in Yorktown. He was a son of the late Capt. Albert Bliss, of Pawtucket, and was a young man of fine qualities.

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

On the 4th of July—how strange a day to us—we were still favored with fair weather. "The steamer was gaily decorated with flags: the band played national airs, and cheer upon cheer was given by the men for the 'old flag.' As the hours sped on we passed point after point, familiar, and about five o'clock P. M., entered the Narrows and steamed directly up to the great city of 'Gotham.' Soon after we passed the 'Highlands,' we began to meet various steam and sail craft that gave us cheers of welcome, to which we heartily responded. The people on the shore waved their hats and kerchiefs, and as we approached the city it was one continued cheer, and response from the vessels in the harbor and the people on the land. The multitudes of flags on the shipping, the firing of salutes, and the unceasing popping made it plain that it was "Independence Day."

Thirty-six hours from Yorktown, about half-past six, we cast anchor. The Colonel went ashore and reported, and, to our disappointment, we learned in an hour or two that we must remain in those cramped quarters another night and start for Providence in the morning. We hoped that we should have been transferred to one of our large Sound steamers and have a bit of room to stir round, but there was no alternative.

The day was made doubly glorious by the news that flashed over the wires, electrifying the nation, of the victory at Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg, the key-note of triumph to the loyal north, the death knell of the slave-hold-

ing Confederacy in the south. The cloud of gloom that enveloped the land when we left our homes, thinned slightly at the issue of the emancipation proclamation after the battle of Antietam, was plainly dissipating, and the rift in the clouds and the gleams of sunshine were clearly seen. There were battles yet to be fought. A cordon of fire must encompass the South. The death struggle was yet to come. But the God of battles had decreed the doom of slavery, the deliverance of four millions of bondmen, and the triumph of free institutions. We could have reached home in no better hour.

We remained in New York harbor all night. "*And such a night*, language is too feeble for a description. The eight hundred or more men on board the 'John Rice' will ever remember it. Soldiers, contrabands, horses, dogs, cats, etc., all mingled together, trying—that is all, only *trying*—to sleep." We have given the language of "A. D. N.," and the comrades will perceive that it is not overdrawn.

We were up bright and early Sunday morning, and waited anxiously for "something to turn up." Some of the men jumped into the boats that came along-side and went ashore without leave. A number of the officers also went ashore, and some twenty or thirty men were detailed to land and purchase articles for the men of the various companies; but the pilots that were to take us through the "Gate" and the Sound came aboard, and just as our detailed men started for the steamer, the "tide could wait for no man," and we were compelled to leave them behind.

We had a fine passage through the East river. "We were continually saluted by passing steamers, and cheers were given and handkerchiefs waved by the passengers thereon." Rain set in and it fell moderately for several hours, though at noon there were indications that it would

soon be clear; but we had showers at intervals far into the night, some of them quite brisk. At ten o'clock it slackened up and we were lost in a fog. "The Sound all this time was as calm as a mill-pond, which was much to our comfort and convenience." We anchored for the night at the mouth of the Thames river, Connecticut.

Sunrise Monday morning revealed our position to be off Plumb island. We groaned inwardly, but were unable to start until after five o'clock. After cruising about for an hour we found ourselves headed for Point Judith, which we made about ten o'clock. We soon had a sight of Newport, and realized that we were nearing home. "The sun shone brightly, and we had a very agreeable sail up Narragansett bay, arriving at Fox Point, Providence, at two o'clock, which city we left just nine months previous, to a day."

How we were received by relatives and friends, by the citizens of Providence and the neighboring towns, by the Governor of the State and the citizen soldiery of Rhode Island, we leave for the newspapers of that date to relate and incorporate it in this history.

By way of recapitulation we add: The Eleventh Rhode Island entered its country's service in a time of need. It honorably discharged all the duties the government imposed upon it. At no time was it reprimanded for unfaithfulness in the performance of duty, but, on the contrary, received the hearty commendation of the division commanders under whose orders it served. It was in the outposts of Washington when Stewart's cavalry raided at will around our lines, and it was not their fault that he was not stopped in his daring career. We have credible information that it saved to the government two thousand soldiers while guarding the Convalescent Camp, a duty as arduous, as disagreeable, and as inglorious as a regiment could be put to, but as necessary to

be performed as the storming of a battery. It fulfilled all the duties required of it at the siege of Suffolk, building earthworks, supporting batteries, and in the trenches. It performed its part in two expeditions to the Blackwater river, and in one of these made a march of six days in the intensest heat of a summer sun with the fortitude of soldiers long in the service. It was prompt and energetic in every movement, and showed its fighting qualities in its skirmishing with the enemy in the Blackwater raids; the only opportunity offered it in the whole period of its enlistment.

Its share in crushing the rebellion was unique, but without its record the history of Rhode Island in the Rebellion would be incomplete. As each individual in the Grand Army of the Republic, if faithful to his vows and to his country, performed an honorable duty in the great work of saving the Union, so the Eleventh Rhode Island bore its proper part among the thousands of regiments who battled for that glorious flag, that, washed and renewed in the blood of heroes, blessed by Heaven in its triumphant career, shall henceforth and evermore represent Liberty indeed.

The regiment were mustered out of the service of the United States and paid off on Monday, the 13th day of July. In the Appendix will be found the roster of the regiment, and some other matter which could not be procured in time for the body of this work.

RECEPTION OF THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

[From the Providence Journal, July 7th.]

The Eleventh regiment, Col. Church, arrived home yesterday afternoon, from their nine months' service in the army of the United States. The boat, that was expected at daylight, did not arrive until two o'clock, and its appearance was hailed with huge delight by the thousands who had waited in the vicinity of the dock ever since the sunrise bell broke upon their uneasy slumbers.

Col. Paine's regiment was on hand to receive the returning volunteers as they debarked, and upon the formation of the line on Benefit street, after a marching salute, proceeded to escort them through the principal streets to the inspiring notes of the American Brass Band.

Everywhere along the line the returned soldiers were greeted with loud huzzas from sidewalks closely packed, and floral offerings were showered upon them by fair hands from the windows of numberless mansions. Flags were floating from every flag-staff, and every honor and attention was shown to our soldier-friends.

The route of march terminated in Exchange Place, that at four o'clock was one dense mass of humanity, each individual of which seemed anxious to extend a closer and warmer greeting to some son or brother, or perhaps some one still dearer, in the ranks of the bronzed soldiers of the Eleventh. After the halt, His Excellency Gov. Smith welcomed home the regiment in a neat speech, substantially as follows:

"I am most happy to welcome you, Col. Church, your officers and command, to Rhode Island again, and thank you in the name of the State for your noble defence of our country.

"I do not feel at liberty to detain you longer at this time, as you must be anxious to visit your homes; and I notice other gentlemen present who desire to address you, and therefore will only say, once more, God bless you! We thank you and welcome you to our quiet State."

Col. Church responded to the kind words of His Excellency as follows:

"We owe you a debt of no ordinary gratitude for this warm welcome home, but that feeling which flows from the wild extremes of a soldier's nature—gratitude the purer from its rough surroundings.

"We feel already amply repaid for the fatigues and dangers of war, in the conscious pride of having done our duty to our country

in this life-struggle for nationality. We could not well feel otherwise when we consider that from the breasts of New England mothers we nursed that heroic spirit which renders Rhode Island prowess famous on every bloody field of the war. Conscious in every contest that, Spartan-like, no Rhode Island mother would welcome home a son who had not done his duty to his country, we have preferred to court rather than shun dangers; but yet, while battling for an undivided land, we are not unmindful of the sad fact that it is that most horrible of strife—civil warfare. In common with us, our brothers of the south, shoulder to shoulder, left their bloody footprints upon the frozen snows of the Revolution. Now, how sadly changed! Wily and ambitious leaders rule their councils, and have pushed the war with such fearful energy that the whole land, from the ocean shore to the granite ribs of our Rocky Mountains, trembles for the solution of the problem—aslave Empire or an undivided Republic.

“If we are but true to ourselves this terrible struggle must end in the complete overthrow of the rebellion. Peace by compromise is but another term for a future bloody deluge more fearful than the present. The crushing of the rebellion must be absolute; rather than see it otherwise, I, for one, would welcome the union of the Atlantic and Pacific over our once happy America.

“Again, in the name of the Eleventh Rhode Island Volunteers, let me thank the people of Rhode Island for this enthusiastic reception. A thousand times you repay our warlike toils; and a thousand happy memories shall, in the future, cling around our hearts when we remember this ‘*welcome home*.’”

A generous collation, provided by L. H. Humphreys, in Railroad Hall, was then partaken by the troops, with a zest by no means impaired by prolonged fasting.

The regiment returns in excellent condition, with eight hundred and thirty-eight enlisted men, and thirty-eight officers; leaving behind, fifty-five men in hospitals, one commissioned officer on detached service, and three privates. Fifteen or twenty of those who came on were sick. During the term of service there have been only six deaths.

After the collation, the regiment marched to the Fall River Iron Works Company's building, deposited their equipments, and were then dismissed till Thursday morning at eight o'clock.

[From the Providence Evening Press, July 7th.]

The Eleventh regiment arrived at Fox Point on the steamer John Rice, Capt. Beason, shortly before two o'clock this afternoon.* The news of the event spread rapidly, and almost immediately an immense crowd of people assembled to welcome the returned soldiers, taking the place of those who, fatigued by long waiting, had left the wharf.

The regiment disembarked without any delay. Cheers and waving of handkerchiefs testified the delight of the multitude at their return. They come back eight hundred and seventy-six strong—eight hundred and thirty-eight enlisted men and thirty-eight commissioned officers. The regiment has, during its campaign, lost sixty by discharge and six more by death. It has fifty-five members now in the general hospital. One commissioned officer is Commissary on Gen. Gordon's staff, and three men besides are detached. Twenty-five sick men came on on board the propeller, including two commissioned officers.

The regiment was received on Benefit street by Col. Paine's regiment and escorted through Benefit, Meeting, North Main, Westminster, Broad, and Exchange streets to Exchange place.

A collation was served in Railroad Hall. His Excellency Gov. Smith addressed the regiment as follows:

"I am most happy to welcome you, Col. Church, your officers and command, to Rhode Island again, and thank you in the name of the State for your noble defence of our country. I do not feel at liberty to detain you longer at this time, as you must be anxious to visit your homes, and I notice other gentlemen present who desire to address you, and therefore say once more, God bless you, we thank you and welcome you to our quiet State."

Col. Church made a felicitous response. The collation was partaken with a keen relish. The regiment then marched to the Fall River Iron Works building, deposited their arms and equipments, and were dismissed till Thursday morning, at eight o'clock, when it is expected they will be mustered out of service.

* July 6th.

[From the Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle of July 19th.]

The Eleventh Rhode Island regiment arrived home from their nine months' service, on Monday last. They were handsomely received in Providence, where a collation had been provided for the occasion. After partaking of the refreshments the regiment relieved themselves of their arms and equipments, and were dismissed until yesterday morning.

The meeting at the Town Hall, Pawtucket, on the evening of the 3d instant, appointed an efficient committee to make arrangements for the reception in this place of Company B, of the Eleventh, Capt. Thrasher. These arrangements were made to include Company F, Capt. Taft. The companies were expected on Monday last, but there was uncertainty as to what hour they would arrive, and the Home Guard and officers of the Light Guard were dressed and in waiting for them a considerable portion of the day. They arrived at the depot a little before six o'clock, and were greeted with artillery, the ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of respect and kindness. After the usual reception, a line was formed and moved through the principal streets, including a march to Central Falls and back. Arriving at the armory, a bountiful collation was partaken of, and then—with excellent judgment, we thought—the companies were dismissed without being detained to listen to speeches, toasts, or anything of the kind. We think it was more their desire to be relieved from military discipline, get to their homes and rest, and receive the greetings of those from whom they had so long been separated, than to be the recipients of any farther public attentions. It is proper to add that in marching through the streets they were greeted with cheers, the waving of handkerchiefs, and so forth.

The men are very much bronzed by their exposure to a southern sun, but generally appear to be in good health.

APPENDIX.



ROSTER OF THE REGIMENT.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonels.

Edwin Metcalf,
 Horatio Rogers, Jr.,
 George E. Church.

Lieutenant Colonel.

J. Talbot Pitman.

Major.

Nathan F. Moss.

Adjutant.

Robert Fessenden.

Quartermaster.

Henry S. Olney.

Surgeon.

Thomas W. Perry.

Assistant Surgeons.

George H. Taft,
 Joseph W. Grosvenor.

Chaplain.

J. B. Gould.

Sergeant Majors.

John Pitman, Jr.,
 Charles H. Scott.

Quartermaster Sergeant.

Samuel W. Tillinghast.

Commissary Sergeant.

James Zimmerman.

Hospital Steward.

*Jacob S. Pervear, Jr.

* Those whose names are marked with a * died in the service.

COMPANY A.

Captains.

James H. Allen,
William H. Ayer.

First Lieutenants.

William H. Ayer,
Frank R. Dennis.

Second Lieutenants.

William E. Clarke,
Ira B. Wilson.

Sergeants.

William T. Luther,
Samuel Grafton,
Henry K. Potter,
Frank Taft,
Thomas Read.

Adams, George H.
Babcock, Henry M.
Bernhard, William
Bowen, Andrew
Bowen, William G.
Boley, Jacob
Bradley, Michael
Bradford, Edward F.
Brandley, John
Brown, George J.
Briggs, Edmund
Butts, James P., Jr.
Butts, Horace R.
Brown, Thomas H.
Butts, Robert J.
Bassett, William
Brown, Thomas H.
Campbell, James
Carder, William H.
Chappell, William F.
Chrystal, Charles P.
Cheene, Michael
Clarke, Joseph H.

Corporals.

James E. Hill,
James G. Brown,
Frederic S. Luther,
Henry W. Taber,
Frederic A. Studley,
Ebenezer W. Percival,
Charles M. Packard,
John F. Paine.

Musicians.

Edwin R. Burr,
Edwin J. Pond.

Wagoner.

Michael White.

Privates.

Clemence, Henry T.
Coggeshall, Durfee W.
Collins, Charles H.
Conroy, James
Cozzens, Charles
Cozzens, Nathaniel W.
Dodge, Mark
Dunbar, William L.
Evans, Henry
Fish, William H.
Frankland, William
Galen, Andrew
Gifford, Nelson
Gilmore, Darius
Goodrich, Jacob M.
Goff, Pardon G.
Goulding, James
Grant, George W.
Graves, Joseph N.
Gallan, John G.
Griffin, James S.
Griffin, John H.
Gurney, Eugene P.

Barbaway, William
 Hill, Robert R.
 Hicks, Robert W.
 Hogan, Roger
 Hopkins, James H.
 Jefferson, Walter T.
 Johnson, Edwin L.
 Keenen, William
 Leonard, John
 Leonard, Lloyd F.
 Little, Thomas
 Logan, Edward
 McCaffrey, John
 Mulland, Thomas
 Paine, Lorenzo T.
 Peck, John F.
 Pine, Charles H.
 Potts, Jeremiah
 Presby, James W.

Prosper, John H.
 Regnolds, Thomas W. D.
 Relleg, Daniel
 Richardson, Charles H.
 Roberts, Edwin H.
 Ryder, Thomas W.
 Sheahan, James G.
 Sherman, Henry
 Shumway, Dwight
 Smith, Christopher T. B.
 Sweeney, John
 Swift, Hiram N.
 Swift, David S.
 Tarr, Frederick F.
 Tape, Richard J.
 Thurber, Robert B.
 Trenn, William H.
 Whipple, George O.

COMPANY B.

Captain.

Charles W. Thrasher.

First Lieutenant.

Thomas Moles.

Second Lieutenants.

Daniel Bush.

William T. Luther.

Sergeants.

Edmund Crocker.

Charles H. Scott.

James N. Woodard.

John R. Anderson.

George J. Fairbrother.

Corporals.

George Cushman.

Joseph Harrison.

Francis S. Shove.

David L. Fales.

Eben B. Crane.

George W. Gooding.

Hamlet Wheaton.

Musicians.

Orman L. Patt.

*Frank M. Bliss.

Wagoner.

William D. Jillson.

Privates.

Armstrong, George A.

Baggs, Nathan L.

Bennett George G.

Baxter, Ansel

Binford, E. Sylvester

Boyce, Daniel

Brahan, Henry T.

Briggs, William H.

Browne, Edward A.

Callahan, Thomas

Caler, Jasper	Kno, Peter
Carpenter, James D.	Lewis, James H.
Cavanagh, Patrick.	Lillibridge, David R.
Cassidy, Michael	Lindsey, Thomas H.
Church, James J.	Mahan, Barney
Clark, Nicholas P.	Maker, Nathan P.
Clark, Joseph H.	Mann, Gilbert
Cook, Warren F.	McNalley, Barney
Coyle, James	Moies, Charles P.
Crowell, Edward	McCormick, Edward
Curran, James	McCormick, John
Dolan, Thomas	Mulharen, James
Daly, John P.	McCreighan, John
Dexter, Andrew J.	Nickle, Robert
Duff, Robert	Neill, John J.
Elliott, George E.	Nickerson, Ansel D.
Elsbree, William F.	O'Donnell, William
Fales, J. Henry	*Peryear, Jacob S., Jr.
Follett, Henry A.	Pitcher, Charles E.
Follett, William B.	Phillips, J. Henry
Forsyth, William	Phillips, Levi C.
Fuller, James	Provost, Joseph
Fuller, Theodore C.	Read, Abel
Gatchell, James L.	Rice, Thomas
Griffin Charles E.	Rogers, David N.
Grover, Stephen A.	Sharpe, Henry S.
Halvorson, Canute A.	Sprague, Daniel R.
Holland, Charles C.	Sweetland, Edward
Hood, Joseph E.	Trainer, Michael
Horton, William M.	Verry, Daniel E.
Hutclinson, Henry A.	Vickery, Philip
Hennessey, Michael	Warburton, Percival D.
Jenks, Frank	Welsh, Redman
Johnson, Byron R.	White, Thomas S.
Kelley, Ezra M.	Williams, Henry J.
Killoran, Michael	Wilmarth, Charles H.

COMPANY C.

Captain.

Charles H. Parkhurst.

First Lieutenants.

William A. James,

William E. Clarke.

Second Lieutenants.

Seth W. Cowing,

Albert G. Bates.

Sergeants.

James F. Davison,

George A. Kendall,

Joseph E. Handy,

Samuel B. T. Crandall,

Ira B. Wilson.

Corporals.

Enoch F. Hoxie,

Joseph H. Cheetham,

Frank B. Mott,

Herbert Phillips,

Orrin S. Pond,

Edwin R. Simmonds,

Moses S. Eldridge,

Joseph Smith.

Musicians.

Frank H. Williams,

Asher H. Young.

Wagoner.

Henry Bond.

Privates.

Adams, Samuel B.

Aldrich, Orlin S.

Alexander, Alanson

Andrews, William

*Atwood, William

Bardsley, Robert

Brasslin, James

Brown, Charles W.

Buchanan, James

Burrroughs, Samuel N.

Cassels, Francis

Charles, Peter

Corcoran, John

Craig, James A.

Cravin, Michael

Coughlin, Michael

Dolan, Patrick

Donnelly, John

Dorrance, George H.

Eddy, Byron

Fanning, George M.

Gannon, Robert

Glasheen, Edward

Gordon, John F.

Gordon, Samuel S.

Gorman, Matthew

Gorman, Bartlett

Guild, Joseph W.

Handy, Jacob B.

Heck, John B.

Horton, Royal D.

Hudson, James R. N

Hudson, Thomas D.

Johnson, Frederic D.

Johnson, Hugh

Johnson, William A.

King, John

Kelley, Thomas

Lewis, Benjamin

Lincoln, Roger L.

Lyons, John

McCanna, James

McCune, James

McGuire, Thomas

McGinley, Patrick

McQueen, Terence

Mitchell, Samuel N.	Sheridan, Robert
Morse, Edwin	Simmons, Levi
Mott, Eugene A.	Shippee, George
Monroe, Orin F.	Snow, Daniel C.
Murphy, James	Stapleton, Richard
Murphy, James	Streeter, Orville D.
O'Connell, Michael	Talbot, Lewis A.
Perry, Edwin	Tourtellott, William N.
Pierce, Philip D.	Thiel, William
Plimpton, Silas W., Jr.	Thomas, Russell N.
Potter, Welcome A.	Thurston, Clark
Quarters, Joseph	Thornton, Reuben L.
Randall, Albert	Uplike, Edward A.
Redding, James	Verry, George
Richards, John W.	Verry, John
Salisbury, William B.	Walker, Lewis O.
Searle, William H.	Ward, James
Senft, Lawrence	Wilson, Charles

COMPANY D.

Captain.

Thomas W. Gorton, Jr.

First Lieutenant.

John E. Bradford.

Second Lieutenants.

Caleb B. Harrington,
William A. Champlin.

Sergeants.

Albert G. Bates,
Siles A. Winchester,
Joseph W. Padelford,
Jedediah F. Trask.

Corporals.

Isaac Weaver,
Edward Atkinson,
Andrew J. Perry,
Philip W. Kelley,
William H. Rounds,
Jared O. Harrington,
Franklin Munroe, Jr.,
George H. Harding.

Musicians.

Henry Miller,
Edwin D. Freeman.

Wagoner.

Daniel C. Dore.

Privates.

Abbott, Chester C.	Barrows, William H.
Aldrich, George	Bezeby, Edwin A.
Allen, William	Bissell, John G.
Atkinson, John	Brownell, Benjamin F.
Austin, Stephen A.	Brown, Edward L.

Brown, John A.	McMahon, Alexander
Bissbee, Ezra	McManas, John
Briggs, Edwin A.	Merrill, William H.
Burt, Edwin, Jr.	Mooney, William E.
Carr, Isaac	Munroe, Edmund J.
Cooney, John	Mumford, George A.
Cornell, Edward A.	Phinney, John D.
Drury, Michael	Pettis, George A.
Dobbs, William H.	Peck, William A.
Eddy, James B.	Place, Elisha
Emerson, George S.	Plimpton, William
England, William J.	Randall, Charles F.
Fales, Orlando	Randall, George W.
Fenner, Alexander W.	Richards, Porter W.
Fish, Spencer	Richards, J. W.
Fowler, Joseph G.	Sedgewick, William
Frost, Frank	Seamans, Frank
Gavin, Edward	Seekell, Thomas H.
Goodwin, Edward C.	Searle, Albert L.
Green, Henry F.	Senft, Charles F.
Hawkes, David B.	Smith, Joseph L.
Hawkes, Augustus E.	Sprague, George H.
Hopkins, William H.	Stone, Daniel J.
Hopkins, Henry W.	Taylor, Samuel H.
Hurd, Samuel D.	Thurber, Ephraim
Inman, Olney	Walsh, Peter
Jennison, Thomas H.	Washburn, A. Judson
Jennison, Thomas	Walton, William
Johnson, John E.	Wiley, William A.
King, Thomas	Wiley, Charles F.
Kelton, Nathan A.	Williams, Alonzo
Kelly, James	Wyman, William J.
Lawson, Andrew	Wilkinson, Pliny E.
Leavitt, Henry F.	Young, Alexander
Luther, Edwin S.	Yeaw, David A.
Manchester, George F.	Young, Joseph
McManamon, Joseph	

COMPANY E.

Captains.

Hopkins B. Cady,
Albert C. Howard,
William A. James.

James Morning, Jr.

*Corporals.**First Lieutenants.*

James S. Hudson,
William Stone.

Christopher A. Cady,
Elijah Russell,
John Sawyer,
William H. Packard,
Nelson E. Blackmar,
Albert A. Hawkins,
George W. Lindsey,
Charles H. Burt.

Second Lieutenants.

Frank R. Dennis,
Nathan T. Robinson.

*Musicians.**Sergeants.*

Nathan T. Robinson,
Nathan E. Irving,
James E. Slocum,
Frank Holden.

Albert Burke,
Albert H. Williams.

Wagoner.

William H. Leonard.

Privates.

Aldrich, James L.
Aldrich, Thomas
Brooks, Joseph D.
Burke, Davis C.
Baker, Samuel S.
Barber, Robert F.
Burlingame, Sanford
Briggs, David S.
Budlong, Samuel, Jr.
Bishop, John
Byron, Theodore J.
Cutting, George W.
Conley, James
Constock, Jonathan P.
Coddling, Melvin E.
Darling, Edward E.
Day, Elisha H.
Danforth, Ephraim S.
Dodge, William T.
Finnegan, Edward
Fanning, John
Field, Lemuel

French, James S.
Fenner, Hezekiah D.
Farnum, Joseph W.
Ghirardini, John H.
Gardner, Charles W.
Gaddis, Thomas J.
Hadfield, Charles
Healy, Abneron
Hines, Patrick
Healy, James
Idle, Hiram T.
Irwin, Henry
Kelley, Daniel
Knight, Jeremiah C.
Knott, James E.
Kenney, James H.
Luscomb, William H.
Lucas, Albert B.
Lord, John
Luther, William H., Jr.
Lamb, George R.
Lewis, George W. F.

Manchester, Thomas A.
 Mills, Charles A.
 Martin, John, Jr.
 Mitchell, William
 Mitchell, Thomas
 Morrill, Tappan W.
 Moffit, William
 Newman, John C.
 Norton, Samuel W.
 Northup, Horatio N.
 O'Neal, Robert
 Pierson, John
 Potter, John A.
 Pray, Albert G.
 Price, Ellery W.
 Rice, Charles H.
 Simmons, William
 Sherman, Benjamin F.
 Sweetland, Nathan J.
 Slocum, Amasa

Sherman, William H.
 Sherman, William H., 2d
 Sherman, Job W.
 Sweet, Charles A.
 Sprague, James H.
 Stanton, William O.
 Sunderland, Daniel A.
 Sumner, George
 Taylor, Albert N.
 Taylor, William H.
 Tanner, Richard D.
 Tennant, Daniel R.
 Tripp, William H.
 Vallett, Gilbert P.
 Wilkins, Edward M.
 Whipple, Brown
 White, William H.
 Wilbur, George W.
 Wilson, William A.

COMPANY F.

Captain.

Edward Taft.

First Lieutenant.

James S. Hudson.

Second Lieutenant.

Henri E. Bacon.

Sergeants.

Edward P. Davis,
 Julius J. Bosworth,
 Thomas Rankin,
 George C. Hall,
 Charles A. Gardner.

Corporals.

John A. Rupert,
 William Major,
 Thomas Horton,
 Frederic S. Fisher,
 Adin Patten, Jr.
 Nelson J. Cummings,
 George S. Pierce,
 J. Newton Hunt.

Musicians.

Charles F. Read,
 Ira S. Pendergrass.

Wagoner.

William Earle.

Privates.

Alexander, George H.
 Amesbury, Samuel J.
 Armstrong, Ezra
 Baker, Kingsley

Branch, Daniel S.
 Braley, Benjamin S.
 Brown, Greenleaf
 Bowen, Samuel C.

- Bowen, Hartford
 Bunker, Joseph S.
 Brien, John O.
 Benedict, John G.
 Carlin, Michael
 Carroll, Owen
 Campbell, Andrew
 Case, William H.
 Chapman, Joel
 Chadsey, Robert S.
 Cole, Samuel D.
 Coyle, John
 Devine, William P.
 Dunn, Charles
 Evans, Albert G.
 Emerson, Edward
 Follett, John W.
 Foster, Samuel
 Gardiner, William D.
 Graham, John S.
 Gridley, William J.
 Hogg, Alexander
 Hoel, Welcome S.
 *Horton, Reusselaer
 Hoyt, John
 Humes, William T.
 Jackson, James
 Jenks, Phamuel B.
 Johnson, Barnard
 Jones, Oliver
 Kennedy, James
 Keene, Asa A.
 Kennedy, Joseph
 Locklin, Thomas
 Lambert, John
 Lovely, George
 Lynch, David S.
 Mansir, Alden
 McGoughey, Joseph
 McGleenan, Frank
 McGough, Thomas
 McGrath, Michael
 McKindley, Samuel
 McKinsey, Daniel
 McMann, John
 McNulty, Patrick
 Morris, Henry J.
 Mowry, Gilbert
 Mowry, Horace B.
 Mowry, Elhanan
 Miller, John S.
 Northup, William H.
 Nuttall, James
 O'Gorman, Michael H.
 Oatley, Frank J.
 Oldenburg, George F.
 O'Brien, John
 Pilkington, John
 Payson, Charles G.
 Parker, Uriah G.
 Perry, Henry C.
 Porritt, Samuel
 Powers, Michael
 Potter, Charles E.
 Perkins, Horace
 Rankin, James
 Read, John
 Sandford, Joseph M.
 Sullivan, Timothy
 Thatcher, William
 Westgate, William
 White, William C.
 White, Samuel E.
 White, Edwin
 Wood, John R.

COMPANY G.

Captain.

Amos G. Thomas.

First Lieutenants.

Joseph T. Snow,

Charles S. Mathewson.

Second Lieutenants.

Charles S. Mathewson,

Amos Cross.

Sergeants.

James H. Sweet,

John H. Peck,

Oliver P. Coggeshall,

George W. Guild,

Daniel G. Briggs.

Corporals.

James F. Fletcher,

Isaac H. Pinckney,

William L. Smith,

Edwin A. Towne,

George Rounds,

James M. Hitchcock,

Samuel Burr,

Frank R. Dixon.

Musicians.

H. D. S. Young,

Abner K. Miller.

Wagoner.

Darius T. Morse.

Privates.

Allen, Anderson

Baxter, Nathan

Bickerton, Charles

Bicknell, Hosea

Brown, John C.

Burns, Patrick

Bruce, Uriah V.

Brasley, Neil

Card, William

Cornell, Joseph H.

Conway, John

Connefry, William

Cooper, Henry

Cox, John W.

Dailey, John

Deery, John

Drum, William

Dolan, Frank

Donelson, William

Dyer, Philip

Gorton, Nathan C.

Grimes, Thomas

Gorton, Elihu

Gormley, Peter

Green, James M.

Harrison, Richard

Hazard, John R.

Hazard, Walter C.

Holson, Walter

Holden, Thomas

Holding, Edward

Horr, Edward P.

Howarth, John

Johnson, Ephraim

Kaighin, Charles T.

Kelley, John

Kent, Allen

Kent, George E.

Kearney, James

Leach, William A.

Leonard, William H.

McDonough, John

Munster, Franz

McCartin, Edward

Murtaugh, James

McLaughlin, Frank

McAvoy, John

McCarthy, Jeremiah

McCluer, Robert
 McCluer, William
 McDonald, John
 Monahan, Michael
 Murray, Thomas F.
 McCoy, Thomas
 Orswell, John
 O'Donnell, James
 Plunkett, Michael
 Reynolds, John 2nd
 Riley, Michael
 Reynolds, Michael
 Reiley, Owen
 Reiley, Thomas
 Roeske, Frederick
 Reynolds, John M.
 Ryan, John
 Ryan, John, 2nd

Sherman, Thomas
 Shader, William
 Showeross, James
 Slaven, Hugh
 Small, John
 Smith, Patrick
 Snell, Thomas
 Spencer, George
 Stewart, James
 Sweeny, William
 Sweeny, Joseph
 Taft, John
 Taylor, John D. W.
 Viall, Cassius
 Walsh, Michael
 Webber, Franz
 Wiley, James
 Wolff, John

COMPANY H.

Captains.

Nathan F. Moss,
 Joel Metcalf, Jr.

Charles H. Bartlett.

First Lieutenants.

Joel Metcalf, Jr.
 Edwin H. Burlingame.
 Daniel Bush.

Corporals.

George N. Capron,
 Joseph Coville,
 William M. Crandall,
 Frederic Hawkins,
 Arnold G. Horton,
 John McEnnery,
 Christopher Weeden,
 Horace L. Angell.

Second Lieutenants.

William A. Champlin,
 Edward K. Thompson.

Musiciaus.

George H. Bucklin,
 George W. Mathewson.

Sergeants.

Edward K. Thompson,
 George O. Taylor,
 Michael L. Costello,
 Benjamin T. Marble.

Wagoner.

Thomas Mulvey.

Privates.

Agin, Patrick
 Angell, Frederic F. H.
 Ballou, Henry H.

Barry, Stephen A.
 Bates, Judson A.
 Baxter, John

Bidmead, Edward	McElroy, John, 2nd
Boyle, Hugh H.	McDonnell, John
Branch, Joseph	McMahon, Cornelius
Buckley, John	Miller, William O.
Burdick, Edward	Miner, Hazard H.
Campbell, David R.	Mitchell, John
Carr, Michael	Moore, George W.
Chace, Caleb B.	Morris, Joseph W.
Collins, Owen	Mullen, Peter
Cox, James	*Northrup, Gardner
Crowell, George T.	O'Brien, James
Crowell, Theophilus	O'Hare, Andrew J.
Cummings, James	O'Neal, John
Curley, Michael	O'Neal, William
Dean, William H.	Peckham, Simeon
Donnelly, Charles H.	Randall, James W.
Donnelly, Francis	Reed, Josiah
Donohoe, Michael	Riley, Luke
Field, Joseph	Royle, John T.
Fitten, Richard	Scott, James
Franklin, George W.	Shoenck, Henry
Galena, John	Short, John
Gallaghan, Thomas	Simons, Albert G.
Graham, Henry	Simons, Joseph R.
Graham, William	Simmons, Isaac L.
Hamilton, James	Smith, Job A.
Hazard, Dennis	Smith, John W.
Healey, Joseph	Smith, Simon F.
Hunter, William M.	Smith, Thomas
Landy, Edward	Smith, William E.
Lane, Joseph M.	Sulley, Abraham
Lothrop, James P.	Sullivan, Daniel
Luther, Alfred W.	Tiernay, Michael W.
Magee, James	Thorp, John W.
Mahan, Daniel	Walsh, James
Mason, William C.	Walsh, William F.
Masterson, John W.	Weeden, Samuel
McCann, John	Young, Amos
McElroy, John, 1st	

COMPANY I.

Captain.

Joseph H. Kendrick.

First Lieutenants.

Albert C. Howard,

Joseph T. Snow.

Second Lieutenants.

Edwin H. Burlingame,

Orville M. Remington.

Sergeants.

John B. Kelley,

Orville M. Remington,

Nathaniel W. Slocum,

Fayette P. Brown,

Charles M. Smith.

Corporals.

Henry E. Simmons,

John C. Thompson,

John R. Read,

Daniel R. Allen,

George H. Sparhawk,

John A. Reynolds,

George S. Bowen,

Edward C. Coggeshall.

Musicians.

Amos D. Smith,

Hiram F. Matthews.

Wagoner.

Lafayette Burdick.

Privates.

Adams, George W.

Angell, Henry S.

Anthony, Henry J.

Armington, Eliphalet J.

Ashley, Joseph J.

Atwater, Edward W.

Ballou, Charles O.

Barker, Alfred H.

Barrett, Charles E.

*Bliss, Franklin S.

Boyle, Nelson

Brown, Alexander

Capron, Edward H.

Carpenter, Abraham A.

*Carpenter, J. Marshall

Case, Dudley W.

Chase, John H., Jr.

Clarke, James F.

*Clarke, William B.

Cooke, Frank G.

Cooke, Henry

Cranston, George H.

Darling, George B.

Darling, Samuel

Davenport, Samuel C.

Dexter, Benjamin

Dingwell, James

Dingwell, Thomas

Dodge, George A.

Durfec, Charles A.

Evans, Barak

Fuller, John B.

Gay, Frederick A.

Greene, Charles B.

Hall, George W.

Halliwell, Thomas

Harlow, Calvin M.

Hawkes, Philo

Henrys, William R.

Hunt, Joshua M.

Irons, Gilbert A.

Jacobs, James C.

Kentfield, John

Knapp, George A.

Leonard, Charles R.

Luther, Jonathan B.

McKay, William A.

McCausland, Norman L.

Medbury, George W.

Metcalf, Alfred P.

Metcalf, Edward A.
 Meyer, Hermann F.
 Miller, Edward C.
 Miller, George F.
 Northup, Nathaniel C.
 Patterson, John H.
 Paull, Albert M.
 Peck, James D.
 Potter, William K.
 Remington, Edwin S.
 Remington, George H.
 Saunders, George A.
 Saunders, Robert.
 Shaw, Henry B.
 Sherman, Remington
 Sherman, Charles A.

Shiere, Peter
 Simmons, William E.
 Smith, Arthur W.
 Stevens, Louis V. R.
 Sturdevant, Harvey
 Sumner, James J.
 Sumner, Oliver
 Talbot, George A.
 Thurber, Samuel
 Tillinghast, George W.
 Tingley, Hartford B.
 Tingley, Xenophon D.
 White, Thomas W.
 Wing, John
 Winsor, Sirrell, Jr.
 Zerega, John T.

COMPANY K.

Captain.

William A. Mowry.

First Lieutenants.

James T. Edwards,
 Samuel Thurber.

Second Lieutenants.

William Stone,
 Samuel Thurber,
 John Pitman, Jr.

Sergeants.

William W. Thompson,
 John P. Pond,
 Daniel J. Viall,
 William H. Hedley,
 Myron S. Clark.

Corporals.

William E. Millard,
 Orlando P. Thompson,
 Royal E. Jones,
 James, Bowden,
 Joseph E. Brown,
 George Chace,
 Aug. W. Winsor, Jr.,
 Robert Lander.

Musicians.

George A. Tanner,
 Charles W. Osborn.

Wagoner.

Joseph R. Williams.

Privates.

Armington, William W.
 Arnold, Owen S.
 Barbour, Henry S.
 Bates, William
 Bates, William P.

Baker, Ermin
 Bell, Jonathan E.
 Biggins, Henry
 Blanchard, John H.
 Borden, Charles L.

Bowen, William H.	Leith, Thomas P.
Bowen, William S.	Lindsey, Malcolm
Briggs, George N.	Little, Robert B.
Brisnow, Francis	Little, Christopher
Butler, William J.	Lofty, Thomas J.
Chace, Albert H.	Meegan, Francis
Chace, Matthew A.	McKanna, James F.
Cornell, William L.	Millard, Charles W.
Collins, John	Murphy, Matthew
Collins, George W.	Nye, Henry
Dexter, Charles H.	Olney, Elisha R.
Fisher, Henry	Osborn, Charles E.
Gerlack, Charles	Palmer, Edward A.
Gerlack, Otto	Patterson, William
Green, Albert R.	Phillips, George N.
Green, Henry F.	Pearce, George T.
Green, William P.	Riley, Charles
Greenman, Walter P.	Robinson, Henry G.
Goff, Thomas L.	Roe, John
Goddard, Josiah R.	Rourke, John C.
Goodspeed, Solomon A.	Selden, Charles
Gould, Everett	Schoenfell, Carl
Gunn, Richard	Seiler, Robert
Hall, Edward B.	Shepley, Edwin
Hale, Worcester N.	Snow, Florence E.
Howard, William H.	Sutton, William H. H.
Howarth, Benjamin	Stone, Amos
Howland, Isaac B.	Taylor, Henry F.
Howland, Benjamin C.	Tetlow, James
Holmes, James L.	Thompson, William H.
Holmes, Frank D.	Townsend, Samuel I.
Hicks, William F.	Vaughan, Walter R. D.
Hull, Edwin	Watson, William P.
Kent, George W.	Westcott, William H.
Kent, William H.	Wilkinson, Edward
Lee, Amos	Winsor, Albert W.
Leach, Joseph H.	

Recruit.

McKenzie, John

THE TWELFTH REGIMENT.

"The Twelfth regiment were at this time encamped near Fairfax Seminary, and the officers of the Eleventh cordially invited the officers of the Twelfth to dine with them on Thanksgiving day.

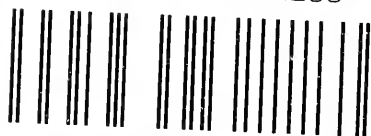
"The large log house, used for mess-room by Colonel and staff, for public worship, and for evening school in drill by the officers, served for dining-room on this occasion. The tables, well laden with Rhode Island turkeys and 'fixin's,' were surrounded by about seventy-five officers of the Eleventh and Twelfth sandwiched in together, all of whom brought to the repast hungry stomachs and willing minds.

"Ample justice was done to the edibles, and many a story was told and joke cracked. All enjoyed the occasion as a rare treat. The officers of the Twelfth evidently appreciated the hospitality of the Eleventh, while those of the Eleventh enjoyed the acquaintance of their brethren of the Twelfth."





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